

Adam led the woman to his animals,  
first gifts for an only child.  
Hundreds of animals, their fur meshing  
as they grazed, their jaws reciting  
songs of grass.

"Cow," said Adam, pointing.  
Eve squeezed the bulbous sacks  
and licked milk from her fingers.

"Monkey."  
She observed the rosy triangle  
under its tail, fleshy delta  
on a body of hair.

"Snail."  
She stared as the fat wet head  
thrust into its hole  
to some dark sanctuary.

"Elephant."  
Her fist encircled the tusk,  
white arc that sprouted  
from flesh into light.

"Why 'woman'?" asked Eve.



But the orchard  
was adding and subtracting its statistics  
in Adam's brain.

The names of fruits rolled on his tongue  
like raindrops pointing out patterns on stones.  
He directed her to the groves and opened  
his second lesson.

"Orange," he said and balanced it on his palm.  
He stripped the rind, divided the sections.  
Eve took one and ate.

"Peach." He skimmed its fuzz.  
She ate.

"Pear. Lime."  
One by one he held them up,  
these predictable digits,  
these tangible planets turning  
in orbits of color and size.  
One by one he dissected them.

Eve found their pitches  
harmonizing on her tongue.

"Cherry," said Adam. "Pomegranate."

Eve flung herself on the grass,  
eyes round, mouth full, hands full,  
belly curved like a cornucopia,  
the names of fruits blending  
their tones in her ears.  
In her throat a song swelled for Adam,  
her seed-giver, her taste-namer.  
Her tongue moved to give him food.  
Eve opened her mouth.  
But only the juice dripped from her lips.  
She opened her legs.

The fruit swirled deep within her.  
Still her flesh clenched  
for one fruit more, one final fruit  
that would fill her  
till its sap spilled from her pores.

But Adam was finished.  
On the ground he squatted,  
naming the seeds that still clung  
to their flesh.  
"Grape," he decided. "Plum."

Eve struggled to her feet,

and moved, heavy as summer,  
toward the river,  
toward the clear voice repeating  
its one chord.

She lay on her back in the water.  
The current forced her legs apart,  
spread her arms  
up from her sides like petals.  
The sun vined red round her breasts, her belly, her eyelids.  
And the river escaped with her.  
Jungle leaves sprouted under her arms.  
Sap ran inside her cheeks.  
Flowers bloomed in her navel.  
A tree exploded from her loins  
and its roots curled into dark waters.

Not till the sun wilted  
over the hills  
did Eve emerge.

She looked at her flesh,  
wrinkled as a prune.  
And she burst  
into laughter.

She hurried, thinking of Adam and his seeds;

pressing together her pulpy fingers,  
wondering what he'd call them,  
imagining his lips  
as they curved into a question mark.

Suddenly a tree focused before her,  
as though it were a scientific fact  
proving itself in a bubbling test tube,  
as though it were a foreign country  
she'd always heard of, but never visited,  
as though it were a word  
made flesh.

In the branches a serpent twined  
like a vestigial limb.

"Nice," said the serpent.

"What are you doing in my father's tree?" asked Eve.

Said the serpent, "I have here  
something that will open you."

A negative formed in her mouth,  
a black No.  
But the garden tilted in her brain.  
She saw fruits fall from their branches,



she saw the river stiffen and rise up  
vertically,  
she saw daylight crouch, poised,  
on the other side of night,  
she saw the peaks of mountains stretch like jaws  
to swallow the sun,  
she saw rocks let go of the hills,  
she saw the garden wound round in a ball of roots  
and she saw that the end was tied to her finger.

She reached, plucked. The red flesh  
forced her lips into a circle.  
Her teeth took hold  
and bit.

Adam felt the earth open  
and close beneath his feet  
and he came  
running.

"Taste," said Eve, her mouth full.

He knew now that she had invented  
some terrible new name  
and his mouth encompassed the space she'd cut  
and spread beyond.

They chewed, they chewed.

The juice flowed.

They swallowed, it flowed  
down to their bellies.

Eve looked at Adam's penis.

Adam looked at Eve's breasts.

They saw their bodies  
as bodies,  
as two ripe pieces of fruit  
and they wanted to bite.

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TOTEM

## MICHELANGELO'S UNFINISHED SLAVE

I pull. I pull  
uselessly. The cold white fact  
of my past  
entraps me.

My ancestry I bear  
as a tragic flaw.

Now, though I am  
half-man,  
I am gripped  
by maternal demands,  
the embrace that stifles,  
the kiss that sucks my flesh.

Incest.

I drag the weight of it  
on my back.

Half-way to God

I was,  
half-way to redemption,  
cutting through to a new life  
single and pure as the wafer.

Redemption?

The Pope found me  
useless.



He turned his back.

In my history

I am enslaved.

## THE EVE CARVING AT MOISSAC

On the Romanesque church at Moissac, France, a relief carving shows the Serpent crawling over Eve's body. The centuries have corroded both figures.

My guilt, my guilt, you were simpler once.  
Once you were a foreign thing  
that crept up, serpent-like  
to wrap itself around my thighs  
and press its head, full of obscenities,  
between my breasts.  
I was overpowered.  
Horror-beast, yet you were  
my savior. I could look down at you  
and I knew  
it was never never a fault of mine.

But the years, the years --  
they have changed you abominably.  
Corroded your blame-shape,  
flattened you against my flesh.  
See now how you stick  
yourself to me like a terrible growth,  
a vestigial limb. My sin,  
we are inseparable.

## CONCEIVED

Among their million possible siblings,  
they glided, blind, in separate pools --  
my original halves,  
my schitzophrenia before birth.

The sperm: all day thrashing  
a path  
with its tools of honey,  
never having reached, coming  
no closer, turning elsewhere,  
following, followed by its fuel.

Till it began to jerk  
closer to its destiny,  
closer, like the ripple  
in a lake  
as the oars slice it to shore.

And the egg: beaming like a Buddha  
in its perfect sphere.  
It shimmered like the fact  
at the end of a theorem --  
this original forge, this first form,  
this icon praying to itself.

Till it dropped, tugged  
when the base translation  
of moon and tides  
remembered  
its monthly duty.

Here was the dancer.  
Here was the dance.

And neither had dreamed  
the gesture that completed them.

The dervish gesture,  
the whirling gesture,  
the gesture that flung them  
into one trance.

Between them the future  
stammered for a name.  
Between them the shadow  
hurtled toward its object.  
All around them the castle  
closed its gates behind a new monarch.

I was begun.



## WOMB

Where we began together  
I cannot touch.  
Only now. Your horizons  
with their colored threads  
flicker against me,  
weave me  
into the universe,  
then return again  
to where all horizons come from.

Toes, neck, ears --  
how they all  
lean into their patterns --  
their arcs and spirals,  
their knots and planes.

I was here yesterday.  
I have always been here,  
possessor of your distance,  
space grasped in my fists,  
always enough space  
to release tomorrow.

We are prophecy.

Your design enters me  
through the great tap root.  
I fill you out.

## BIRTH

- This, then, is the future,  
this thin and mottled cube of a womb  
that keeps it distance  
warily.

I am a fossil,  
shellacked and gasping in my past.  
My skin heaves for its severed roots.

And the root-stumps,  
chilled and infertile in this queer air,  
thrust back  
into nose, throat, ears.  
They smother me.  
They are my heritage.  
Still I grip them in my fists.

What was my crime?  
I am the waste of my penalty...

tangle of limbs, bloody pulp,  
lungs throttled by heart,  
mouth rounding, rounding

in scream, in memory  
of the rounding passage  
that spat me here  
from that realm,  
that presses in now,  
presses past  
its gaping, dated fulfillment  
of me.



## LIFE MODEL

I am a rather ordinary god  
sanctified by the vital truths  
I radiate:  
Shoulder, Kneecap, Eyebrow, Spine.

My disciples encircle me adoringly  
to chatter of unformed horizons.  
Now they rise and rehearse a dance  
to my perfection.

They will usurp me.  
They will expose my fallibility.  
I feel the crunch of their devious tools  
as they extract  
me from me, then sneak away  
into the future  
laden with evidence.

In a hundred years they will be immortal.  
But the soles of their feet  
will gape  
for mine to complete them.

## ALCINA

"And to prevent [her lovers] from going all over the world...telling tales about her lasciviousness, she plants them here and there throughout this pleasant land, changing them into trees...beasts...fountains and pools. In short, into whatever most pleases that proud fay at the moment."

Ariosto  
Orlando Furioso

Not to prevent you from going

to port to tavern.

Certainly not

to prevent you circling your tale

in a ring of ale on a wooden bar.

Other men would flex their fancies

for such a quest. Like you they'd dream

their steel geometries clamped on sand,

bronze rooves cutting shapes through air,

their dams squeezing elusive rivers.

But I, too, fan myself with these mythologies.

Love is a landscape. Love is a kingdom erected there.

And love is the mirage

that glitters on my immortality.

All earthly shapes -- all coils, webs and planes --

waft potent in my mutable flesh.

I can be all

but human.

And you -- your bones describe their daily route.  
Your muscles obey nameable weights.  
Your blood intones its proven fare.

I am fallow.  
You enter me with your blueprints.  
I am clay. I am wood and stone.  
Joyfully you build  
me from me. Joyfully  
my boundaries take their places  
at your command. I am your temple,  
your senate and chamber.

And I am created. Pleased,  
you would inhabit me.  
Your shadows then stuck to predictable corners.  
Your footsteps repeated their earliest passages.  
You were finished and I  
was done, continually done.  
All my possibilities twitch like phantom limbs

And, my love, you are the landscape I long for.

IF

-- for Gary

If you came to me, laden  
with all your assets --  
medicine chests, Mr. Wizard kits, breakable heirlooms...

If I rode off leading my caravan of reveries,  
then set them circling  
till they spun me an asteroid...

would I build you shelves while singing work songs?

would you compose paper spaceships in memory of me?

Our two houses eye each other warily.  
I can lock you out  
then pencil a hundred desperate theorems  
on the door, exposing  
its failure to lure your knock.

If this is love I'm one side of a prickly pear --  
suffused in heat,  
unsheathing precautionary spears.

If it's not  
I'm the other side.



## HERE COMES THE BUS

I am walking up Broadway  
to the crosstown bus,  
about the same distance  
as from the cottage to the woods.

I blame traffic lights  
for this poetic tragedy.  
I tell them:  
"You will never know the red  
of one red berry  
dangling from a December vine."

O, I had wanted to bring back  
a particularly gingham intuition:  
to sing rhythm to a fat pigeon,  
to incite rebellion in trees  
aching in wrought iron pens,  
to commiserate with the dank sweat  
of a barroom toilet.

I'm back. One week ago,  
these very sandals caused a riot  
among musky leaves. But the soil  
has refused to cling to my toes.

Walking is simpler here,  
and each dark window  
magically imports an entire street.

The red light changes.  
Good. Here comes the bus.

ME, US, ETC.

I have wanted to throw a party on this union.  
Provide vats of grapes  
for the guests to celebrate in  
while clapping and singing grape songs.

Instead I have lit a cigarette  
and brought from behind my back  
one strand of hair for scrutiny.

Coffee spoons, bent dreams, childhoods on crutches --  
all the machinery we ride on  
becomes microscopically predictable.  
And I can easily cry when we connect  
with certain pure white instants.

Still it is tempting  
to surrender myself to the constancy  
of your palm's road map. Still there exist  
foreign landscapes  
whose hills rehearse  
the singular shadows of my future.  
Still I ride on this goodly vehicle  
plucking grapes all the way.

## THIS ISN'T HOME

It is religious to see a loaf of bread  
tucked under the French arm  
of an old man in a beret. And there  
is something prenatal  
about imagined voices in a real locale.

In Knoxville, Muzak and Ye Olde Cheeseburgers  
made the conventioners feel right at home.

"It's 4:15 L.A. time,"

someone informed me.

By the pool, wives competed for the national sun.

I tore off my national clothes  
and dove in, thanking the water  
for naming its spaces only  
for my boundaries.

Here in Jackson, everyone has already  
gone home to dinner,

and cicadas bemuse the air  
with their quilted noise.

The hotel clerk regarded my voice  
as though it were a quaint piece  
of antique artillery.



This isn't New York  
and I could almost apologize  
for disrupting so vast a habit  
as lives here.

The last thing I know  
is the crackle of sheets  
closing over my curled sleep.

## THE EPIC OF GILGAMESH

The Epic of Gilgamesh, a Mesopotamian king, was carved on tablets in about 2,000 B.C. The tablets were lost and archeologists did not recover them until the 1800s.

When Gilgamesh came back to join his legend  
his step faltered  
and wherever he went  
he spoke of his exile  
for all his steps had been there too,  
wandering like orphans among orphans  
futures crushed against pasts.

And all the while he was gone  
his legend was gone too  
though chapters of it kept turning over  
in the earth, repeating themselves  
endlessly, like first causes.

Even now, even though he has returned,  
there are things he can't speak of  
and in the earth some lost gesture still  
seeks his hand to complete it.

## CANCER WARD

Many a balloon is sucked up  
by its own air, and left  
withered as the neck of an old woman.  
And many a mine is a mine no more  
since its own precious walls  
snuffed it out.

And now it is you, my mother.  
You are closing in around yourself.

You are going down, down, virgin mother,  
to meet the immaculate stranger  
bred in you by some hunch-backed daddy  
who kissed up your lungs  
to set it going.

Blood stranger, bone stranger,  
stranger to air --  
how it unlocks its terrible fists  
to grab and collapse you  
like last night's tent.

I, too, once bloomed in you.  
I, too, rounded out  
my cycle like a moon.

I tapped out your breath  
to memory; I spun on your blood.

And now that stranger --  
my sibling, my successor --  
it profanes my temple,  
a tourist chipping stone from the Pantheon.  
It dismantles you.  
Your gems, your minerals --  
my heirlooms --  
they fall to its fists.

You are closing down  
you are closing down.  
Life has blossomed from the womb.  
The womb deflates.



## DEATH FROM DYING

In early morning you rose at last,  
clasping all your provisions  
in empty hands.

From behind the wall of memories  
a path broke clear.

There was no hesitation.

Deliberately you stepped

through tunnels whose walls

were etched with all you would soon forget.

You unfastened your ornaments --

your jewels, tools and histories --

lay them behind you and walked on.

Stones never crunched beneath your feet.

Dust never shifted. No light flickered.

Finally you reached the end,

that stone ship with its mossy sail.

Scattering your last statistics to a sudden wind

you climbed aboard

and sailed away to the far green place

where everything that enters has been erased.

## THE WAKE

-- for my brother Fredrick

After the funeral we were disqualified  
from the mourning  
for refusing to shut down our drunken carousel.  
We giggled about an empty coffin  
while fearful currents crackled  
behind the furniture  
and the guests ate casserole  
as though they might injure the macaroni.

That afternoon a tree disguised itself  
as a road, and willingly  
you drove right through.  
By the time you staggered home,  
I had gutted the place:  
fingerpaintings and baby shoes smoldered  
in effigy.  
When we rushed together,  
greedy for scourge,  
they recognized only the blows  
and yanked us apart.

Later we huddled on the floor with a razor blade.  
Finally weeping, we stabbed

our fingers and pressed into each other  
the last drops of our natal blood.  
The guests sat in another room  
and their eyes joined to beg for our answer.

## MOTHER'S POEM

I want this poem to rip open your coffin.  
I want it to close my ragged wound  
from this second and final birth from you.

I have never spoken to you from here  
as I do to my lover.

How I slide him, slide us  
beneath the rhythmic laser.

The poems pop up like tin ducks  
in a shooting gallery.

Ping. Ping. I'm still aiming  
for the one with feathers.

You, though, were never new to me.

We were entwined like vines.

When I sprouted in you I knew  
no roots: (This bud belongs to me;  
that bloom to you). Only the red heat  
that strummed our cave  
with its fuzzy wings.

Light split the cave.

Birth snapped us in two.



Yet eons of lives still cling to stone,  
cold and sore with fissure.

Fossils

of winged creatures, sea creatures.

Eons of female created by female.

hug the landscape they watched in.

And even a poem can't sever  
the fossil from the stone.

Only now, only in death  
when the rock is suddenly extinct,  
could I press this poem for you,  
this fossil, onto the air.

[End]

PENELOPE

-- for Gary

When I say no  
to the men who would substitute for you  
the negative rises like a buoy  
weighted underwater.  
It cuts its shape through their speculations.

They had imagined me a pier  
hungrily cupping an ellipse of air  
after the ship has sailed.  
And they have rushed to fill me in.

I admit I have amused the potential.  
Some bright afternoon, our shuttered bedroom,  
I would kick your pillow to the floor  
and take him into me --  
a startling new composition of muscles and breaths.  
He would re-arrange my elements.

But when I say no, they are abashed.  
For, truly, you are an absence.

I have noticed, for instance,  
how the bath soap emaciates almost imperceptibly.  
The kitchen cupboards are stocked  
with my tastes.  
Even the structure of clutter on the table  
frames only my preoccupations.

Still, you resonate in these rooms,  
as the sun echoes in a stone  
after night has cooled the air.

And I am learning  
there's an art to lacking you.

On a certain Japanese screen,  
unpainted symmetries  
slip into the harmony  
of bamboo trees.  
Into the spaces the mind must enter  
to spread its fertile field.

So the spaces left by you --  
your footsteps and the seconds they engulf  
crossing from your chair to my desk,  
the other side of the bed,  
the bare hangers in the closet --  
they are not holes to be shoveled in,  
but counterpoints  
that glide along the edges  
of all my movements.

Until you return no one can fill them,  
not even you.

## PSYCHE (DARKLING)

You are a heartbeat.  
You take place only in darkness.  
And this love of ours is like fireworks.  
It blazonry prevails only  
when the sun can't humble it.

Quilts and symbolic whimpers  
insulate us. We are warm  
and ignorant as babies,  
exploring our lips and genitals  
as though they tokened the universe.

We pan the gold of each other.  
But after the last sigh the gold sinks  
back into its own depths.  
And our spent bodies glisten  
like the surface of a river.

Alone by day I dismantle  
my drenched essences  
and spread them out to dry.  
I attend an art opening,  
I read the paper, I wax the floor.

And I find it impossible to imagine you on your feet.  
In the sturdy architecture of my brain  
you undulate among phosphorescent coral  
while your elusive convictions  
drift above you like oil spills.

What is your secret?  
Is there a mutant  
childhood cringing in you? Or some hunchbacked  
fact too fearful to touch?  
Are you wilting under these questions?



MYRRHA

Evolution transfigures.  
It files our coarser edges.  
Years diffuse the wolf cry  
abandoned to the moon,  
smooth our voices  
to opera intermission hum.  
Years unfurl the heavy paw  
goudging its prey.  
Our fingers curl above the teacup.

I'm civil. I nod  
at political persuasions.  
I pass the bread.

But evolution fumbled me.  
Linking the generations  
it linked me twice.  
Stretching my arms up to my father,  
I encircle his neck. Suddenly,  
oh God, suddenly, I want to pull him down on me.  
I want to ring my legs round his waist.

I can't escape it.  
I'm stuck like a bitch  
to the dog on my back.

The heat and rut blindness of dogs --  
eyes glazing stones, trees.  
The loins are the core, the soul.  
The furred bodies quiver,  
dumb of genealogy, dumb of all  
but the destiny that has clamped them.

But I'm human.  
Heritage is heavy on my back.

Could my passion-bleeding throat  
scream "Father!"  
if I watched his face lurching above mine,  
flushed, oiled in sweat,  
taut lips cracking his cheeks,  
eyes squeezing out light?

Is mine the unnatural passion  
of a biologist who grafts  
the backs of an ape and a sheep?  
He would observe two casualties --  
immobile, pathetic;  
one indefinable mutant.

Father. He was my omnipotent father.  
He could outline the constellations.



MYRRHA -- 2

He promised he'd never die.  
On his lap I was smaller than a sugar lump  
soaked in coffee.  
I was bigger than the ladies  
in their diamond evenings.  
Once I watched his hands resurrect a dead doll.

But now I must sever him  
from his body. His flesh  
encroaches on his gestures.  
If he sips wine  
his lips nurse the crystal curve  
of the glass. And the hands  
that sketch his opinions in air  
are the hands that delve  
into the damp musk of woman.

But he is impeccable.  
My nipples would astound him  
like my ten miniature toes  
when first he counted them.

Once he urged my growth with toys.  
A rattle, a puzzle, a rubber duck --  
I wielded them and grasped the world.  
Now he gives me bracelets,  
as though confessing  
he's seen how the years have edited my form.  
As though my body were contained in my wrist --  
a portent  
exalted by ornament  
for men to acutalize.

But he has already brought me about.  
My bones are erected from his blueprint.  
My blood flows in honor of him.

I am his already.  
I want only that he recreate me  
as woman.

## MOTHER'S POEM

I want this poem to rip open your coffin.  
I want it to close the ragged wound  
of my second and final birth from you.

I have never spoken to you from here  
as I do to my lovers.  
How I slide them, slide us  
beneath the rhythmic laser.  
The poems pop up like tin ducks  
in a shooting gallery.

You, though, were never new to me.  
We were entwined like vines.  
When I sprouted in you I knew  
no roots. Only the red heat  
that strummed our cave with its fuzzy wings.

Light split the cave.  
Birth snapped us in two.

Curiously, though, I remained in you,  
distilling my essences from yours.  
Not just your milk  
that infused my first months.  
Not just your names for things --  
bluebird, circle, toes --  
that placed my own discoveries  
in immortal boxes.

We were singular as the moon.  
Artless as the dark side,  
I ebbed and surged with your light.

Even when I was grown,  
my days swirled in a vial of arcane chemicals  
until I confided them to you.  
You shaped them as Tiffany glass.

But you died.  
You died for months,  
dragging me along by the guts.  
I was like the last member of a vanishing species.  
I clung to our life  
with my teeth and nails.

But you died.  
And only now,  
now that we are suddenly extinct,  
can I press myself into this poem for you  
like a fossil hugging its landscape.

## DAPHNE

She is hardly a woman at all.  
Certainly not one of the mothers I know  
who trespass into their daughters' pink bedrooms  
with a pile of clean laundry,  
and startle after-school confessions.

She has never distended her flesh  
for a baby,  
or stocked her options like a pantry  
with a husband's appetites.

Certainly she never had to inch  
toward the woman in herself,  
as I must, packed in a mass  
of unmentionable urges and alien physicalities.

No, she is complete.  
She is history.  
And she is my single intent.

Each morning in the classroom,  
at a minute to ten, we ready ourselves  
for the assignation.  
She, the master, makes final notes.  
I, the novice, forswear the cant of popular tunes  
for the cadence of royal succession.  
I prop my elbows on the desk  
and press the pipples into my chin.  
Then I let her in, I let her in.

She is maneuvering Napoleon's army  
around the Russian lines.  
O prescient strategist, impartial judge!  
Already she's ordered enemy bayonets  
poised just over the hill.

Hers is the gold-framed cameo  
each soldier treasures next to his breast.

How the men must yearn for her!  
Novelists, surgeons, senators --  
what dominion she could grant them.  
Her knowledge a ship's log  
to chart their course,  
her beauty a regal masthead  
to dazzle foreign potentates.

But she is unattainable.  
Even her body is a milestone.



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DAPHNE -- 2

Common organs do not function in her,  
but miniature continents,  
green and silent and unexplored.  
Wars and edicts course through her veins.  
Her heart directs them to their proper channels.

And if she loved me, I too would occur.  
No more crushes on oblivious boys,  
no more algebra papers scarred with erasures.  
I would be precise  
and pure as fact.

Nights, then, I ride history  
like a war horse.  
I plunder the pages, I leave dates  
and motives smoldering in my wake.  
By the time I'm done,  
I'll have made history  
and I'll enter her, enter her.



IO (SO I'M A WOMAN)

So I'm a woman.  
So suddenly I'm displaced  
by my own body  
like a strawberry in a swelling jello.

It seems I was born with a string of clauses  
I never bothered to read.  
Now my smug anatomy has dredged them up  
to use against me.

What was my crime?  
Did I commit some unwitting sin  
against the polished niches of my arms and legs?  
Lately they've been concealed by hair  
where musky scents continually stitch their rags.

And these breasts.  
It wasn't I who exiled them.  
But there they go  
with their sack of provisions.  
They deface my immaculate plane.  
They take up space.

What I dreamed was to unfold  
someday as a silky gown.  
I'd swirl all night, pink and flimsy,  
one side pressed to the chest of a hero,  
the other side billowing with the breeze.  
By day I'd tuck me back into myself,  
into the pliant fabric of my reveries.

Instead I'm bound  
by a gaggle of organs  
that gossip about their homely routines.  
They're plumbing me  
for the inevitable --  
for some meaty sinew  
that will raid me, wrench me open  
and unloose my blood and mysteries.

It's all for that inglorious conquest  
that I am being set up by me.

## THISBE

Light-year love --  
love licked on a postage stamp,  
love crackling in telephone cables --

that's love  
aimed like a cannon.  
It gathers force  
as it mows the distance  
to its target.

Calmly I await its manifestation.  
Freely I pick my nose or bite my nails.  
But when it taps me  
I fling off my common habits.  
I'm Miss America. I'm ideal.

How I glow in love's laser ray!

Love shines brightest  
when it shines through a breach,  
through the singular hole  
in a barricade.

I'd build a wall to defend the hole  
then coo to my suitor  
that love can pierce any obstacle.

For if love moves in with you  
it diffuses.

Your darling litters your polished rooms  
with dirty underwear and dreams.  
His conventions seep  
into the corners of your airtight hours.

And your own meticulous image melts  
as fast as an ice sculpture.

As for me, give me a wall  
with a minimal chink.  
I'll see love better.

## DEMETEF. (TO PERSEPHONE)

Mothers and daughters, mothers and daughters,  
linked by the strain of their loins  
like a vine. When the stalk splits  
it pours its essences into a new node.  
The bud swells and stretches  
and cleaves the vine again.

Daughter, my daughter, singular blossom  
of my womb, you distilled  
your life from me. We have been inseparable.  
Now, though, your passions are surging downward.  
Your loins quicken. What parts us  
is a continent and the nether vigor of a man.

I sit here in this house of ours  
observing the promptness of shadows,  
the dumb obedience of furniture.  
My forgetful shoe stills tries to tamp  
the dog-eared rug that always caught your flight  
when you delighted to show me a red oak leaf,  
a gold-starred spelling paper.

My infant, my rose, my holiday,  
asking me why,  
building mud castles and fairy ships  
with all my answers.  
My flegling, my anagram,  
watching your body clumsily fill  
its woman-mold, watching mine  
to see how it was done.

The memories harden in me like a tumor.  
I can't let you go.

Again and again my mind conceives you.  
Again and again I squeeze you  
from between my legs. Each time  
you kick out fully grown  
and gasping on some distant bed  
as he slides into you,  
oily smooth, hard as bone.  
Again and again I give you my breast.  
But my nipple wilts as I see him lean  
to suck rose at yours.

Oh, it was I who endowed you  
with that garden he now cultivates.  
It was I who taught you  
to tune your mind to your body's subtle strings.  
Now it is you who is the woman.  
And I am just a familiar shape in an old dress,  
an appliance going obsolete,  
a foolish voice calling  
for you, my infant, and yes,  
calling for a man to put you back in me.



MONUMENT -- APRIL 24, 1976

I kept thinking it ought to have a name. A statue like that. A representation of a human being that you actually enter. Entering it, you become familiar with it. Intimate. It is a form of knowing and you ought to know the name of something you know. It is a personal thing, going up the body like that. Perhaps it's too monumental to have a name. Monument. Monumental, I thought as I climbed through the body.

Quite spontaneously, as we walked up up up, Si compared the climb through the complex green physiognomy to the intellectual probing of a novel. On the way down, though, we decided we felt like microbes swirling through the bloodstream. The way down is not exciting because you have to concentrate on moving correctly.

Si prefers to walk backwards downstairs. It is easier because you walk only on your toes. The toes hit the step first and the heels don't have to bother. It's far simpler a thing to walk on your toes than on your heels. Another way of going down is to walk duck-toed. But the knees seem to get out of place.

The climb is humane. Bartholdi must have known his monument may have been too monumental for some. Little iron seats built in and exits cut into the iron cage walls. Escape clauses. Some Girl Scouts were counting the number of stairs. Si, a counter, might have done the same. "I must ask you: were you ever a Girl Scout?"

Unlike the Empire State Building or the World Trade Tower, where it's the view you go to see, go to recognize your hotel, go to Get To The Top, the statue's excitement is Being There. The climb is part of it. You have to work for what you get. But Being There. Inside the head of the Statue of Liberty, inside the head of a monument, you become monumental. You become like an idea. The view is okay, but that's not it. I didn't feel chauvinistic, but I did feel in control. Not for long. Keep moving there are people on the stairs.

Why did the French bother? I never considered the French particularly altruistic. Rich American swine didn't even want to bother putting up the money for a base. If I'd been France I would have said, Well fuck you we'll put it up in Calais. But then Rodin couldn't have put the Burghers there. Why did the French bother?

Is it the Bigness that's impressive? I'm impressed with the heads on Easter Island because of their Bigness. Americans and Bigness.

"Most everybody is looking at where we've come from." We decided that might be an appropriate theme for our Edinboro discussion.

At the beginning of the ascent, a quotation by Benjamin Franklin on the wall. Something about giving up liberty for safety and if you do that you deserve neither liberty nor safety. Justifying, I compared it to my refusal to do any more work for Spotlight. Also a quotation by Emerson which rhymed the words fail and sail. Nothing else. No reading matter on the walls. Part of the severity of the ascent, I suppose. No thought,



here. Just physical motion. We talked all the way up though. Si went ahead of me. Walls the color of hospital gowns. Bronze green also on the stones at the base. Remnants of rain, Si said. The rain attaches itself briefly to the bronze and then the bronze gives part of itself up for the ride down to the stone.

One more piece of reading matter at the foot of the stairs. A warning. Something to the effect of, Abandon all hope, ye who enter here. "Exhausting climb." The temperature 20 degrees hotter than outside. A long wait. Narrow. Forbidding, but challenging. Consider a Saturday in August. Crowds waiting, bodies sweating, 115 degrees in the crown, an hour to get up and back. Now consider a Tuesday in January. No crowds, cool. But then you'll climb faster and get tired more quickly and your coats will be hot, like carrying someone on your back. Today's statistics. April. Rainy. 85 degrees in the crown. About 35 minutes round trip. That's what they say: round trip. It should be spiral trip.

The staircases presented a mathematical problem. How can people go up and down on two staircases around one pole? Why is there someone above me going up and someone above me going down? Going down is on the other side but I can see them. Are the staircases parallel? "Maybe it's like a Mobius strip." Solution finally arrived at: It's a pipe within a pipe. I still don't understand.

"Would this make a good New Yorker cover or not?"

Si vociferously refused to let anyone cut ahead of us in line. "You can get behind me but you can't get in front of me."

In my excitement to talk to Donald, I forgot to ask him the topics of his symposium. How many artists do you know? How many friends do you have? The topic is to be Life and Art. "Genie would go to Hoboken if it was all expenses paid."

How would it be to be a bumblebee, out by yourself all day long musing from one dandelion to the other, then go back to the hive and a social life. Fields of dandelions that you can't walk on. We agreed that dandelions taste good. Dents de lion. Why teeth. They look more like lions' tails to me. Queuedelion. "Once you've sat on 200 dandelions, it would be just like typing another label." "Trebbe can't come to the phone; she's harvesting the absinthe."

I studied the museum in the base for its form more than for its content. Yes, that is possible. The viewpoint of designing an exhibition. I will design exhibitions for museums, I thought, becoming someone else, changing my life for the first time that day. Animation gets boring after a while. Zoom in zoom out and pan. Zoom in zoom out and pan. The caravan came out favorably in comparison. It did not repeat itself. A "blatant" exhibition on Blacks here. Veering straight from the slave chains, they had a diorama of a black Civil War regiment. Lack of subtlety. Surely they'll have one on famous women immigrants. But no. The Continental Congress part -- miniatures in plexiglass tubes, each one speaking in turn of what he did on the Congress. One man was listening carefully to each. His wife came, "Fraaa-aank, the boat is leaving soon and the kids are tired." He only had two more to listen to, too.

A statistic in the museum pointed out that the immigrant ships of the 17th century were half the size of "the ferry boat that brought you here." We mused on that on the way back to Manhattan. Si would gleefully watch all the passengers get seasick and go to the lower decks; then he would have the top to himself. I would make myself a tent with a blanket, and sit under it all day with books, paper and flashlight. Si would dump the oranges overboard and keep a bottle of Vitamin C all to himself. Or, he might commit murder if the passengers were like the woman next to him who talked about shopping at Alexanders ("Brass and bamboo in the bedroom -- can you imagine?"). "I would much rather have a toilet than a bed."

"I have made a list of Camus' favorite books and I'm going to read them all."

Luncheon consisted of baby cheddar cheese, edam, French bread, pears, oranges, red wine. Si brought glasses, forks, spoons, his shower curtain tablecloth. The guard kindly waited until we had finished dining before he informed us "There's no picnicking on the island." I hate the verb picnicking. The K offends me.

The sun was out by that time and Manhattan looked quiet. Helicopters went back and forth and there was one bumblebee. The statue has a little bun in her hair. Si does the figuring-out for his writing while he's in Tappa Keg. That wouldn't work for me. I figure too much out in advance already. "I might as well be writing a philosophy book in prose." "Donald always said you think too much!" Poems have to come through the writing. Maybe I'll be free after I finish The Second Sex. That's Governor's Island where the Janet Lambert books were situated. "Have there been any good family saga novels written by Americans?" We both think of Proust as one book and not seven. Perhaps the temptation to paint photorealism is that the act of pencilling in and then painting what is already there in a photograph is that it feels like you are becoming the person you want to become. You don't have to muddle through the mental process and muddle and muddle until you come up with something worthwhile. Gary says that a major reason why it's difficult to create is that you're constantly reminded how unbrilliant, and, still worse, how dumb you can be. Si thinks that putting up the Statue of Liberty is far more magnificent an act than putting up the World Trade Center. "What does 'baby cheddar' mean?"

When we stood up to go, we felt that we'd been at the beach all day.

October 9, 1974

SI...

Reading your "thoughts occasioned by...." has occasioned many of my own. Which seems to coincide rather neatly with what you have written.

First of all, there is something you must read. It is called "Vortex" and it was written in (I think) 1917 by Gaudier-Bzreska. I spelled it wrong. Brzeska. What does it matter? This article is not really an article, but a life-force, a creation in itself. You can find it in a book by Ezra Pound called GAUDIER-BRZESKA. Vortex, to me, explains the intense need, the compulsion to break through the forms of the Unfinished, the Half-Life, to become wholly whole, to stretch from the tight ball of the womb, that sea-shell shape, that shape of the closed fist, and to stretch one's arms open wide, to dance. It is never wholly possible and most people give up when they realize that. It is the success of the bird, the seagull. It is Coleridge made flight from newspaper. It implies immortality. Nothing is immortal but art. Even art can't fly.

When I look at the canvases of Kandinsky, I think how they, the paintings, wish to be liberated from their frames. I think how they would seem more within-their-environment, were they hung from the branches of trees, were they propped on a cloud.

Many of these images you used in your writing about Ken Russell's films. Most of them are thoughts I have had before. But in a different form.

When you write that people are afraid of modern art because they fear new forms, I find that your statement is like an affirmation of something I have long felt. There is a part of me that wishes to apply it to my own work. I have brought you my book of poetry because what I did, what I wanted to do in that book, was to give a free-stretching movement to the vortex. The stone was the vortex. The individuality of the stones was their reaching-out, their freedom. To write as the stones are was to give them something other than form. Expression? I am not saying a stone thinks. I am saying: IF a stone thought, it would think....."

The distinction is important. That freedom is never wholly possible. The only thing to do is to make it occur just a few steps beyond what is commonly conceived as possible.

That is true of how one lives. If you follow a schedule, if you impose a certain discipline on yourself, that is not quite good enough. You must go just slightly beyond. You must extend the limits so that they approach that freedom.

REDSTONE DANCER. I think that what Gaudier-Brzeska has done is to say, via the stone, This is the primitive wish, this the ritual, this the desire, the need to fly. This is the attempt to dance out of stone.

In a popularized version, it is the story of JONATHAN LIVINGSTON SEAGULL which I will keep on defending, despite ~~the~~ intellectual ~~tendency~~ tendency

the



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these days to <sup>call it</sup> ~~become~~ non-art, anti-art.

Your creation of Coleridge, and mine of stone-thoughts is quite the same. We have given expression to something that does not, inmost people's minds, have that power of expression.

Form and content are one. The form of the apple was round. The content of the apple was mysterious, and forbidden. By biting the apple, Eve digested the form and content of the apple, she made it a part of her body. By creating something -- a poem, a symphony, a papier mache seagull, a sculpture, a painting, we are gods. We say, This is its ~~form~~ form. Bite into it. Know form and content both. When we, as participants in, spectators of the poem, the symphony, the bird, bite in, we are digesteing the subject, making it a part of ourselves.

Eve was a bone before she was a human. She was a rib. As a rib, she supported Adam. There is significance in that. That is my new book of poetry, this Eve business.

There is, there must be, passion in creation of art. Donald once said to me, "My work is an act of love." John Baeder once said to me, "I want to fuck my canvas." There was a piece in MASSACHUSETTS REVIEW about a year ago by Gail Trebbe called "The Poem as Lover."

To be continued, perhaps vocally -



H. Bosch  
Bauhaus

THE FRUIT OF EVE

not eve but her  
"issue"

violence

Birth-roots yank at the brain,  
phantom umbilical cords  
that twitch  
for their amputated heritage. The womb,  
that first castle warming a life --  
always its windows bang open and shut  
by gestures seeking their cause.

yank  
amputated } violence  
bang

Take, for instance, a man Adam  
ground into life, oiled  
by no sperm. Just the fingers of the father  
thrusting into earth  
until they filled with the first warm chunk.  
"Adam, Adam," said God,  
and blew him up like a toadstool.

The bark of the tree will etch its statistics  
on this man's palms.  
Stones will roll in his bowels.  
The grass, wherever he walks, will divide his toes.

And take a woman conceived as a bone.  
Like one star in a constellation --

Eve  
(Paul for while)

only an outline of herself.  
Blood bypassed her in its tight canals.  
Just beyond touch, organs  
pulsed in plump clusters. Stuck to her stem,  
she arched the shape of her parent's flesh.  
Lifted out, ripped apart, remolded,  
she awoke,  
suddenly detached  
from the two men who'd born her.

*Eve is born*

For this woman's fingertips,  
orchards will expand and contract like hearts.  
Liquids will sing round her body,  
and her limbs will recall that invasion of flesh  
that opened her to birth.

*a retrocan  
corner  
a actual  
branch  
a pen*

Adam and Eve regarded each other  
and he defined her as his body.

God the father stepped back and grinned  
with pride. He built them a nursery  
rich with all they'd ever need. Then,  
planting one stipulation in their midst,  
he left and went back to business  
as fathers often do.

THE FRUIT OF EVE  
3

*adam the teacher*

2  
682

Adam led the woman to his animals,  
first gifts for an only child.  
Hundreds of animals, their fur meshing  
as they grazed, their jaws reciting  
songs of grass.

*food*  
"Cow," announced Adam, pointing.  
Eve squeezed the bulbous sacks  
and licked milk from her fingers.

*Romulus & Remus*

*female*  
"Monkey."  
She observed the rosy triangle  
under its tail, fleshy delta  
on a body of hair.



*female*  
"Snail."  
She stared as the fat wet head  
thrust into its hole  
to some dark sanctuary.

*erect penis*  
"Elephant."  
Her fist encircled the tusk,  
white arc that sprouted  
from flesh into light.

*adam wants Eve to see them as "fruit"*  
{  
cow  
monkey  
snail  
elephant  
}

THE FRUIT OF EVE

4

40  
683

"Why 'woman'?" asked Eve.

But the orchard  
was adding and subtracting its statistics  
in Adam's brain.  
The names of fruits rolled on his tongue  
like raindrops pointing out patterns on stones.  
He directed her to the groves and opened  
his second lesson.

"Orange," he said, and balanced it on his palm.  
He stripped the rind, divided the sections.  
Eve took one and ate.

"Peach." He skimmed its fuzz.  
She ate.

"Pear. Lime."  
One by one he held them up,  
these predictable digits,  
these tangible planets turning  
in orbits of color and size.  
One by one he dissected them.

Eve found their pitches  
harmonizing on her tongue.



THE FRUIT OF EVE

5

7J

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"Cherry," said Adam. "Pomegranate,"

Eve flung herself on the grass,  
eyes round, mouth full, hands full,  
belly curved like a cornucopia,  
the names of fruits blending  
their tones in her ears.  
In her throat a song swelled for Adam,  
her seed-giver, her taste-namer.  
Her tongue moved to give him food.  
Eve opened her mouth.  
But only the juice dripped from her lips.  
She opened her legs.  
The fruit swirled deep within her.  
Still her flesh clenched  
for one fruit more, one final fruit  
that would fill her  
till its sap spilled from her pores.

But Adam was finished.  
On the ground he squatted,  
naming the seeds that still clung to their flesh.  
"Grape," he decided. "Plum."

Eve struggled to her feet,

*Intense*

*both can be  
dried out*

THE FRUIT OF EVE  
6

W  
685

and moved, heavy as summer,  
toward the river,  
toward the familiar flow that would outline her form,  
toward the clear voice repeating its one chord.

She lay on her back in the water.  
The current forced her legs apart,  
spread her arms  
up from her sides like petals.  
The sun vined red round her breasts, her belly, her eyelids,  
and the river escaped with her.  
Jungle leaves sprouted under her arms.  
Sap ran inside her cheeks.  
Flowers bloomed in her navel.  
A tree exploded from her loins  
and its roots curled into dark waters.

Not till the sun wilted  
over the hills  
did Eve emerge.

She looked at her flesh,  
wrinkled as a prune.  
And she burst  
into laughter.

THE FRUIT OF EVE

7

7J  
686

She hurried, thinking of Adam and his seeds;  
pressing together her pulpy fingers,  
wondering what he'd call them,  
imagining his lips  
as they curved into a question mark.

Suddenly a tree focused before her,  
as though it were a scientific fact  
proving itself in a bubbling test tube,  
as though it were a foreign country  
she'd always heard of, but never visited,  
as though it were a word  
made flesh.

In the branches a serpent twined  
like a vestigial limb.

"Nice," said the serpent.

"What are you doing in my father's tree?" asked Eve.

Said the serpent, "I have here  
something that will open you."

A negative formed in her mouth,  
a black No.

THE FRUIT OF EVE

8

70

687

But the garden tilted in her brain.  
She saw fruits fall from their branches,  
she saw the river stiffen and rise up vertically,  
she saw daylight crouch, posied,  
on the other side of night,  
she saw the peaks of mountains stretch like jaws  
to swallow the moon,  
she saw rocks let go of the hills,  
their fists become palms  
slapping height after height,  
she saw the garden wound round in a ball of roots  
and she saw that the end was tied to her finger.

She reached, plucked. The red flesh  
forced her lips into a circle.  
Her teeth took hold  
and bit.

Adam felt the earth open  
and close beneath his feet  
and he came  
running.

"Taste," said Eve, her mouth full.

He knew now that she had invented



THE FRUIT OF EVE

9

W  
688

some terrible new name  
and his mouth encompassed the space she'd cut  
and spread beyond.

They chewed, they chewed.  
The apple juice flowed.  
They swallowed, it flowed  
down to their bellies.

Eve looked at Adam's penis.  
Adam looked at Eve's breasts.  
They saw their bodies  
as bodies,  
as two ripe pieces of fruit,  
and they wanted to bite.

[End]

Tuebbe

For Si...  
 This edition of the  
Book of Stone was  
 rejected by Thomas  
 Hancock, Brace, ~~John~~ Crowell &  
 they'll be sorry.  
 It's yours now.  
 You'll find that  
 the poem on p. 70  
 is missing. I decided  
 to ~~tear~~ it out & just  
 rebbe

THE BOOK OF STONE

by

Gail Trebbe

October 11, 1974

GAIL TREBBE  
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This is also the first  
 time I've used my  
 new rubber stamp.

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La Nature est un temple où de vivants  
 font parfois sortir de confuses  
 paroles;  
 L'homme y passe à travers des  
 forêts de symboles  
 qui l'obsèdent avec des regards  
 farouches.

## SONG OF THE STONE

I am the judge  
of the years  
and the seasons cannot  
cajole or injure me.

*Stone as judge—  
outside of time*

I am the historian  
of the ages  
and all weathers  
have passed before me.

*Not stone as "recording  
consciousness"*

I am the scribe  
of the mountains  
and they form  
their existence around me.

I am the mouthpiece  
of lost tribes  
and I proclaim the fate  
of their battles and icons.

I am the summit and the canyon  
of the land

and all soils and waters  
consult me first.

694  
} stone as counselor.

I am the high priest  
of the underground  
and I bless the roots  
that quest for the flower.

I am the governor  
of the city  
and my rule keeps buildings  
in their place.

I am the commander  
of the mountain top  
and the world quakes  
at the approach of my army.

I am the mother  
of the gods  
who spring from my womb  
at the hands of their worshippers.

I am the sire  
of the rock and the pebble

No stone as  
ruler + "organizer"  
stone as  
an organizing  
principle.

No stone as  
"source"

and my blood flows  
 hot from mountains.

I am the prophet  
 of eternity  
 and the waves carry my word  
 to every shore.

as prophet  
 stone outside  
 of time

I am stone.  
 I was here first.  
 And mine are the stories  
 of the earth.

No stone is a  
 "reading consumer"  
 It has recorded  
 all the "stones of  
 the earth".  
 What No stone has recorded  
 is the "en savoir monde."  
 No stone has been put —  
 it has seen all & recorded  
 all — it has a message  
 contained in it — we  
 must crawl in & find  
 out what it is — we  
 learn that the stone  
 can be a valuable  
 counsellor, ruler, organizer,  
 judge & prophet — it  
 has lessons to teach —  
 we must find out what  
 the stone knows.



## GENEALOGY OF STONE

Stone was bared  
when all the icebergs  
lost their kingdom  
and slipped away  
to cower under the hills.

*Stones have been  
here for a long time—  
stones are  
patient*

Stone, indissoluble  
souls of the great white mountains,  
clung to the earth, naked  
and bald as fact.

Fact shaped like fists  
clenched on the reborn land  
demanding a new order.

## THE WAY OF SAND

The Father of Sand is walking  
among his children,  
day by day  
teaching them  
their destiny.

"Go," he says, "to the place  
where the sea begins.  
Go there and join it  
and become motion.

"Go to the place  
where silence lies flat  
beneath the sun.  
Go there and cover it  
and become distance.

"Go to the place  
where the pines grow.  
Go there and draw a ring  
every year in every tree  
and become time."

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And the sands go forth.

Every day

they are describing the universe.

---

## ARROWHEAD

Little stone,  
 the brave knows  
 when you're ripe  
 for the quest.  
 He sets free  
 your heart.  
 Now how fast  
 you fly to love,  
 to your dreamed-for  
 heart of flesh.

may re-shape stone  
 into a realent object -  
 Stone is not realent -  
 man makes it thus.  
 Stone is at home  
 in many forms  
 & in many  
 places

it is an object of  
 myth & history



## SEA PEBBLES

do you see us and  
think we are tossed  
by our fate do you  
say we are small  
lost souls at the mercy  
of waves do you watch us  
rise up to the shore  
then retreat do you not  
listen those are  
our drums we are beating  
our music our ritual music  
and dancing the joy  
of our faith by moon  
and by sun every day  
we come sing  
for our god for our god  
with his great white arms  
that embrace the whole sea  
we come to dance and  
kiss his hands and then we  
are safe in our changeable world

*Stone is at home  
in many places -  
the message is  
still the same*

Adam led the woman to his animals,  
first gifts for an only child.  
Hundreds of animals, their fur meshing  
as they grazed, their jaws reciting  
songs of grass.

"Cow," said Adam, pointing.  
Eve squeezed the bulbous sacks  
and licked milk from her fingers.

"Monkey."  
She observed the rosy triangle  
under its tail, fleshy delta  
on a body of hair.

"Snail."  
She stared as the fat wet head  
thrust into its hole  
to some dark sanctuary.

"Elephant."  
Her fist encircled the tusk,  
white arc that sprouted  
from flesh into light.

"Why 'woman'?" asked Eve.

But the orchard  
was adding and subtracting its statistics  
in Adam's brain.  
The names of fruits rolled on his tongue  
like raindrops pointing out patterns on stones.  
He directed her to the groves and opened  
his second lesson.

"Orange," he said and balanced it on his palm.  
He stripped the rind, divided the sections.  
Eve took one and ate.

"Peach." He skimmed its fuzz.  
She ate.

"Pear. Lime."  
One by one he held them up,  
these predictable digits,  
these tangible planets turning  
in orbits of color and size.  
One by one he dissected them.

Eve found their pitches  
harmonizing on her tongue.

"Cherry," said Adam. "Pomegranate."

Eve flung herself on the grass,  
eyes round, mouth full, hands full,  
belly curved like a cornucopia,  
the names of fruits blending  
their tones in her ears.  
In her throat a song swelled for Adam,  
her seed-giver, her taste-namer.  
Her tongue moved to give him food.  
Eve opened her mouth.  
But only the juice dripped from her lips.  
She opened her legs.

The fruit swirled deep within her.  
Still her flesh clenched  
for one fruit more, one final fruit  
that would fill her  
till its sap spilled from her pores.

But Adam was finished.  
On the ground he squatted,  
naming the seeds that still clung  
to their flesh.  
"Grape," he decided. "Plum."

Eve struggled to her feet,



and moved, heavy as summer,  
toward the river,  
toward the clear voice repeating  
its one chord.

She lay on her back in the water.  
The current forced her legs apart,  
spread her arms  
up from her sides like petals.  
The sun vined red round her breasts, her belly, her eyelids.  
And the river escaped with her.  
Jungle leaves sprouted under her arms.  
Sap ran inside her cheeks.  
Flowers bloomed in her navel.  
A tree exploded from her loins  
and its roots curled into dark waters.

Not till the sun wilted  
over the hills  
did Eve emerge.

She looked at her flesh,  
wrinkled as a prune.  
And she burst  
into laughter.

She hurried, thinking of Adam and his seeds;

pressing together her pulpy fingers,  
wondering what he'd call them,  
imagining his lips  
as they curved into a question mark.

Suddenly a tree focused before her,  
as though it were a scientific fact  
proving itself in a bubbling test tube,  
as though it were a foreign country  
she'd always heard of, but never visited,  
as though it were a word  
made flesh.

In the branches a serpent twined  
like a vestigial limb.

"Nice," said the serpent.

"What are you doing in my father's tree?" asked Eve.

Said the serpent, "I have here  
something that will open you."

A negative formed in her mouth,  
a black No.  
But the garden tilted in her brain.  
She saw fruits fall from their branches,

she saw the river stiffen and rise up  
vertically,  
she saw daylight crouch, poised,  
on the other side of night,  
she saw the peaks of mountains stretch like jaws  
to swallow the sun,  
she saw rocks let go of the hills,  
she saw the garden wound round in a ball of roots  
and she saw that the end was tied to her finger.

She reached, plucked. The red flesh  
forced her lips into a circle.  
Her teeth took hold  
and bit.

Adam felt the earth open  
and close beneath his feet  
and he came  
running.

"Taste," said Eve, her mouth full.

He knew now that she had invented  
some terrible new name  
and his mouth encompassed the space she'd cut  
and spread beyond.

They chewed, they chewed.

The juice flowed.

They swallowed, it flowed  
down to their bellies.

Eve looked at Adam's penis.

Adam looked at Eve's breasts.

They saw their bodies  
as bodies,  
as two ripe pieces of fruit  
and they wanted to bite.



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TOTEM

## MICHELANGELO'S UNFINISHED SLAVE

I pull. I pull  
uselessly. The cold white fact  
of my past  
entraps me.

My ancestry I bear  
as a tragic flaw.

Now, though I am  
half-man,  
I am gripped  
by maternal demands,  
the embrace that stifles,  
the kiss that sucks my flesh.

Incest.

I drag the weight of it  
on my back.

Half-way to God

I was,  
half-way to redemption,  
cutting through to a new life  
single and pure as the wafer.

Redemption?

The Pope found me  
useless.

He turned his back.

In my history

I am enslaved.

## THE EVE CARVING AT MOISSAC

On the Romanesque church at Moissac, France, a relief carving shows the Serpent crawling over Eve's body. The centuries have corroded both figures.

My guilt, my guilt, you were simpler once.  
Once you were a foreign thing  
that crept up, serpent-like  
to wrap itself around my thighs  
and press its head, full of obscenities,  
between my breasts.  
I was overpowered.  
Horror-beast, yet you were  
my savior. I could look down at you  
and I knew  
it was never never a fault of mine.

But the years, the years --  
they have changed you abominably.  
Corroded your blame-shape,  
flattened you against my flesh.  
See now how you stick  
yourself to me like a terrible growth,  
a vestigial limb. My sin,  
we are inseparable.



## CONCEIVED

Among their million possible siblings,  
they glided, blind, in separate pools --  
my original halves,  
my schitzophrenia before birth.

The sperm: all day thrashing  
a path  
with its tools of honey,  
never having reached, coming  
no closer, turning elsewhere,  
following, followed by its fuel.

Till it began to jerk  
closer to its destiny,  
closer, like the ripple  
in a lake  
as the oars slice it to shore.

And the egg: beaming like a Buddha  
in its perfect sphere.  
It shimmered like the fact  
at the end of a theorem --  
this original forge, this first form,  
this icon praying to itself.

Till it dropped, tugged  
when the base translation  
of moon and tides  
remembered  
its monthly duty.

Here was the dancer.  
Here was the dance.

And neither had dreamed  
the gesture that completed them.

The dervish gesture,  
the whirling gesture,  
the gesture that flung them  
into one trance.

Between them the future  
stammered for a name.  
Between them the shadow  
hurtled toward its object.  
All around them the castle  
closed its gates behind a new monarch.

I was begun.

## WOMB

Where we began together  
I cannot touch.  
Only now. Your horizons  
with their colored threads  
flicker against me,  
weave me  
into the universe,  
then return again  
to where all horizons come from.

Toes, neck, ears --  
how they all  
lean into their patterns --  
their arcs and spirals,  
their knobs and planes.

I was here yesterday.  
I have always been here,  
possessor of your distance,  
space grasped in my fists,  
always enough space  
to release tomorrow.

We are prophecy.

Your design enters me  
through the great tap root.  
I fill you out.



## BIRTH

- This, then, is the future,  
this thin and mottled cube of a womb  
that keeps it distance  
warily.

I am a fossil,  
shellacked and gasping in my past.  
My skin heaves for its severed roots.

And the root-stumps,  
chilled and infertile in this queer air,  
thrust back  
into nose, throat, ears.  
They smother me.  
They are my heritage.  
Still I grip them in my fists.

What was my crime?  
I am the waste of my penalty...

tangle of limbs, bloody pulp,  
lungs throttled by heart,  
mouth rounding, rounding

in scream, in memory  
of the rounding passage  
that spat me here  
from that realm,  
that presses in now,  
presses past  
its gaping, dated fulfillment  
of me.

## LIFE MODEL

I am a rather ordinary god  
sanctified by the vital truths  
I radiate:  
Shoulder, Kneecap, Eyebrow, Spine.

My disciples encircle me adoringly  
to chatter of unformed horizons.  
Now they rise and rehearse a dance  
to my perfection.

They will usurp me.  
They will expose my fallibility.  
I feel the crunch of their devious tools  
as they extract  
me from me, then sneak away  
into the future  
laden with evidence.

In a hundred years they will be immortal.  
But the soles of their feet  
will gape  
for mine to complete them.

## ALCINA

"And to prevent [her lovers] from going all over the world...telling tales about her lasciviousness, she plants them here and there throughout this pleasant land, changing them into trees...beasts...fountains and pools. In short, into whatever most pleases that proud fay at the moment."

Ariosto  
Orlando Furioso

Not to prevent you from going  
to port to tavern.  
Certainly not  
to prevent you circling your tale  
in a ring of ale on a wooden bar.  
Other men would flex their fancies  
for such a quest. Like you they'd dream

their steel geometries clamped on sand,  
bronze rooves cutting shapes through air,  
their dams squeezing elusive rivers.

But I, too, fan myself with these mythologies.

Love is a landscape. Love is a kingdom erected there.  
And love is the mirage  
that glitters on my immortality.  
All earthly shapes -- all coils, webs and planes --  
waft potent in my mutable flesh.  
I can be all



but human.

And you -- your bones describe their daily route.  
Your muscles obey nameable weights.  
Your blood intones its proven fare.

I am fallow.  
You enter me with your blueprints.  
I am clay. I am wood and stone.  
Joyfully you build  
me from me. Joyfully  
my boundaries take their places  
at your command. I am your temple,  
your senate and chamber.

And I am created. Pleased,  
you would inhabit me.  
Your shadows then stuck to predictable corners.  
Your footsteps repeated their earliest passages.  
You were finished and I  
was done, continually done.  
All my possibilities twitch like phantom limbs

And, my love, you are the landscape I long for.

IF

-- for Gary

If you came to me, laden  
with all your assets --  
medicine chests, Mr. Wizard kits, breakable heirlooms...

If I rode off leading my caravan of reveries,  
then set them circling  
till they spun me an asteroid...

would I build you shelves while singing work songs?

would you compose paper spaceships in memory of me?

Our two houses eye each other warily.  
I can lock you out  
then pencil a hundred desperate theorems  
on the door, exposing  
its failure to lure your knock.

If this is love I'm one side of a prickly pear --  
suffused in heat,  
unsheathing precautionary spears.

If it's not  
I'm the other side.

## HERE COMES THE BUS

I am walking up Broadway  
to the crosstown bus,  
about the same distance  
as from the cottage to the woods.

I blame traffic lights  
for this poetic tragedy.  
I tell them:  
"You will never know the red  
of one red berry  
dangling from a December vine."

O, I had wanted to bring back  
a particularly gingham intuition:  
to sing rhythm to a fat pigeon,  
to incite rebellion in trees  
aching in wrought iron pens,  
to commiserate with the dank sweat  
of a barroom toilet.

I'm back. One week ago,  
these very sandals caused a riot  
among musky leaves. But the soil  
has refused to cling to my toes.

Walking is simpler here,  
and each dark window  
magically imports an entire street.

The red light changes.  
Good. Here comes the bus.



ME, US, ETC.

I have wanted to throw a party on this union.  
Provide vats of grapes  
for the guests to celebrate in  
while clapping and singing grape songs.

Instead I have lit a cigarette  
and brought from behind my back  
one strand of hair for scrutiny.

Coffee spoons, bent dreams, childhoods on crutches --  
all the machinery we ride on  
becomes microscopically predictable.  
And I can easily cry when we connect  
with certain pure white instants.

Still it is tempting  
to surrender myself to the constancy  
of your palm's road map. Still there exist  
foreign landscapes  
whose hills rehearse  
the singular shadows of my future.  
Still I ride on this goodly vehicle  
plucking grapes all the way.

## THIS ISN'T HOME

It is religious to see a loaf of bread  
tucked under the French arm  
of an old man in a beret. And there  
is something prenatal  
about imagined voices in a real locale.

In Knoxville, Muzak and Ye Olde Cheeseburgers  
made the conventioners feel right at home.

"It's 4:15 L.A. time,"

someone informed me.

By the pool, wives competed for the national sun.

I tore off my national clothes  
and dove in, thanking the water  
for naming its spaces only  
for my boundaries.

Here in Jackson, everyone has already  
gone home to dinner,

and cicadas bemuse the air  
with their quilted noise.

The hotel clerk regarded my voice  
as though it were a quaint piece  
of antique artillery.

This isn't New York  
and I could almost apologize  
for disrupting so vast a habit  
as lives here.

The last thing I know  
is the crackle of sheets  
closing over my curled sleep.

## THE EPIC OF GILGAMESH

The Epic of Gilgamesh, a Mesopotamian king, was carved on tablets in about 2,000 B.C. The tablets were lost and archeologists did not recover them until the 1800s.

When Gilgamesh came back to join his legend  
his step faltered  
and wherever he went  
he spoke of his exile  
for all his steps had been there too,  
wandering like orphans among orphans  
futures crushed against pasts.

And all the while he was gone  
his legend was gone too  
though chapters of it kept turning over  
in the earth, repeating themselves  
endlessly, like first causes.

Even now, even though he has returned,  
there are things he can't speak of  
and in the earth some lost gesture still  
seeks his hand to complete it.



## CANCER WARD

Many a balloon is sucked up  
by its own air, and left  
withered as the neck of an old woman.  
And many a mine is a mine no more  
since its own precious walls  
snuffed it out.

And now it is you, my mother.  
You are closing in around yourself.

You are going down, down, virgin mother,  
to meet the immaculate stranger  
bred in you by some hunch-backed daddy  
who kissed up your lungs  
to set it going.

Blood stranger, bone stranger,  
stranger to air --  
how it unlocks its terrible fists  
to grab and collapse you  
like last night's tent.

I, too, once bloomed in you.  
I, too, rounded out  
my cycle like a moon.

I tapped out your breath  
to memory; I spun on your blood.

And now that stranger --  
my sibling, my successor --  
it profanes my temple,  
a tourist chipping stone from the Pantheon.  
It dismantles you.  
Your gems, your minerals --  
my heirlooms --  
they fall to its fists.

You are closing down  
you are closing down.  
Life has blossomed from the womb.  
The womb deflates.

## DEATH FROM DYING

In early morning you rose at last,  
clasping all your provisions  
in empty hands.

From behind the wall of memories  
a path broke clear.

There was no hesitation.  
Deliberately you stepped  
through tunnels whose walls  
were etched with all you would soon forget.

You unfastened your ornaments --  
your jewels, tools and histories --  
lay them behind you and walked on.

Stones never crunched beneath your feet.  
Dust never shifted. No light flickered.

Finally you reached the end,  
that stone ship with its mossy sail.  
Scattering your last statistics to a sudden wind  
you climbed aboard  
and sailed away to the far green place  
where everything that enters has been erased.

## THE WAKE

-- for my brother Fredrick

After the funeral we were disqualified  
from the mourning  
for refusing to shut down our drunken carousel.  
We giggled about an empty coffin  
while fearful currents crackled  
behind the furniture  
and the guests ate casserole  
as though they might injure the macaroni.

That afternoon a tree disguised itself  
as a road, and willingly  
you drove right through.  
By the time you staggered home,  
I had gutted the place:  
fingerpaintings and baby shoes smoldered  
in effigy.  
When we rushed together,  
greedy for scourge,  
they recognized only the blows  
and yanked us apart.

Later we huddled on the floor with a razor blade.  
Finally weeping, we stabbed



our fingers and pressed into each other  
the last drops of our natal blood.  
The guests sat in another room  
and their eyes joined to beg for our answer.

## MOTHER'S POEM

I want this poem to rip open your coffin.  
I want it to close my ragged wound  
from this second and final birth from you.

I have never spoken to you from here  
as I do to my lover.

How I slide him, slide us  
beneath the rhythmic laser.

The poems pop up like tin ducks  
in a shooting gallery.

Ping. Ping. I'm still aiming  
for the one with feathers.

You, though, were never new to me.

We were entwined like vines.

When I sprouted in you I knew  
no roots: (This bud belongs to me;  
that bloom to you). Only the red heat  
that strummed our cave  
with its fuzzy wings.

Light split the cave.

Birth snapped us in two.

Yet eons of lives still cling to stone,  
cold and sore with fissure.

Fossils

of winged creatures, sea creatures.

Eons of feale created by female.

hug the landscape they watched in.

And even a poem can't sever  
the fossil from the stone.

Only now, only in death  
when the rock is suddenly extinct,  
could I press this poem for you,  
this fossil, onto the air.

[End]

PENELOPE

-- for Gary

When I say no  
to the men who would substitute for you  
the negative rises like a buoy  
weighted underwater.  
It cuts its shape through their speculations.

They had imagined me a pier  
hungrily cupping an ellipse of air  
after the ship has sailed.  
And they have rushed to fill me in.

I admit I have amused the potential.  
Some bright afternoon, our shuttered bedroom,  
I would kick your pillow to the floor  
and take him into me --  
a startling new composition of muscles and breaths.  
He would re-arrange my elements.

But when I say no, they are abashed.  
For, truly, you are an absence.

I have noticed, for instance,  
how the bath soap emaciates almost imperceptibly.  
The kitchen cupboards are stocked  
with my tastes.  
Even the structure of clutter on the table  
frames only my preoccupations.

Still, you resonate in these rooms,  
as the sun echoes in a stone  
after night has cooled the air.

And I am learning  
there's an art to lacking you.

On a certain Japanese screen,  
unpainted symmetries  
slip into the harmony  
of bamboo trees.  
Into the spaces the mind must enter  
to spread its fertile field.

So the spaces left by you --  
your footsteps and the seconds they engulf  
crossing from your chair to my desk,  
the other side of the bed,  
the bare hangers in the closet --  
they are not holes to be shoveled in,  
but counterpoints  
that glide along the edges  
of all my movements.

Until you return no one can fill them,  
not even you.



## PSYCHE (DARKLING)

You are a heartbeat.  
You take place only in darkness.  
And this love of ours is like fireworks.  
It blazonry prevails only  
when the sun can't humble it.

Quilts and symbolic whimpers  
insulate us. We are warm  
and ignorant as babies,  
exploring our lips and genitals  
as though they tokened the universe.

We pan the gold of each other.  
But after the last sigh the gold sinks  
back into its own depths.  
And our spent bodies glisten  
like the surface of a river.

Alone by day I dismantle  
my drenched essences  
and spread them out to dry.  
I attend an art opening,  
I read the paper, I wax the floor.

And I find it impossible to imagine you on your feet.  
In the sturdy architecture of my brain  
you undulate among phosphorescent coral  
while your elusive convictions  
drift above you like oil spills.

What is your secret?  
Is there a mutant  
childhood cringing in you? Or some hunchbacked  
fact too fearful to touch?  
Are you wilting under these questions?

## MYRRHA

Evolution transfigures.  
 It files our coarser edges.  
 Years diffuse the wolf cry  
 abandoned to the moon,  
 smooth our voices  
 to opera intermission hum.  
 Years unfurl the heavy paw  
 goudging its prey.  
 Our fingers curl above the teacup.

I'm civil. I nod  
 at political persuasions.  
 I pass the bread.

But evolution fumbled me.  
 Linking the generations  
 it linked me twice.  
 Stretching my arms up to my father,  
 I encircle his neck. Suddenly,  
 oh God, suddenly, I want to pull him down on me.  
 I want to ring my legs round his waist.

I can't escape it.  
 I'm stuck like a bitch  
 to the dog on my back.

The heat and rut blindness of dogs --  
 eyes glazing stones, trees.  
 The loins are the core, the soul.  
 The furred bodies quiver,  
 dumb of genealogy, dumb of all  
 but the destiny that has clamped them.

But I'm human.  
 Heritage is heavy on my back.

Could my passion-bleeding throat  
 scream "Father!"  
 if I watched his face lurching above mine,  
 flushed, oiled in sweat,  
 taut lips cracking his cheeks,  
 eyes squeezing out light?

Is mine the unnatural passion  
 of a biologist who grafts  
 the backs of an ape and a sheep?  
 He would observe two casualties --  
 immobile, pathetic;  
 one indefinable mutant.

Father. He was my omnipotent father.  
 He could outline the constellations.

MYRRHA -- 2

He promised he'd never die.  
On his lap I was smaller than a sugar lump  
soaked in coffee.  
I was bigger than the ladies  
in their diamond evenings.  
Once I watched his hands resurrect a dead doll.

But now I must sever him  
from his body. His flesh  
encroaches on his gestures.  
If he sips wine  
his lips nurse the crystal curve  
of the glass. And the hands  
that sketch his opinions in air  
are the hands that delve  
into the damp musk of woman.

But he is impeccable.  
My nipples would astound him  
like my ten miniature toes  
when first he counted them.

Once he urged my growth with toys.  
A rattle, a puzzle, a rubber duck --  
I wielded them and grasped the world.  
Now he gives me bracelets,  
as though confessing  
he's seen how the years have edited my form.  
As though my body were contained in my wrist --  
a portent  
exalted by ornament  
for men to acutalize.

But he has already brought me about.  
My bones are erected from his blueprint.  
My blood flows in honor of him.

I am his already.  
I want only that he recreate me  
as woman.

## MOTHER'S POEM

I want this poem to rip open your coffin.  
I want it to close the ragged wound  
of my second and final birth from you.

I have never spoken to you from here  
as I do to my lovers.  
How I slide them, slide us  
beneath the rhythmic laser.  
The poems pop up like tin ducks  
in a shooting gallery.

You, though, were never new to me.  
We were entwined like vines.  
When I sprouted in you I knew  
no roots. Only the red heat  
that strummed our cave with its fuzzy wings.

Light split the cave.  
Birth snapped us in two.

Curiously, though, I remained in you,  
distilling my essences from yours.  
Not just your milk  
that infused my first months.  
Not just your names for things --  
bluebird, circle, toes --  
that placed my own discoveries  
in immortal boxes.

We were singular as the moon.  
Artless as the dark side,  
I ebbed and surged with your light.

Even when I was grown,  
my days swirled in a vial of arcane chemicals  
until I confided them to you.  
You shaped them as Tiffany glass.

But you died.  
You died for months,  
dragging me along by the guts.  
I was like the last member of a vanishing species.  
I clung to our life  
with my teeth and nails.

But you died.  
And only now,  
now that we are suddenly extinct,  
can I press myself into this poem for you  
like a fossil hugging its landscape.



## DAPHNE

She is hardly a woman at all.  
Certainly not one of the mothers I know  
who trespass into their daughters' pink bedrooms  
with a pile of clean laundry,  
and startle after-school confessions.

She has never distended her flesh  
for a baby,  
or stocked her options like a pantry  
with a husband's appetites.

Certainly she never had to inch  
toward the woman in herself,  
as I must, packed in a mass  
of unmentionable urges and alien physicalities.

No, she is complete.  
She is history.  
And she is my single intent.

Each morning in the classroom,  
at a minute to ten, we ready ourselves  
for the assignation.  
She, the master, makes final notes.  
I, the novice, forswear the cant of popular tunes  
for the cadence of royal succession.  
I prop my elbows on the desk  
and press the pipples into my chin.  
Then I let her in, I let her in.

She is maneuvering Napoleon's army  
around the Russian lines.  
O prescient strategist, impartial judge!  
Already she's ordered enemy bayonets  
poised just over the hill.

Hers is the gold-framed cameo  
each soldier treasures next to his breast.

How the men must yearn for her!  
Novelists, surgeons, senators --  
what dominion she could grant them.  
Her knowledge a ship's log  
to chart their course,  
her beauty a regal masthead  
to dazzle foreign potentates.

But she is unattainable.  
Even her body is a milestone.

671

DAPHNE -- 2

Common organs do not function in her,  
but miniature continents,  
green and silent and unexplored.  
Wars and edicts course through her veins.  
Her heart directs them to their proper channels.

And if she loved me, I too would occur.  
No more crushes on oblivious boys,  
no more algebra papers scarred with erasures.  
I would be precise  
and pure as fact.

Nights, then, I ride history  
like a war horse.  
I plunder the pages, I leave dates  
and motives smoldering in my wake.  
By the time I'm done,  
I'll have made history  
and I'll enter her, enter her.

IO (SO I'M A WOMAN)

So I'm a woman.  
So suddenly I'm displaced  
by my own body  
like a strawberry in a swelling jello.

It seems I was born with a string of clauses  
I never bothered to read.  
Now my smug anatomy has dredged them up  
to use against me.

What was my crime?  
Did I commit some unwitting sin  
against the polished niches of my arms and legs?  
Lately they've been concealed by hair  
where musky scents continually stitch their rags.

And these breasts.  
It wasn't I who exiled them.  
But there they go  
with their sack of provisions.  
They deface my immaculate plane.  
They take up space.

What I dreamed was to unfold  
someday as a silky gown.  
I'd swirl all night, pink and flimsy,  
one side pressed to the chest of a hero,  
the other side billowing with the breeze.  
By day I'd tuck me back into myself,  
into the pliant fabric of my reveries.

Instead I'm bound  
by a gaggle of organs  
that gossip about their homely routines.  
They're plumbing me  
for the inevitable --  
for some meaty sinew  
that will raid me, wrench me open  
and unloose my blood and mysteries.

It's all for that inglorious conquest  
that I am being set up by me.

## THISBE

Light-year love --  
love licked on a postage stamp,  
love crackling in telephone cables --

that's love  
aimed like a cannon.  
It gathers force  
as it mows the distance  
to its target.

Calmly I await its manifestation.  
Freely I pick my nose or bite my nails.  
But when it taps me  
I fling off my common habits.  
I'm Miss America. I'm ideal.

How I glow in love's laser ray!

Love shines brightest  
when it shines through a breach,  
through the singular hole  
in a barricade.

I'd build a wall to defend the hole  
then coo to my suitor  
that love can pierce any obstacle.

For if love moves in with you  
it diffuses.

Your darling litters your polished rooms  
with dirty underwear and dreams.  
His conventions seep  
into the corners of your airtight hours.

And your own meticulous image melts  
as fast as an ice sculpture.

As for me, give me a wall  
with a minimal chink.  
I'll see love better.



DEMETEF. (TO PERSEPHONE)

Mothers and daughters, mothers and daughters,  
linked by the strain of their loins  
like a vine. When the stalk splits  
it pours its essences into a new node.  
The bud swells and stretches  
and cleaves the vine again.

Daughter, my daughter, singular blossom  
of my womb, you distilled  
your life from me. We have been inseparable.  
Now, though, your passions are surging downward.  
Your loins quicken. What parts us  
is a continent and the nether vigor of a man.

I sit here in this house of ours  
observing the promptness of shadows,  
the dumb obedience of furniture.  
My forgetful shoe stills tries to tamp  
the dog-eared rug that always caught your flight  
when you delighted to show me a red oak leaf,  
a gold-starred spelling paper.

My infant, my rose, my holiday,  
asking me why,  
building mud castles and fairy ships  
with all my answers.  
My flegling, my anagram,  
watching your body clumsily fill  
its woman-mold, watching mine  
to see how it was done.

The memories harden in me like a tumor.  
I can't let you go.

Again and again my mind conceives you.  
Again and again I squeeze you  
from between my legs. Each time  
you kick out fully grown  
and gasping on some distant bed  
as he slides into you,  
oily smooth, hard as bone.  
Again and again I give you my breast.  
But my nipple wilts as I see him lean  
to suck rose at yours.

Oh, it was I who endowed you  
with that garden he now cultivates.  
It was I who taught you  
to tune your mind to your body's subtle strings.  
Now it is you who is the woman.  
And I am just a familiar shape in an old dress,  
an appliance going obsolete,  
a foolish voice calling  
for you, my infant, and yes,  
calling for a man to put you back in me.

MONUMENT -- APRIL 24, 1976

I kept thinking it ought to have a name. A statue like that. A representation of a human being that you actually enter. Entering it, you become familiar with it. Intimate. It is a form of knowing and you ought to know the name of something you know. It is a personal thing, going up the body like that. Perhaps it's too monumental to have a name. Monument. Monumental, I thought as I climbed through the body.

Quite spontaneously, as we walked up up up, Si compared the climb through the complex green physiognomy to the intellectual probing of a novel. On the way down, though, we decided we felt like microbes swirling through the bloodstream. The way down is not exciting because you have to concentrate on moving correctly.

Si prefers to walk backwards downstairs. It is easier because you walk only on your toes. The toes hit the step first and the heels don't have to bother. It's far simpler a thing to walk on your toes than on your heels. Another way of going down is to walk duck-toed. But the knees seem to get out of place.

The climb is humane. Bartholdi must have known his monument may have been too monumental for some. Little iron seats built in and exits cut into the iron cage walls. Escape clauses. Some Girl Scouts were counting the number of stairs. Si, a counter, might have done the same. "I must ask you: were you ever a Girl Scout?"

Unlike the Empire State Building or the World Trade Tower, where it's the view you go to see, go to recognize your hotel, go to Get To The Top, the statue's excitement is Being There. The climb is part of it. You have to work for what you get. But Being There. Inside the head of the Statue of Liberty, inside the head of a monument, you become monumental. You become like an idea. The view is okay, but that's not it. I didn't feel chauvinistic, but I did feel in control. Not for long. Keep moving there are people on the stairs.

Why did the French bother? I never considered the French particularly altruistic. Rich American swine didn't even want to bother putting up the money for a base. If I'd been France I would have said, Well fuck you we'll put it up in Calais. But then Rodin couldn't have put the Burghers there. Why did the French bother?

Is it the Bigness that's impressive? I'm impressed with the heads on Easter Island because of their Bigness. Americans and Bigness.

"Most everybody is looking at where we've come from." We decided that might be an appropriate theme for our Edinboro discussion.

At the beginning of the ascent, a quotation by Benjamin Franklin on the wall. Something about giving up liberty for safety and if you do that you deserve neither liberty nor safety. Justifying, I compared it to my refusal to do any more work for Spotlight. Also a quotation by Emerson which rhymed the words fail and sail. Nothing else. No reading matter on the walls. Part of the severity of the ascent, I suppose. No thought,

here. Just physical motion. We talked all the way up though. Si went ahead of me. Walls the color of hospital gowns. Bronze green also on the stones at the base. Remnants of rain, Si said. The rain attaches itself briefly to the bronze and then the bronze gives part of itself up for the ride down to the stone.

One more piece of reading matter at the foot of the stairs. A warning. Something to the effect of, Abandon all hope, ye who enter here. "Exhausting climb." The temperature 20 degrees hotter than outside. A long wait. Narrow. Forbidding, but challenging. Consider a Saturday in August. Crowds waiting, bodies sweating, 115 degrees in the crown, an hour to get up and back. Now consider a Tuesday in January. No crowds, cool. But then you'll climb faster and get tired more quickly and your coats will be hot, like carrying someone on your back. Today's statistics. April. Rainy. 85 degrees in the crown. About 35 minutes round trip. That's what they say: round trip. It should be spiral trip.

The staircases presented a mathematical problem. How can people go up and down on two staircases around one pole? Why is there someone above me going up and someone above me going down? Going down is on the other side but I can see them. Are the staircases parallel? "Maybe it's like a Mobius strip." Solution finally arrived at: It's a pipe within a pipe. I still don't understand.

"Would this make a good New Yorker cover or not?"

Si vociferously refused to let anyone cut ahead of us in line. "You can get behind me but you can't get in front of me."

In my excitement to talk to Donald, I forgot to ask him the topics of his symposium. How many artists do you know? How many friends do you have? The topic is to be Life and Art. "Genie would go to Hoboken if it was all expenses paid."

How would it be to be a bumblebee, out by yourself all day long musing from one dandelion to the other, then go back to the hive and a social life. Fields of dandelions that you can't walk on. We agreed that dandelions taste good. Dents de lion. Why teeth. They look more like lions' tails to me. Queuedelion. "Once you've sat on 200 dandelions, it would be just like typing another label." "Trebbe can't come to the phone; she's harvesting the absinthe."

I studied the museum in the base for its form more than for its content. Yes, that is possible. The viewpoint of designing an exhibition. I will design exhibitions for museums, I thought, becoming someone else, changing my life for the first time that day. Animation gets boring after a while. Zoom in zoom out and pan. Zoom in zoom out and pan. The caravan came out favorably in comparison. It did not repeat itself. A "blatant" exhibition on Blacks here. Veering straight from the slave chains, they had a diorama of a black Civil War regiment. Lack of subtlety. Surely they'll have one on famous women immigrants. But no. The Continental Congress part -- miniatures in plexiglass tubes, each one speaking in turn of what he did on the Congress. One man was listening carefully to each. His wife came, "Fraaa-aank, the boat is leaving soon and the kids are tired." He only had two more to listen to, too.

A statistic in the museum pointed out that the immigrant ships of the 17th century were half the size of "the ferry boat that brought you here." We mused on that on the way back to Manhattan. Si would gleefully watch all the passengers get seasick and go to the lower decks; then he would have the top to himself. I would make myself a tent with a blanket, and sit under it all day with books, paper and flashlight. Si would dump the oranges overboard and keep a bottle of Vitamin C all to himself. Or, he might commit murder if the passengers were like the woman next to him who talked about shopping at Alexanders ("Brass and bamboo in the bedroom -- can you imagine?"). "I would much rather have a toilet than a bed."

"I have made a list of Camus' favorite books and I'm going to read them all."

Luncheon consisted of baby cheddar cheese, edam, French bread, pears, oranges, red wine. Si brought glasses, forks, spoons, his shower curtain tablecloth. The guard kindly waited until we had finished dining before he informed us "There's no picnicking on the island." I hate the verb picnicking. The K offends me.

The sun was out by that time and Manhattan looked quiet. Helicopters went back and forth and there was one bumblebee. The statue has a little bun in her hair. Si does the figuring-out for his writing while he's in Tappa Keg. That wouldn't work for me. I figure too much out in advance already. "I might as well be writing a philosophy book in prose." "Donald always said you think too much!" Poems have to come through the writing. Maybe I'll be free after I finish The Second Sex. That's Governor's Island where the Janet Lambert books were situated. "Have there been any good family saga novels written by Americans?" We both think of Proust as one book and not seven. Perhaps the temptation to paint photorealism is that the act of pencilling in and then painting what is already there in a photograph is that it feels like you are becoming the person you want to become. You don't have to muddle through the mental process and muddle and muddle until you come up with something worthwhile. Gary says that a major reason why it's difficult to create is that you're constantly reminded how unbrilliant, and, still worse, how dumb you can be. Si thinks that putting up the Statue of Liberty is far more magnificent an act than putting up the World Trade Center. "What does 'baby cheddar' mean?"

When we stood up to go, we felt that we'd been at the beach all day.



October 9, 1974

SI...

Reading your "thoughts occasioned by...." has occasioned many of my own. Which seems to coincide rather neatly with what you have written.

First of all, there is something you must read. It is called "Vortex" and it was written in (I think) 1917 by Gaudier-Bzreska. I spelled it wrong. Brzeska. What does it matter? This article is not really an article, but a life-force, a creation in itself. You can find it in a book by Ezra Pound called GAUDIER-BRZESKA. Vortex, to me, explains the intense need, the compulsion to break through the forms of the Unfinished, the Half-Life, to become wholly whole, to stretch from the tight ball of the womb, that sea-shell shape, that shape of the closed fist, and to stretch one's arms open wide, to dance. It is never wholly possible and most people give up when they realize that. It is the success of the bird, the seagull. It is Coleridge made flight from newspaper. It implies immortality. Nothing is immortal but art. Even art can't fly.

When I look at the canvases of Kandinsky, I think how they, the paintings, wish to be liberated from their frames. I think how they would seem more within-their-environment, were they hung from the branches of trees, were they propped on a cloud.

Many of these images you used in your writing about Ken Russell's films. Most of them are thoughts I have had before. But in a different form.

When you write that people are afraid of modern art because they fear new forms, I find that your statement is like an affirmation of something I have long felt. There is a part of me that wishes to apply it to my own work. I have brought you my book of poetry because what I did, what I wanted to do in that book, was to give a free-stretching movement to the vortex. The stone was the vortex. The individuality of the stones was their reaching-out, their freedom. To write as the stones are was to give them something other than form. Expression? I am not saying a stone thinks. I am saying: IF a stone thought, it would think....."

The distinction is important. That freedom is never wholly possible. The only thing to do is to make it occur just a few steps beyond what is commonly conceived as possible.

That is true of how one lives. If you follow a schedule, if you impose a certain discipline on yourself, that is not quite good enough. You must go just slightly beyond. You must extend the limits so that they approach that freedom.

REDSTONE DANCER. I think that what Gaudier-Brzeska has done is to say, via the stone, This is the primitive wish, this the ritual, this the desire, the need to fly. This is the attempt to dance out of stone.

In a popularized version, it is the story of JONATHAN LIVINGSTON SEAGULL which I will keep on defending, despite ~~the~~ intellectual ~~tendency~~ tendency

the

these days to <sup>call it</sup> ~~become~~ non-art, anti-art.

Your creation of Coleridge, and mine of stone-thoughts is quite the same. We have given expression to something that does not, inmost people's minds, have that power of expression.

Form and content are one. The form of the apple was round. The content of the apple was mysterious, and forbidden. By biting the apple, Eve digested the form and content of the apple, she made it a part of her body. By creating something -- a poem, a symphony, a papier mache seagull, a sculpture, a painting, we are gods. We say, This is its ~~form~~ form. Bite into it. Know form and content both. When we, as participants in, spectators of the poem, the symphony, the bird, bite in, we are digesteing the subject, making it a part of ourselves.

Eve was a bone before she was a human. She was a rib. As a rib, she supported Adam. There is significance in that. That is my new book of poetry, this Eve business.

There is, there must be, passion in creation of art. Donald once said to me, "My work is an act of love." John Baeder once said to me, "I want to fuck my canvas." There was a piece in MASSACHUSETTS REVIEW about a year ago by Gail Trebbe called "The Poem as Lover."

To be continued, perhaps vocally -

H. Bosch  
Bosch

THE FRUIT OF EVE

not eve but her  
"issue"

violence

Birth-roots yank at the brain,  
phantom umbilical cords  
that twitch  
for their amputated heritage. The womb,  
that first castle warming a life --  
always its windows bang open and shut  
by gestures seeking their cause.

yank  
amputated } violence  
bang

Take, for instance, a man- Adam  
ground into life, oiled  
by no sperm. Just the fingers of the father  
thrusting into earth  
until they filled with the first warm chunk.  
"Adam, Adam," said God,  
and blew him up like a toadstool.

The bark of the tree will etch its statistics  
on this man's palms.  
Stones will roll in his bowels.  
The grass, wherever he walks, will divide his toes.

And take a woman conceived as a bone.  
Like one star in a constellation --

Eve  
(Paul for while)

only an outline of herself.  
Blood bypassed her in its tight canals.  
Just beyond touch, organs  
pulsed in plump clusters. Stuck to her stem,  
she arched the shape of her parent's flesh.  
Lifted out, ripped apart, remolded,  
she awoke,  
suddenly detached  
from the two men who'd born her.

*Eve is born*

For this woman's fingertips,  
orchards will expand and contract like hearts.  
Liquids will sing round her body,  
and her limbs will recall that invasion of flesh  
that opened her to birth.

*a Victorian  
corner  
a actual  
branch  
a pen*

Adam and Eve regarded each other  
and he defined her as his body.

God the father stepped back and grinned  
with pride. He built them a nursery  
rich with all they'd ever need. Then,  
planting one stipulation in their midst,  
he left and went back to business  
as fathers often do.



THE FRUIT OF EVE  
3

*adam the teacher*

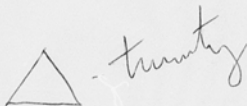
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682

Adam led the woman to his animals,  
first gifts for an only child.  
Hundreds of animals, their fur meshing  
as they grazed, their jaws reciting  
songs of grass.

*food*  
"Cow," announced Adam, pointing.  
Eve squeezed the bulbous sacks  
and licked milk from her fingers.

*Romulus & Remus*

*female*  
"Monkey."  
She observed the rosy triangle  
under its tail, fleshy delta  
on a body of hair.



*female*  
"Snail."  
She stared as the fat wet head  
thrust into its hole  
to some dark sanctuary.

*erect penis*  
"Elephant."  
Her fist encircled the tusk,  
white arc that sprouted  
from flesh into light.

*adam wants Eve to see them as "fruit"*  
{  
cow  
monkey  
snail  
elephant  
}

THE FRUIT OF EVE

4

40  
683

"Why 'woman'?" asked Eve.

But the orchard  
was adding and subtracting its statistics  
in Adam's brain.  
The names of fruits rolled on his tongue  
like raindrops pointing out patterns on stones.  
He directed her to the groves and opened  
his second lesson.

"Orange," he said, and balanced it on his palm.  
He stripped the rind, divided the sections.  
Eve took one and ate.

"Peach." He skimmed its fuzz.  
She ate.

"Pear. Lime."  
One by one he held them up,  
these predictable digits,  
these tangible planets turning  
in orbits of color and size.  
One by one he dissected them.

Eve found their pitches  
harmonizing on her tongue.

THE FRUIT OF EVE

5

7J

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"Cherry," said Adam. "Pomegranate."

Eve flung herself on the grass,  
eyes round, mouth full, hands full,  
belly curved like a cornucopia,  
the names of fruits blending  
their tones in her ears.  
In her throat a song swelled for Adam,  
her seed-giver, her taste-namer.  
Her tongue moved to give him food.  
Eve opened her mouth.  
But only the juice dripped from her lips.  
She opened her legs.  
The fruit swirled deep within her.  
Still her flesh clenched  
for one fruit more, one final fruit  
that would fill her  
till its sap spilled from her pores.

But Adam was finished.  
On the ground he squatted,  
naming the seeds that still clung to their flesh.  
"Grape," he decided. "Plum."

Eve struggled to her feet,

*Intimate*

*both can be  
dried out*

and moved, heavy as summer,  
toward the river,  
toward the familiar flow that would outline her form,  
toward the clear voice repeating its one chord.

She lay on her back in the water.  
The current forced her legs apart,  
spread her arms  
up from her sides like petals.  
The sun vined red round her breasts, her belly, her eyelids,  
and the river escaped with her.  
Jungle leaves sprouted under her arms.  
Sap ran inside her cheeks.  
Flowers bloomed in her navel.  
A tree exploded from her loins  
and its roots curled into dark waters.

Not till the sun wilted  
over the hills  
did Eve emerge.

She looked at her flesh,  
wrinkled as a prune.  
And she burst  
into laughter.



THE FRUIT OF EVE

7

7W  
686

She hurried, thinking of Adam and his seeds;  
pressing together her pulpy fingers,  
wondering what he'd call them,  
imagining his lips  
as they curved into a question mark.

Suddenly a tree focused before her,  
as though it were a scientific fact  
proving itself in a bubbling test tube,  
as though it were a foreign country  
she'd always heard of, but never visited,  
as though it were a word  
made flesh.

In the branches a serpent twined  
like a vestigial limb.

"Nice," said the serpent.

"What are you doing in my father's tree?" asked Eve.

Said the serpent, "I have here  
something that will open you."

A negative formed in her mouth,  
a black No.

THE FRUIT OF EVE

8

70

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But the garden tilted in her brain.  
She saw fruits fall from their branches,  
she saw the river stiffen and rise up vertically,  
she saw daylight crouch, posied,  
on the other side of night,  
she saw the peaks of mountains stretch like jaws  
to swallow the moon,  
she saw rocks let go of the hills,  
their fists become palms  
slapping height after height,  
she saw the garden wound round in a ball of roots  
and she saw that the end was tied to her finger.

She reached, plucked. The red flesh  
forced her lips into a circle.  
Her teeth took hold  
and bit.

Adam felt the earth open  
and close beneath his feet  
and he came  
running.

"Taste," said Eve, her mouth full.

He knew now that she had invented

THE FRUIT OF EVE

9

W

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some terrible new name  
and his mouth encompassed the space she'd cut  
and spread beyond.

They chewed, they chewed.  
The apple juice flowed.  
They swallowed, it flowed  
down to their bellies.

Eve looked at Adam's penis.  
Adam looked at Eve's breasts.  
They saw their bodies  
as bodies,  
as two ripe pieces of fruit,  
and they wanted to bite.

[End]

Tuebbe

For Si...  
 This edition of the  
Book of Stone was  
 rejected by Thomas  
 Hancock, Brace, Jovanovich &  
 Cravell

THE BOOK OF STONE

by  
 Gail Trebbe

It's yours now.  
 You'll find that  
 the poem is  
 missing. I hate  
 to see it & I just  
 tore it out.

Trebbe  
 October 11, 1974

GAIL TREBBE  
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This is also the first  
 time I've used my  
 new rubber stamp.

GAIL TREBBE  
 414 EAST 78th STREET  
 NEW YORK, N.Y. 10021



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La Nature est un temple où de vivants  
 font parfois sortir de confuses  
 paroles;  
 L'homme y passe à travers des  
 forêts de symboles  
 qui l'obsèdent avec des regards  
 farouches.

## SONG OF THE STONE

I am the judge  
of the years  
and the seasons cannot  
cajole or injure me.

*Stone as judge—  
outside of time*

I am the historian  
of the ages  
and all weathers  
have passed before me.

*Stone as "recording  
consciousness"*

I am the scribe  
of the mountains  
and they form  
their existence around me.

I am the mouthpiece  
of lost tribes  
and I proclaim the fate  
of their battles and icons.

I am the summit and the canyon  
of the land



and all soils and waters  
consult me first.

694  
} stone as counselor.

I am the high priest  
of the underground  
and I bless the roots  
that quest for the flower.

I am the governor  
of the city  
and my rule keeps buildings  
in their place.

I am the commander  
of the mountain top  
and the world quakes  
at the approach of my army.

No stone as  
ruler + "organizer"  
stone as  
an organizing  
principle.

I am the mother  
of the gods  
who spring from my womb  
at the hands of their worshippers.

I am the sire  
of the rock and the pebble

} No stone as  
"source"

and my blood flows  
 hot from mountains.

I am the prophet  
 of eternity  
 and the waves carry my word  
 to every shore.

as prophet  
 stone outside  
 of time

I am stone.  
 I was here first.  
 And mine are the stories  
 of the earth.

No stone is a  
 "reading consumer"  
 It has recorded  
 all the "stones of  
 the earth".  
 What No stone has recorded  
 is the "en sidi monde."  
 No stone has been put —  
 it has seen all & recorded  
 all — it has a message  
 contained in it — we  
 must crawl in & find  
 out what it is — we  
 learn that the stone  
 can be a valuable  
 counselor, ruler, organizer,  
 judge & prophet — it  
 has lessons to teach —  
 we must find out what  
 the stone knows.

## GENEALOGY OF STONE

Stone was bared  
when all the icebergs  
lost their kingdom  
and slipped away  
to cower under the hills.

*Stones have been  
here for a long time—  
stones are  
patient*

Stone, indissoluble  
souls of the great white mountains,  
clung to the earth, naked  
and bald as fact.

Fact shaped like fists  
clenched on the reborn land  
demanding a new order.

## THE WAY OF SAND

The Father of Sand is walking  
among his children,  
day by day  
teaching them  
their destiny.

"Go," he says, "to the place  
where the sea begins.  
Go there and join it  
and become motion.

"Go to the place  
where silence lies flat  
beneath the sun.  
Go there and cover it  
and become distance.

"Go to the place  
where the pines grow.  
Go there and draw a ring  
every year in every tree  
and become time."



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And the sands go forth.

Every day

they are describing the universe.

---

## ARROWHEAD

Little stone,  
 the brave knows  
 when you're ripe  
 for the quest.  
 He sets free  
 your heart.  
 Now how fast  
 you fly to love,  
 to your dreamed-for  
 heart of flesh.

may re-shape stone  
 into a valent object -  
 Stone is not valent -  
 man makes it thus.  
 Stone is at home  
 in many forms  
 & in many  
 places

it is analyzed  
 myth & history

## SEA PEBBLES

do you see us and  
think we are tossed  
by our fate do you  
say we are small  
lost souls at the mercy  
of waves do you watch us  
rise up to the shore  
then retreat do you not  
listen those are  
our drums we are beating  
our music our ritual music  
and dancing the joy  
of our faith by moon  
and by sun every day  
we come sing  
for our god for our god  
with his great white arms  
that embrace the whole sea  
we come to dance and  
kiss his hands and then we  
are safe in our changeable world

*Stone is at home  
in many places -  
the message is  
still the same*

## AVALANCHE

When the stones  
let go  
of the mountain,  
their fists become palms  
slapping height  
after height,  
become fingers  
making signs  
in a new language.  
When the stones  
fling themselves  
down, they tear  
holes  
in dutiful silence,  
and their world  
becomes motion,  
vertical,  
like the gesture  
of hands falling  
to the side.  
Then they see  
at last

*Stones sometimes  
want to move  
under their  
own volition —  
how eloquent  
they then  
become*



the distance  
of the summit,  
and they call  
to their brothers,

Come

Come

Join

in the great fall

from all things

known,

Reunite

at the very end.

It is like the first

laughter.

*These are angels  
which have decided  
"to let go."*

→ *laughter inspired by  
having transcended  
the form - laughter  
is freedom - from self -  
and also from time &  
place.*

CORNERSTONE

You go first.

You always go first

because you're the only one  
with a name.

You are the beginning.

The sky gathers around you.

Everyone knows you

as the first point of a future.

And then come the others,

the masses,

the nameless ones,

clustering around you.

Slowly they rise up

to shorten your realm.

16 703  
non-valent  
domesticated stones  
for human labor.  
How about a "keystone"

## ROCK AND SEA

Everything the rock has learned — the stone as  
 it gives away "recording  
 consciousness"  
 piece by piece to the sea.  
 When the future finally arrives,  
 the sea will possess  
 all its wisdom  
 and the waves will teach it  
 to every shore.

No recording  
 consciousness  
 does not  
 freely speak to  
 man — but it  
 does to the  
 sea

No sea is or  
 was as the  
 stone and it  
 records the same  
 thing the stone  
 does.

## STONE IN SUN

Venerable stone, you who bind  
and shelve the ages,  
each day you transcribe  
another light.

Far into the night  
your lantern burns.

} the stone on  
"recording  
consciousness"



THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE

I am the dreamstone,  
stone of the mind,  
the maniacal minds  
of the demi-gods.  
I smile.  
Only my eyes shine  
in my shifting darknesses.

What they would give!  
How they would gleam in my light!  
How they dream to pry  
out my heritage,  
to mix their blood with mine,  
so I should bear  
for them my possibilities.

I hide my lifelines  
as two palms  
pressed together.

My absence adds  
and subtracts

who does so?  
no pain, the philosopher  
a certain effort is 706  
required to plumb  
the mystery of the  
stone

the smile transcends -  
Eleanor of Aquitaine's  
laugh at the end when  
she is sent back to the  
tower; "Emma se  
mis à rire!"  
laughter liberates  
from time & place

No stone  
smiles because  
it knows.

all -  
who will  
listen to  
the "stones  
of the land" -

only a very  
few  
are  
willing &  
capable.

Philosopher  
try to.

across their charts.

They, lords of magic,

solve nothing

but their daydreams.

And they hear only

my song,

the alluring, the eternal

tones of gold.

My song is my sheath.

Impenetrable.

They are bewitched

by it.

I show them

only

my impossibility.

I will change

nothing

for them.

No Plurimorpha, 707  
the seven -  
temptress.

"de confus parol"

a song is "form" -  
form is impenetrable

## STONE'S PURPOSE

To be the axis  
of the shadow.

Every day the day begins  
before me  
and revolves  
around me.

} stone is always there  
improvising  
recording all things

To be the disciple  
of the sun.



## THE STORY OF JADE

Jade, Stone of Eden,

laughed

to see the ripening of things --

how the fruits preened  
and swelled, to lean, alluring,  
from the branches  
like fat madams at their windows,  
only to be eaten;

how the apple turned  
to the sun  
to redden and redden its skin,  
seductive blush,  
only to become the Last  
Supper in paradise;

how then Adam and Eve  
ate,  
only to look down  
and see their bodies  
as bodies,

— the Stone of Eden laughed  
because it knew  
what was  
going to  
happen.



as two ripe pieces of fruit;

how they bit into each other  
till Cain was curled  
in her belly  
where he began ripening,  
ripening towards his fate.

And the jade stone said

No

and stilled itself in green  
unripeness to remain perfectly  
unbiteable.

## CHILDREN OF STONE

--from Ovid's Metamorphoses, Book I

Limp were the hills  
in their sodden tombs,  
limp was the flesh of cattle and kings  
that jostled together beneath the flood,  
limp the clouds  
after their last spasm,  
limp the water  
that could eat no more,  
limp the trees whose trunks itched  
for their phantom limbs,  
limp the soil  
from its deathly transfusion,  
limp the anger of the gods  
who had wreaked their final chaos.

all else is  
mutable -  
its history  
is recorded  
by stone

Only the stones were immutable.

Dark were the skies  
that had forgotten their light,  
dark was the water that dragged  
the shadows of its murder victims,

dark the peak of the highest mountain  
that saw for the first time  
the meaning of depth,  
dark the fears of the last two humans  
who stood atop it,  
dark the future that swam  
two-halved within their loins.

Only the stones were immutable.

Until the oracle cast her prophecy,  
until Deucalion and Pyrrha cast the stones  
behind them like seeds,  
until the birth cries of the stones  
yanked the land back to life  
and the world wriggled in the fingertips  
of the new humans  
changed from stone.

## GODS OF STONE

At the first awakening  
from our stone sleep  
we touched our eyes  
with new fingertips  
and saw at once  
our mortality.

We saw that the earth  
would claim us again  
for now our heads  
were nearer the weathers.

And in the weathers  
we saw the hands  
of the gods  
who had drawn us  
from eternal stillness.

We saw their hands touch  
the skies, the land,  
touch us,  
and everything they touched  
weathered.



And we wished to touch the gods.  
We wished to bring their magic closer.  
We wished to create them  
and make ourselves immortal again.

We made the gods  
in our own new image  
carved from the flesh  
of our eternal ancestry.

## WITHIN A VOLCANO

There lies the unborn  
king of the earth,  
lies there in the dark womb  
punching out space —  
with his thickening fists,  
lies there sucking up the future,  
the invisible future  
that sifts down on a shaft of air.  
There he lies, turning over  
his possibilities,  
hungry for destiny,  
hungry to rise up  
and swallow the earth.

*The modernist is  
he who "looks out from"  
and not who "looks  
at".*

*Seeking form*

## STONE HALF-BURIED

I am the center of the universe.

I plug the hole between earth and sky.

## THE GROWTH OF THE MOUNTAIN

The roots of the mountain  
heave like beasts beneath  
the earth, tautening,  
tautening their great cargo.

They push down through darkness  
where darkness has never been named,  
where rivers flow on the banks  
of no settlement, far below  
the place where lie the bones  
of old battles, old sacrifices.

The roots of the mountain  
are cutting shapes out of the darkness.  
The shapes rise up like hands,  
like more hands. They rise  
above the stillness, blessing

the roots of the mountains.  
And they go up, up to raise themselves  
hand on hand, hands folded  
in prayer at the peak of the mountain.



## DAYS OF THE STONE

They are the kings of earth. — ruler-judge

Every morning

they are there on their thrones

right where you expect them.

Standards fly

from the turrets of their castles,

and inside they preserve

every law of the eons.

} — they have the  
sense of the universe

They are the kings of earth.

When cities fall

they go down with them.

but they stay behind

to teach

their history to the future.

Stone as 'recording  
consciousness'

They will rule eternally.

their only edict

their own immutability.

Every day the day arrives

to weave its fabric

around their legends.

— Stone as judge

outside of time

THE BLAMELESS ONES

On the Day of Judgment  
when each man fingers his life  
behind his back;  
and the risings and fallings of things  
converge to pass through the eye of a needle;  
and the spoken words come back  
from their hermitage  
to take places beside their speakers;  
and all histories are claiming the same name;  
and the years file like camels  
over the other side of the horizon,  
then the still still stones will inherit the world.

32 719  
No stone as judge —  
no, the stone  
as inheritor  
No "recording  
conscience"  
absorbs all &  
waits for the  
day of  
judgment. —  
it's day of  
days.

"and the meek shall  
inherit the earth" —  
Stones are meek

## STIGMA

The pain of the stone  
is clenched in its fist,  
something it will not let loose  
as a butterfly or a ball of yarn.

What the stone hides  
is fiercer than the smack of daylight  
when it first runs into night;  
heavier than the apple, violated,  
in the hand of Adam;  
darker than the world's last hour  
crumbled to dust in the gods' fingers.

The stone is fastened around all immobility.

The wind pulls its gestures  
on a string. The earth spins.

The stone clutches its secret.

And should the stone  
release its palm,  
one great crack  
will divide the universe.

— this is d' recording  
consciousness.



## PYRAMIDS

Are they the masters of kings?  
What is their command?  
Are they the gold setting  
of a ruby ring on a royal finger?

They are made of blood.  
The agony of their birth  
has scarred their veins.  
Their memories set out from them  
and return again from the edge of silence.  
The night lies flat  
before their proclamations:  
We are here, We are here.

A single grain of sand  
crowns their summits.

In their hearts they preserve  
one ruby of history

} "recording  
consciousness"



## STONEHENGE

We are prophets  
in a cold sleep.

*- stone as prophet*

Dreams are the lessons

we turn on --

dreams of patient hands

that bore us

as untold secrets

over the plains

carved us

in the shape of their wisdom

raised us up

to rhyme with sunrise.

Ours

is a gesture caught

by the ages.

revealing

as open arms.

We have spoken  
from the first cut  
of the chisel,  
proclaiming the faith  
they made in us.

Still,

from our ancient dreams

we repeat

our cold grey consonants

our solid facts

} "de confuses parler"

our reason for being

in a language of stone.

## THE SECOND 10 COMMANDMENTS

This time the stones are heavier  
in my arms, this time  
I bear with them  
the death of their fathers,  
the weight of their legacy.

This time I bear an absence.  
My knowledge has gone before me  
to the top of the mountain  
where it awaits me,  
awaits these stones  
whose names it already pronounces  
again and again.

Still the tablets press  
against my ribs, urging  
me forward. Even now  
the words strain  
against the stone  
in anticipation.

This time I climb

with two stones  
under my arms  
and two stones  
upon my back.



## PUMICE STONE

Worthy one, our pact is unbroken.  
Every handclasp re-enacts the trade.

You dig from my palms  
a share of your ancient soil,  
and leave in its place  
the shade of my birthright.

## JEWELS

Un-lights, souvenirs snipped off  
from the First Day,  
crushed among the scraps of epochs.  
Still their clarity persists and persists.

They are meditating.  
They are looking within  
to their own fountainheads  
where the colors shift  
and plunge like totem dancers,  
where the light points out  
the shape of their future.

They are waiting for the hands  
that will come through the darkness  
to honor them with golden haloes.  
They wait, guiding the way of the hands  
with their songs of light.

*Jewels are stones  
awaiting "the  
hands that will come  
through the  
darkness to  
honor them with  
golden haloes."*

## STONE SINGS TO RAIN

O innocent ones,  
the whole world  
re-arranges in you  
like a funhouse mirror.  
Diving head-first,  
you create your fate.  
O light songs  
aimed at the dark walls  
of my castle,  
jesters  
in pointed shoes,  
you can laugh  
at the solemn earth  
knowing you'll never live there.

## ROCKS UNDER THE SEA

At the end of their lives,  
the ships go down beneath the sea  
and ask the rocks to teach them  
patience among waves.

No Rock is patient. -  
he waits - on the day of  
judgment the ships go  
down beneath the sea &  
are taught patience  
by the rocks!!



## STONE SKIMMED ON A LAKE

I send you off  
on the only journey of your life.  
See how often you pause,  
knowing your place  
is in stillness.

Rocks long to be still  
Yet we know them—  
(stone's throw) a measure  
space; a "stone"—a measure  
of weight; a stone Skimmed  
on a lake wants to be still  
but man throws it

## THE VOYAGE OF GRAVESTONES

When our lives end, — *our judgment day* —  
we will stand quietly  
on the dock,  
breaking up our statistics  
into small pieces  
and tossing them to the birds.

And the birds will catch them  
and weave them into epitaphs  
which they will tie  
like banners  
to the great stone masthead  
of the ship that swiftly approaches.

When the ship slows before us,  
we will be ready.  
Clasping all our provisions  
in folded hands,  
we will board  
to meet the pilot of silence.

And there we will lie

beneath the epitaphs  
that are already unravelling  
in the wind,  
and in our ships of stone  
we will sail away  
to a far green place  
where everything that enters  
has been erased.

## WOOD AND STONE

Men built houses of stone.  
But the stone brought the cold  
of the earth to live there too.  
So they built houses of wood.  
But fire came and the wood fled with it.

Men carved legends in stone.  
But the episodes disengaged themselves  
one by one and went back underground.  
So they printed their legends on paper  
made of wood. But the paper thought  
of its tree and dutifully the pages turned  
yellow and fragile as leaves.

Men spanned the river with stone bridges.  
But the stones loosened their grip and plunged  
through the water to take refuge in mud.  
So they erected bridges of wood.  
But the river rose and seduced the wood  
and they swam away together.

Then men built hearths of stone  
and they burned wood in the hearths.  
The wood flung off its heat



and leaped into the night. And the stones  
folded the heat in their hands only until  
the embers took it back again, and then  
they retreated to their cold dreams.

So men learned the secret of wood and stone.

For wood runs alwys to a new love  
and stone clings forever to its first.

*Stone is faithful;  
wood is fickle*

## STONE COTTAGE WALLS

Four old men  
in a huddle,  
warming each other  
with asthmatic breath.

Outside, their brothers  
moan in the cold.  
They take pity, reach back  
and draw them to refuge.

## STONE FENCES

Old stones, old soldiers  
in slumping regiments --  
their double-edged guard  
keeps the field in its place.

All they know  
they have learned from their comrades,  
from the grey-shaped tales  
told again and again  
on all sides.

When each season arrives  
dancing her ritual dances  
wearing masks, waving flags,  
she sings to them of the avalanche,  
sings of the mountain, the pyramid  
and the cliffs at sea.

She leans, alluring,  
against the fence,  
repeating her Siren songs,  
and the stones stare, amazed,  
and allow her passage.

*stones define  
space and  
also (as seen in  
other poems)  
they define  
time  
(judgment  
day soon)*

## STONE IN SNOW

Cloud --  
summer daydream  
of the stone  
a white reflection  
mutable, moving  
in open landscape.

Until the grey  
spaces blot out  
the blue and the cloud  
lies still  
patient  
on a surgical table.

It splits  
and spills  
shreds  
of its past.

Mirror shattered.  
The stone feels the chilling  
touch, the numbing touch  
of a daydream  
breaking away



from its safe impossibility  
to swallow the dreamer.

Piece  
by piece  
lays down on stone,  
piece by piece  
rises again  
in the image  
of stone.

Stone as cloud  
daydream come true.

## PICTURES ON CAVE WALLS

For a million springs, the grass has risen  
outside the cave,  
and quelled the blood of the hunt.  
Still, the mouthpiece of tribes  
repeats its magical rites  
in dark ignorance.

Stone pictures —  
"recording  
consciousness" —  
they wait — they have done  
so for a million springs  
& can wait a  
million more

## STONES AMONG SHEEP

Here the fat white  
stones are couched,  
looking up to their sheep,

and they see the seasons  
come as shapes,  
the weathers move  
on four thin legs.

— the seasons have shapes —  
"time has shape."  
"A season is a time."

For then all rains  
fall warm and gold,  
all winds spout  
from two black caves,  
and all the curly clouds  
flow low.

And the faithful stones wait  
beneath their heavens.  
They are dreaming of rebirth,  
of a new life covered with wool.

— the stone is patient

## MICHELANGELO'S UNFINISHED SLAVE

I pull. I pull  
uselessly. The cold white fact  
of my past  
entraps me.  
My ancestry I bear  
as a tragic flaw.  
Now, though I am  
half-man,  
I am gripped  
by maternal demands,  
the embrace that stifles,  
the kiss that sucks my flesh.  
Incest.  
I drag the weight of it  
on my back.

Half-way to God  
I was,  
half-way to redemption,  
cutting through to a new life  
single and pure as the wafer.  
Redemption?



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The Pope found me

useless.

He turned his back.

In my history

I am enslaved.

No stone realizes it is  
an "être en soi" —  
it is outside of time —  
it is a record of all  
it has recorded —

## JOSHUA'S WITNESS

"And Joshua said unto all the people,  
Behold, this stone shall be a witness  
unto us; for it hath heard all the words  
of the Lord which he spake unto us; it  
shall be therefore a witness unto you,  
lest ye deny your God."

--Joshua 24:27

Ears, ears the world's infidelity  
unravels before me  
to knit itself together in my ears.  
Click click, the sharp little needles  
perpetually making their hideous coats,  
their helmets, their boots.  
Click click, the empty sleeves  
lengthen around their amputations.  
I hear them clicking. I hear them eternally.

My ears, God! Cut them off!  
O give me eyes that I might shut them  
or lips that I might refuse to speak.  
Give me flesh, like the sky, like the leaf,  
vulnerable, mutable,  
that it might rip and bleed.  
But not these ears,  
these uncloseable doors

that foulness steps through  
to put itself together invisibly.

All the faith that once reared up  
and bucked its doubts into oblivion --  
now it is imbedded in me,  
God, like a fossil, a mutant,  
ludicrous in its very possibility.

O Joshua, Joshua -- he knew.  
A blind and silent witness  
bears no rebuttal.

## ON THE FACE OF STONE

Suddenly a breeze  
rearranges the leaf shadows --  
interrupted meditation.



## FOSSIL

Eons clicked above the stone.  
Histories glided and collided before it.  
The stone was unmoved.

*No stone records  
impossibly—*

The years dug paths around it  
then lay exhausted beneath it.  
The stone was unmoved.

The sun laughed at it.  
The moon stared at it.  
The rain complained to it.  
The stone was unmoved.

All around it the apes  
were straightening up  
losing their fur  
flexing their limbs.  
The stone was unmoved.

One hunched beast felt the years  
scratching at its scales  
gnawing its bones

shoving it into namelessness  
to make room for something else.  
The beast howled its denial  
but the years kept pounding it  
crippling it. The beast felt  
its life pouring into darkness.  
It screeched it grasped the stone  
between its fangs, clinging  
clinging to its own world.  
The stone was moved.

## GRAVEL

If you think of where you are,  
you remember  
all you have lost.

You remember the first shock  
of a million uniformed comrades  
settling down beside you  
and then all your efforts  
to fit yourself  
into the treads of the world's wheels.

And you think how  
that is all you are waiting for --  
more treads to belong to.

And sometimes you lie on your back  
staring at the sky  
and dreaming that one day  
one of them will forget your place  
and carry you away  
to your old hermitage.

## STONES UNDER MOSS

It is here that all the old years  
make their last beds.

Stones sleeping under the ages  
forget even their sharpest edges.

— stone history  
Record stone  
yet stone  
are outside  
of time —  
is outside of  
history



## FROM MARELE

If this is life,  
it is too much  
stuffed  
with the shapes of my likeness,  
half-lives,  
thick as sleep,  
opening and closing  
their possibilities.  
Bring the knife,  
the knife, cut  
out a life  
for me apart  
from these insisting forms,  
these Siamese twins.

## THE SHAPE OF STONE

I am the shape of knowledge,  
 round and coreless.  
 When the first apple fell  
 God clenched his fist  
 and made me in its stead.  
I am unbiteable as eternity.

Half-buried, I lie beneath the tree.

The worms cling to my darker side.

I know the truth.

I am the shape of God's first pain.

Daily I watch the red red sun

drop into some distant garden.

the stones were  
 the apple in  
 Eden was a  
 "red red sun"  
 the blue gold  
 in the  
 border of a  
 sunset —  
 a good sunset

## SECRET OF THE STONE

Once more the stone curls  
into its own darkness,  
its own unshareable cold.

Still, through its sleep a dream  
winds, like a stream of gold  
in its veins, winds forward  
to some ancient promise  
glowing at the edge of a touch.

Beside the stone, a second stone  
curled in its own darkness,  
(it) own cold, — *appears* — [its]  
remembering the instant when the two of them  
pressed all their dreams into each other  
and the air between leaped into flame.

## THE EVE AT MOISSAC

My guilt, my guilt, you were simpler once.  
Once you were a foreign thing  
that crept up, serpent-like,  
to wrap itself around my thighs  
and press its head, full of obscenities,  
between my breasts.  
I was overpowered.  
Horror-beast, yet you were  
my savior. I could look down at you  
and I knew  
it was never never a fault of mine.

But the years, the years --  
they have changed you abominably.  
Corroded your blade-shape,  
flattened you against my flesh.  
See now how you stick  
yourself to me like a terrible growth,  
a vestigial limb. My sin,  
we are inseparable.



## THE CRACK

Stones embrace sun,  
they make their homes in soil,  
they dress up in rain.  
But what they fear  
is the crack,  
that serpent of air  
that eats stone  
to survive.  
Every day the crack uncurls  
and chews through  
its borrowed country  
to arrive,  
finally, where it began,  
as a hard cold lump of air.

## STONE FIRST CAST

Stone moves.

Stone has an aim.

Stone takes the charge

from the righteous to the wrong.

Stone points out the guilt.

Guilt quivers between the two of them.

The space between is guilt

its tail clamped in its teeth.

The space becomes an arrow

a tautened line of guilt.

Which one mounts the arrowhead?

He who finds the stone.

The stone absorbs the guilt.

The stone absolves the guilt.

Guilt is all encircled in the stone.

## THE STONE IN BATTLE

One soldier dug it from a mound of earth  
to build a wall for the trench.

Another soldier couldn't sight  
the enemy over the top of it.

One soldier used it  
as a brace to aim his gun.

Another soldier bled on it.

One soldier took it up  
as a weapon

to kill another soldier  
who fell on top of it.

One soldier made a grave  
for the dead soldier.

Atop a mound of earth  
he laid the stone.

THE EPIC OF GILGAMESH  
--for Britton

When Gilgamesh came back to join his legend,  
his step faltered  
and wherever he went  
he spoke of his exile,  
for all his steps had been there too,  
wandering, like orphans among orphans,  
futures crushed against pasts.

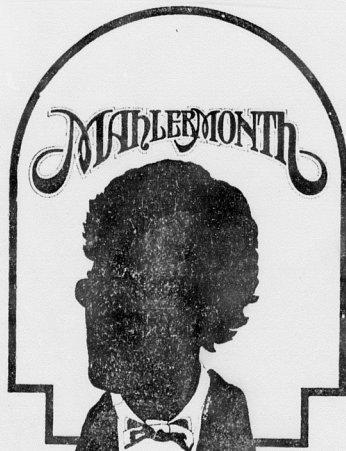
And all the while he was gone,  
his legend was gone too,  
though chapters of it kept turning over  
in the earth, repeating themselves  
endlessly, like first causes.

Even now, even though he has returned,  
there are things he can't speak of,  
and in the earth, some lost gesture still  
seeks his hand to complete it.

[End]



*I attended  
every concert. Mahler has long  
been one of my favorite  
composers.*



THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC  
**A Mahler Festival**  
at Carnegie Hall Sept 26-Oct 25

BOULEZ, LEINSDORF, LEVINE-COMplete MAHLER SYMPHONY CYCLE  
INFORMATION 799-9595

Sept. 26	Erich Leinsdorf	<u>Songs of a Wayfarer</u> <u>Symphony No. 5</u>	Frederica Von Stade
Oct. 1	James Levine	<u>Symphony No. 2</u>	Carol Neblett, Jessye Norman, Westminster Choir
Oct. 2	James Levine	<u>Symphony No. 6</u>	
Oct. 8	James Levine	Selections from <u>Ruckertlieder</u> and <u>Des Knaben Wunderhorn</u> <u>Symphony No. 4</u>	Maria Ewing, Judith Blegen
Oct. 9	James Levine	<u>Symphony No. 8</u>	Carol Neblett, Teresa Zylis- Gara, Kathleen Battle, Lili Chookasian, Gwendolyn Kille- brew, Kenneth Riegel, Michael Devlin, Donald McIntyre, Westminster Choir, The Little Church Around the Corner Choir, Trinity School Choir, Brooklyn Boys' Choir
Oct. 11	James Levine	<u>Symphony No. 10</u> (first movement) <u>Symphony No. 1</u>	
Oct. 16	Pierre Boulez	<u>Symphony No. 7</u>	
Oct. 17	Pierre Boulez	<u>Symphony No. 9</u>	
Oct. 25	Pierre Boulez	<u>Symphony No. 3</u>	Yvonne Minton, Camerata Singers, The Little Church Around the Corner Choir, Trinity School Choir, Brooklyn Boys' Choir

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24 SECOND TIER	CARNEGIE HALL 57th St. and 7th Ave. New York	SEPT. <b>26</b> 1976	SUNDAY EVE. at 8:30 PRICE <b>\$8.50</b> No Refunds or Exchanges MAHLER FESTIVAL New York Philharmonic	Good Only SUN. EVE. OCTOBER <b>26</b> 1976	24	
		CARNEGIE HALL 57th St. and 7th Ave. New York				
		2nd TIER				
		CARNEGIE HALL				

24 SECOND TIER	CARNEGIE HALL 57th St. and 7th Ave. New York	OCT. <b>1</b> 1976	FRIDAY EVE. at 8:30 PRICE <b>\$8.50</b> No Refunds or Exchanges MAHLER FESTIVAL New York Philharmonic	Good Only FRI. EVE. OCTOBER <b>1</b> 1976	24	
		CARNEGIE HALL 57th St. and 7th Ave. New York				
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		CARNEGIE HALL				

24 SECOND TIER	CARNEGIE HALL 57th St. and 7th Ave. New York	OCT. <b>2</b> 1976	SATURDAY EVE. at 8:30 PRICE <b>\$8.50</b> No Refunds or Exchanges MAHLER FESTIVAL New York Philharmonic	Good Only SAT. EVE. OCTOBER <b>2</b> 1976	24	
		CARNEGIE HALL 57th St. and 7th Ave. New York				
		2nd TIER				
		CARNEGIE HALL				

24 SECOND TIER	CARNEGIE HALL 57th St. and 7th Ave. New York	OCT. <b>8</b> 1976	FRIDAY EVE. at 8:30 PRICE <b>\$8.50</b> No Refunds or Exchanges MAHLER FESTIVAL New York Philharmonic	Good Only FRI. EVE. OCTOBER <b>8</b> 1976	24	
		CARNEGIE HALL 57th St. and 7th Ave. New York				
		2nd TIER				
		CARNEGIE HALL				

24 SECOND TIER	CARNEGIE HALL 57th St. and 7th Ave. New York	OCT. <b>9</b> 1976	SATURDAY EVE. at 8:30 PRICE <b>\$8.50</b> No Refunds or Exchanges MAHLER FESTIVAL New York Philharmonic	Good Only SAT. EVE. OCTOBER <b>9</b> 1976	24	
		CARNEGIE HALL 57th St. and 7th Ave. New York				
		2nd TIER				
		CARNEGIE HALL				

24 SECOND TIER	CARNEGIE HALL 57th St. and 7th Ave. New York	OCT. <b>11</b> 1976	MONDAY EVE. at 8:30 PRICE <b>\$8.50</b> No Refunds or Exchanges MAHLER FESTIVAL New York Philharmonic	Good Only MON. EVE. OCTOBER <b>11</b> 1976	24	
		CARNEGIE HALL 57th St. and 7th Ave. New York				
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		CARNEGIE HALL				

24 SECOND TIER	CARNEGIE HALL 57th St. and 7th Ave. New York	OCT. <b>16</b> 1976	SATURDAY EVE. at 8:30 PRICE <b>\$8.50</b> No Refunds or Exchanges MAHLER FESTIVAL New York Philharmonic	Good Only SAT. EVE. OCTOBER <b>16</b> 1976	24	
		CARNEGIE HALL 57th St. and 7th Ave. New York				
		2nd TIER				
		CARNEGIE HALL				

24 SECOND TIER	CARNEGIE HALL 57th St. and 7th Ave. New York	OCT. <b>17</b> 1976	SUNDAY AFT. at 3:00 PRICE <b>\$8.50</b> No Refunds or Exchanges MAHLER FESTIVAL New York Philharmonic	Good Only SUN. AFT. OCTOBER <b>17</b> 1976	24	
		CARNEGIE HALL 57th St. and 7th Ave. New York				
		2nd TIER				
		CARNEGIE HALL				

24 SECOND TIER	CARNEGIE HALL 57th St. and 7th Ave. New York	OCT. <b>25</b> 1976	MONDAY EVE. at 8:30 PRICE <b>\$8.50</b> No Refunds or Exchanges MAHLER FESTIVAL New York Philharmonic	Good Only MON. EVE. OCTOBER <b>25</b> 1976	24	
		CARNEGIE HALL 57th St. and 7th Ave. New York				
		2nd TIER				
		CARNEGIE HALL				



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<p><b>CARNEGIE HALL</b> 57th St. and 7th Ave. New York</p> <p><b>CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA</b> Jude George Solti, Music Director Assisted by the Carnegie Hall Corporation Colbert Artists Management, Inc.</p> <p><b>NOV. 10</b> WEDNESDAY EVENING 8:00 P. M.</p> <p>Single Price <b>\$10.50</b></p> <p>1976 SERIES B1</p> <p>INTERNATIONAL TICKET CO. (800) 541-1431</p>	<p><b>CARNEGIE HALL</b> 57th St. and 7th Ave. New York</p> <p><b>CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA</b> Jude George Solti, Music Director Assisted by the Carnegie Hall Corporation Colbert Artists Management, Inc.</p> <p><b>MAY 11</b> WEDNESDAY EVENING 8:00 P. M.</p> <p>Single Price <b>\$10.50</b></p> <p>1977 SERIES A3</p> <p>INTERNATIONAL TICKET CO. (800) 541-1431</p>	<p><b>CARNEGIE HALL</b> 57th St. and 7th Ave. New York</p> <p><b>CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA</b> Sir George Solti, Music Director Assisted by the Carnegie Hall Corporation Colbert Artists Management, Inc.</p> <p><b>MAY 9</b> MONDAY EVENING 8:00 P. M.</p> <p>Single Price <b>\$10.50</b></p> <p>1977 SERIES B2</p> <p>INTERNATIONAL TICKET CO. (800) 541-1431</p>	<p><b>CARNEGIE HALL</b> 57th St. and 7th Ave. New York</p> <p><b>CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA</b> Sir George Solti, Music Director Assisted by the Carnegie Hall Corporation Colbert Artists Management, Inc.</p> <p><b>NOV. 12</b> FRIDAY EVENING 8:00 P. M.</p> <p>Single Price <b>\$10.50</b></p> <p>1976 SERIES A2</p> <p>INTERNATIONAL TICKET CO. (800) 541-1431</p>	<p><b>CARNEGIE HALL</b> 57th St. and 7th Ave. New York</p> <p><b>CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA</b> Jude George Solti, Music Director Assisted by the Carnegie Hall Corporation Colbert Artists Management, Inc.</p> <p><b>MAY 13</b> FRIDAY EVENING 8:00 P. M.</p> <p>Single Price <b>\$10.50</b></p> <p>1977 SERIES B3</p> <p>INTERNATIONAL TICKET CO. (800) 541-1431</p>	<p><b>CARNEGIE HALL</b> 57th St. and 7th Ave. New York</p> <p><b>CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA</b> Jude George Solti, Music Director Assisted by the Carnegie Hall Corporation Colbert Artists Management, Inc.</p> <p><b>NOV. 8</b> MONDAY EVENING 8:00 P. M.</p> <p>Single Price <b>\$10.50</b></p> <p>1976 SERIES A1</p> <p>INTERNATIONAL TICKET CO. (800) 541-1431</p>
<p><b>SECOND TIER BOX</b> Series Price <b>\$27.00</b> WED. EVE., MAY 11, 1977</p> <p><b>CARNEGIE HALL</b></p>	<p><b>SECOND TIER BOX</b> Series Price <b>\$27.00</b> FRI. EVE., NOV. 12, 1976</p> <p><b>CARNEGIE HALL</b></p>	<p><b>SECOND TIER BOX</b> Series Price <b>\$27.00</b> FRI. EVE., MAY 9, 1977</p> <p><b>CARNEGIE HALL</b></p>	<p><b>SECOND TIER BOX</b> Series Price <b>\$27.00</b> MON. EVE., NOV. 8, 1976</p> <p><b>CARNEGIE HALL</b></p>	<p><b>SECOND TIER BOX</b> Series Price <b>\$27.00</b> FRI. EVE., MAY 13, 1977</p> <p><b>CARNEGIE HALL</b></p>	<p><b>SECOND TIER BOX</b> Series Price <b>\$27.00</b> MON. EVE., NOV. 8, 1976</p> <p><b>CARNEGIE HALL</b></p>



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November 12, 1976

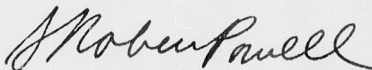
Consumer Complaints Division  
M&M Peanut Chocolate Candies  
Division of MARS, Inc.  
Hackettstown, NJ. 07840.

Dear Gentlepeople:

Enclosed are thirty-eight red M&M peanut chocolate candies which, given what in all probability is a deleterious dye (Red Dye #2) used in their manufacture, are inedible. The M&Ms in question were purchased on November 12, 1976 at Courtesy Drugs at the corner of 47th Street and Third Avenue, New York City. For how long will MARS, Inc. continue to manufacture and market products containing what are in all probability harmful dyes?

Will you kindly explain to me why MARS, Inc. has chosen the New York metropolitan area, among other areas, to market M&M peanut chocolate candies containing what in all probability is a harmful dye? Other areas of the United States are not subjected to what appears to be the nonbenign contempt on the part of MARS, Inc. for the New York consumer. Certainly the buying power of the New York market is not a factor which can be overlooked (or scoffed at) by a major American corporation.

Sincerely,



S. Robert Powell  
168 West 86th Street, #14D  
New York City, NY. 10024.

# Music

## MUSIC VIEW

HAROLD C. SCHONBERG

### Rosina Lhevinne— The Total Piano Teacher

**W**hen Josef Lhevinne died in 1944, who would have thought that his 64-year-old wife would long survive him, much less go on to become a musical institution? Josef, that colossal pianist, always had been the healthy one, Rosina, that tiny and aristocratic-looking lady, never had enjoyed the best of health. But she went on and on, turning out some of America's most highly regarded pianists from her studios at home and at the Juilliard School. Not only that. She resumed her concert career, and at the age of 81 was not afraid to take on in public the Chopin E minor Concerto, which she played with ravishing sound and complete command of the notes. A week ago Tuesday she died in California, at the age of 96.

Like all pianists, she had been a prodigy, and she finished her studies with Vassily Safonoff at the Moscow Conservatory, winning the Gold Medal in 1898. Josef had previously won it in 1892. The two young people had known each other for years and were married in 1898. Rosina immediately stopped playing in public, aside from an occasional appearance with her husband as the second half of a two-piano team. Part of the decision was the impulse to concentrate on Josef's career, to be a good wife, to smooth out things for him.

But, one imagines, there could have been another reason. It must have been frustrating for a pianist to be married to Josef Lhevinne—he of the crashing octaves, the purring thirds, the incredibly flawless technique, the incomparable musical aristocracy. Against that any pianist would feel small, hopeless, diminished. It was best to stand off and admire, to help as best one could, to make things as easy as possible for the superpianist.

It seems that Josef needed Rosina's help. He was a pianistic genius, but he never was particularly ambitious, and it was she who provided the push. Rosina pushed him out of provincial Tiflis to Berlin and thence to the United States. They became affiliated with the Juilliard School (then the Institute of Musical Art). Josef did have a satisfactory career, but never one that his enormous gifts might have dictated. He was a bit lazy. But his colleagues regarded him with the awe they gave Leopold Godowsky. Lhevinne and Godowsky were considered by their peers to be the most incredible technicians of the piano who ever placed their hands over the 88 keys.

After Josef's death, Rosina started her own life's work. There was steel in the little lady. She also was an autocrat in her way. She loved life and laughter, and nobody more enjoyed a joke at her expense. But nobody dared take any liberties with her. Those eyes could become scarily

frosty. She was Rosina Lhevinne, and she expected everybody to know it.

Shortly after the war, Rosina's pupils began to put their mark on international pianism. Van Cliburn won the Leventritt Competition in 1954 and John Browning won it the next year. Browning competed in the Queen Elisabeth of Belgium competition in 1956 and placed second, under Vladimir Ashkenazy. Cliburn went to Russia and became famous after winning the Tchaikovsky Competition in 1958. Another Lhevinne pupil, Daniel Pollack, was high up in the Tchaikovsky. Suddenly Rosina Lhevinne was the most sought-after piano teacher in the United States. Some of her most famous pupils have been Misha Dichter, Olegna Fusch, David Bar-Ilan and Garrick Ohlsson (who came to her after being prepared by Sascha Gorodnitzki).

As a teacher, Lhevinne was total. She not only taught piano to her kids. She entered into their private lives. She was at once mother, confessor, marriage counselor, beauty expert and dietitian. "Sometimes we think she is running a marriage bureau," one of her pupils once said. "You should just see the speculative look that comes into her face when she sees one of her girls with a young man. She is already walking up the aisle with them. She invites them to her home, she makes them take her to Bear Mountain or Jones Beach, and she does everything—in neon lights, too, but she thinks she's being subtle—to see that they are thrown together."

At the piano with her students she had an open mind. No great scholar, she was rather an inspirational teacher—one of the old breed more interested in line and color than in absolute textual fidelity. Like the old-timers, she was much more interested in what went on between the notes than in mere accuracy. She always was open to new ideas. "I am never too old to learn," she constantly was saying. Or, "It is not the way I would play it, but you believe this way and it makes sense, so you play this way."

From her students she wanted tone, more tone and still more tone. An ugly sound drove her wild. "What I hear? What I hear? Why you bang? It is so ugly, this banging. Come, durr, make like a cello." But hers was not a reckless romanticism, and none of her pupils was allowed to indulge

**'In her head was almost 100 years of piano history. She had heard everybody from the great Anton Rubinstein through Rachmaninoff and Hofmann.'**

in the tempo vagaries loved by certain romantic pianists of the past. Indeed, the playing of Cliburn and Browning, to mention but two of her most famous pupils, is more modern than romantic. Theirs is a reined-in romanticism, with plenty of tone, to be sure, but also with rhythmic steadiness.

Like Toscanini in front of his orchestra, she was constantly exhorting her pupils to sing. "Canta! Canta!" Toscanini would urge. And: "Such heavenly music! But you are not playing it heavenly. Sing, sing!" Rosina would urge. In her head was almost a hundred years of piano history. She had heard everybody, from the great Anton Rubinstein himself—Rubinstein, who had founded the St. Petersburg Conservatory and who, in the 19th century, was considered just under Liszt as a pianist—through her good friends Sergei Rachmaninoff and Josef Hofmann, through the best of the then younger generation. She knew how her Josef did this, how Sergei did that, and at the end of World War II she was one of the last practicing pianists and teachers who represented the great romantic school—and, more, knew how to pass it on.

She realized—and it could be heard in her own playing—that romanticism was generally misunderstood by the postwar pianists, who were conditioned to the note rather than the music, and who were turning into pedantic literalists in their "modern" attempt to avoid romantic excess.



Peter Schaefer

"Such heavenly music! But you are not playing it heavenly. Sing! Sing!"

For, as Rosina Lhevinne well knew, the great romantic pianists—Lhevinne, Rachmaninoff, Hofmann, Gabrilowitsch, even the thunderer Moritz Rosenthal—were also aristocratic artists who handled rubato discreetly, who knew how to bring out a musical line in a melting manner, who had great personality but never eccentricity, whose playing sounded spontaneous but never capricious.

That was the style represented by Rosina Lhevinne. She never succeeded in passing it in all its glory to her students;

the time was against her, and, indeed, she herself had changed somewhat with the times. But when, at 81, she came on stage to play the Chopin E minor, and played it with such color, such simplicity, such natural-sounding tempos, such a delicate exploration of inner voices, such a soaring line—then one realized that the old school, applied to such composers as Chopin, had so much more to offer than the tight, accurate but inhibited playing represented by so many of today's pianists.



LHEVINNE, Josef (b Orel, Dec. 13, 1874--d. New York, Dec. 2, 1944), pianist and teacher. He studied with Safonoff at the Moscow Conservatory. From 1900 to 1902 he taught piano at Tiflis; 1902-1906, he was professor at the Moscow Conservatory. His American debut took place with the Russian Symphony Orchestra in New York, Jan. 27, 1906. For many years he taught piano at the Juilliard Graduate School.

LHEVINNE, Rosina (b. Kiev, March 28, 1880), pianist. She graduated from the Moscow Imperial Conservatory in 1898, winning a gold medal. She married Josef Lhevinne (above), on June 20, 1898. She made her debut with the Moscow Symphony Orchestra on Feb. 5, 1895, and subsequently toured widely in Europe and the United States, in recital and as soloist with the leading orchestras. She has frequently appeared in two-piano recitals with her husband. In 1938 she was a member of the faculty of the Juilliard Graduate School, New York. In 1962 she was still teaching at the Juilliard School and appearing with orchestras. Many of the leading young pianists of the country have studied with her, among them Van Cliburn.

The above biographical sketches of Josef and Rosina Lhevinne are from:  
THE INTERNATIONAL CYCLOPEDIA OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS, Editor in Chief,  
Oscar Thompson (1887-1945); Editor, Fifth--Eighth Editions, Robert Sabin  
(New York: Dodd, Mead & Company, 1964), p. 1196

*I served as  
Madame Lhevinne's  
amanuensis during  
her final years.*



# Important Information from the U.S. Public Health Service about Swine Flu and Victoria Flu Vaccines

## INTRODUCTION

You probably have heard a good deal about swine flu and swine flu vaccine. You may know, for example, that swine flu caused an outbreak of several hundred cases at Ft. Dix, New Jersey, early in 1976—and that before then swine flu had not caused outbreaks among people since the 1920's.

With the vast majority of Americans being susceptible to swine flu, it is possible that there could be an epidemic this winter. No one can say for sure. However, if an epidemic were to break out, millions of people could get sick. Therefore, a special swine flu vaccine has been prepared and tested which should protect most people who receive it.

Certain people, such as those with chronic medical problems and the elderly, need annual protection against flu. Therefore, besides protection against swine flu, they also need protection against another type of flu (Victoria flu) that was around last winter and could occur again this winter. A separate vaccine has been prepared to give them protection against both types of flu.

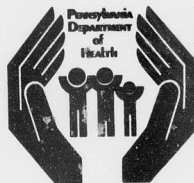
These vaccines have been field tested and shown to produce very few side effects. Some people who receive the vaccine had fever and soreness during the first day or two after vaccination. These tests and past experience with other flu vaccines indicate that anything more severe than this would be highly unlikely.

Many people ask questions about flu vaccination during pregnancy. An advisory committee of the Public Health Service examined this question and reported that "there are no data specifically to contraindicate vaccination with the available killed virus vaccine in pregnancy. Women who are pregnant should be considered as having essentially the same balance of benefits and risks regarding influenza vaccination and influenza as the general population."

As indicated, some individuals will develop fever and soreness after vaccination. If you have more severe symptoms or if you have fever which lasts longer than a couple of days after vaccination, please consult your doctor or a health worker wherever you receive medical care.

While there is no reason to expect more serious reactions to this flu vaccination, persons who believe that they have been injured by this vaccination may have a claim. The Congress recently passed a law providing that such claims, with certain exceptions, may be filed only against the United States Government. Information regarding the filing of claims may be obtained by writing to the U.S. Public Health Service Claims Office, Parklawn Building, 5600 Fishers Lane, Rockville, Maryland 20852.

Attached is more information about flu and flu vaccine. Please take the time to read it carefully. You will be asked to sign a form indicating that you understand this information and that you consent to vaccination.



# FIGHT FLU! Immunize

BUREAU OF HEALTH COMMUNICATIONS  
PENNSYLVANIA DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH  
P.O. BOX 90  
HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA 17120  
(717) 787-1783

767



PENNSYLVANIA DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH  
INFLUENZA VACCINE  
REACTION CARD

You have just received either Monovalent or Bivalent (Circle One) influenza vaccine. A small percentage of persons receiving this vaccine may experience one or more of the following symptoms: redness and tenderness at the injection site, fever (usually 101° F or less), chills, nausea, loss of appetite, muscle aches, joint pains, headache, or fatigue. These reactions are usually short-lived, lasting less than 48 hours, but local reactions at the injection site may persist for more than several days. If you experience reactions other than those described, you may wish to consult your physician.

Date Received

11/28/76

December 21, 1976

Mr. Oscar Buehler  
Radio Statio WNCN  
2 West 45th Street  
New York, NY. 10036.

Dear Oscar Buehler:

Your pronunciation of French, like your radio presence, is outstanding. There are, however, two phonological matters which should be brought to your attention:

- 1) Unless Jean Martinon pronounces his last name in a highly idiosyncratic manner (or unless I am misunderstanding something about French syllabification), your pronunciation of "Martinon" is incorrect. You pronounce "Martinon" in three syllables as follows:

[ Mar / tin / on ]---given that syllabification, the last two syllables of the word would, of course, be (as you pronounce them) nasalized

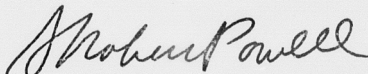
The (n) following the (i) in "Martinon," however, is not a component of the second syllable. Rather it is a component of the third syllable. Hence, the word "Martinon" is syllabified as follows:

[ Mar / ti / non ]---given that syllabification, only the last syllable, of course, is nasalized

- 2) You are pronouncing the name of the French city, Aix-en-Provence, incorrectly. On 12/17/76, both you and Frank Lansing pronounced "Aix" (RE: Darius Milhaud's Carnaval d'Aix) with a very distinct [ai] sound. The word "Aix" is pronounced exactly like the English sound [x]. Hence, the fourth syllable of Milhaud's work is pronounced like the English word "decks."

[ Car / na / val / deks ]

Sincerely,



S. Robert Powell  
168 West 86th Street, #14D  
New York, NY. 10024.



1977

769

1/1977 - 6/30/1977 -

[168 West 86th St, #14D  
NYC, NY 10024

7/1/1977 - 4/1983 -

[790 Eleventh ave, #33H  
NYC, NY 10019

212-757-1415

shared apt. with Joseph  
King.



January 27, 1977

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Dear Mom and Dad,

Attached to this letter are four enclosures:

- 1) Pages 230a, 230b, and 230c from "Preparatory Notes..." Thank you for having answered the questions. As you requested in your letter of January 7, 1977 (which did require three additional cents of postage--a fact of which the post office was unaware), I am returning pages 230a, 230b, and 230c to you so that you can answer more of the questions asked thereon when you have the materials and time at your disposal which are necessary in order to do so. I have xeroxed those pages, so I will not need them back.
- 2) Maude Squire Brechtel's letter to you dated January 14, 1977. Thank you for having found out her birth date and for having shared her letter with me. I have made a xerox copy of that letter for my files. In the event that you should decide to throw out her letter, please do not. Rather, send it to me and I will put it in my files.

I have some questions for Maude Squire Brechtel. Would you like me to send those questions to you so that you might include them in a letter from you to her? It makes no difference to me. Which do you prefer?

- 3) A copy of a letter that I wrote to Vivian Hood Hughes (Letter #106) on December 20, 1976.
- 4) A copy of a letter that Vivian Hood Hughes wrote to me (Letter #111) on December 29, 1976, in reply to my letter of December 20, 1976. Inasmuch as Vivian Hughes did not answer any of the questions on pages three through seven, I did not make a xerox of those pages (which are included in Letter #106) when I made the xerox copy of that letter to send to you.

---

Yesterday (January 26, 1977) I mailed an envelope containing eighty-six pages of revisions and corrections of pages in "Preparatory Notes..." to you in Florida. Given the cold weather and such, you may have the time to do some genealogical reading.

I plan to go to Carbondale this week end, that is if the weather cooperates. I am well, very well as a matter of fact, and hope that you are also.

Love,

*Bob*

## AVALANCHE

When the stones  
let go  
of the mountain,  
their fists become palms  
slapping height  
after height,  
become fingers  
making signs  
in a new language.  
When the stones  
fling themselves  
down, they tear  
holes  
in dutiful silence,  
and their world  
becomes motion,  
vertical,  
like the gesture  
of hands falling  
to the side.  
Then they see  
at last

*Stones sometimes  
want to move  
under their  
own volition -  
how eloquent  
they then  
become*

the distance  
of the summit,  
and they call  
to their brothers,

Come

Come

Join

in the great fall

from all things

known,

Reunite

at the very end.

It is like the first

laughter.

*These are angels  
which have decided  
"to let go."*

→ *Laughter inspired by  
having transcended  
the form - laughter  
is freedom - from self -  
and also from time &  
place.*

CORNERSTONE

You go first.

You always go first

because you're the only one  
with a name.

You are the beginning.

The sky gathers around you.

Everyone knows you

as the first point of a future.

And then come the others,

the masses,

the nameless ones,

clustering around you.

Slowly they rise up

to shorten your realm.

16 703  
non-valent  
domesticated stones  
for human cube.  
How about a "keystone"



## ROCK AND SEA

Everything the rock has learned  
 it gives away  
 piece by piece to the sea.  
 When the future finally arrives,  
 the sea will possess  
 all its wisdom  
 and the waves will teach it  
 to every shore.

*- the stone as  
 "recording  
 consciousness"*

*No recording  
 consciousness  
 does not  
 freely speak to  
 man - but it  
 does to the  
 sea*

*No sea is or  
 was as the  
 stone and it  
 records the same  
 thing the stone  
 does.*

## STONE IN SUN

Venerable stone, you who bind  
and shelve the ages,  
each day you transcribe  
another light.

Far into the night  
your lantern burns.

} the stone on  
"recording  
consciousness"

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE

I am the dreamstone,  
stone of the mind,  
the maniacal minds  
of the demi-gods.  
I smile.  
Only my eyes shine  
in my shifting darknesses.

What they would give!  
How they would gleam in my light!  
How they dream to pry  
out my heritage,  
to mix their blood with mine,  
so I should bear  
for them my possibilities.

I hide my lifelines  
as two palms  
pressed together.

My absence adds  
and subtracts

who does so?  
no pain, the philosopher  
a certain effort in 1906  
required to plumb  
the mystery of the  
stone

the smile transcends -  
Eleanor of Aquitaine's  
laughs at the end when  
she is sent back to the  
tower; "Emma se  
mit à rire"  
daughter liberate  
from time & place

No stone  
smiles because  
it knows

all -  
who will  
listen to  
the "stones  
of the land"

only a very  
few  
are  
willing &  
capable.

Philosopher  
try to

across their charts.

They, lords of magic,

solve nothing

but their daydreams.

And they hear only

my song,

the alluring, the eternal

tones of gold.

My song is my sheath.

Impenetrable.

They are bewitched

by it.

I show them

only

my impossibility.

I will change

nothing

for them.

No Plurimorpha, 707  
the silver -  
temptress.

"de confus parol"

a song is "form" -  
form is impenetrable



## STONE'S PURPOSE

To be the axis  
of the shadow.

Every day the day begins  
before me  
and revolves  
around me.

} stone is always there  
improvising  
recording all things

To be the disciple  
of the sun.

## THE STORY OF JADE

Jade, Stone of Eden,

laughed

*— the Stone of Eden laughed  
because it knew  
what was  
going to  
happen.*

to see the ripening of things --

how the fruits preened  
and swelled, to lean, alluring,  
from the branches  
like fat madams at their windows,  
only to be eaten;

how the apple turned  
to the sun  
to redden and redden its skin,  
seductive blush,  
only to become the Last  
Supper in paradise;

how then Adam and Eve  
ate,  
only to look down  
and see their bodies  
as bodies,

as two ripe pieces of fruit;

how they bit into each other  
till Cain was curled  
in her belly  
where he began ripening,  
ripening towards his fate.

And the jade stone said

No  
and stilled itself in green  
unripeness to remain perfectly  
unbiteable.

## CHILDREN OF STONE

--from Ovid's Metamorphoses, Book I

Limp were the hills  
in their sodden tombs,  
limp was the flesh of cattle and kings  
that jostled together beneath the flood,  
limp the clouds  
after their last spasm,  
limp the water  
that could eat no more,  
limp the trees whose trunks itched  
for their phantom limbs,  
limp the soil  
from its deathly transfusion,  
limp the anger of the gods  
who had wreaked their final chaos.

all else is  
mutable -  
its history  
is recorded  
by stone

Only the stones were immutable.

Dark were the skies  
that had forgotten their light,  
dark was the water that dragged  
the shadows of its murder victims,



dark the peak of the highest mountain  
that saw for the first time  
the meaning of depth,  
dark the fears of the last two humans  
who stood atop it,  
dark the future that swam  
two-halved within their loins.

Only the stones were immutable.

Until the oracle cast her prophecy,  
until Deucalion and Pyrrha cast the stones  
behind them like seeds,  
until the birth cries of the stones  
yanked the land back to life  
and the world wriggled in the fingertips  
of the new humans  
changed from stone.

## GODS OF STONE

At the first awakening  
from our stone sleep  
we touched our eyes  
with new fingertips  
and saw at once  
our mortality.

We saw that the earth  
would claim us again  
for now our heads  
were nearer the weathers.

And in the weathers  
we saw the hands  
of the gods  
who had drawn us  
from eternal stillness.

We saw their hands touch  
the skies, the land,  
touch us,  
and everything they touched  
weathered.

And we wished to touch the gods.  
We wished to bring their magic closer.  
We wished to create them  
and make ourselves immortal again.

We made the gods  
in our own new image  
carved from the flesh  
of our eternal ancestry.

## WITHIN A VOLCANO

There lies the unborn  
king of the earth,  
lies there in the dark womb  
punching out space —  
with his thickening fists,  
lies there sucking up the future,  
the invisible future  
that sifts down on a shaft of air.  
There he lies, turning over  
his possibilities,  
hungry for destiny,  
hungry to rise up  
and swallow the earth.

*The modernist is  
he who "looks out from"  
and not who "looks  
at".*

*Seeking form*



## STONE HALF-BURIED

I am the center of the universe.

I plug the hole between earth and sky.

## THE GROWTH OF THE MOUNTAIN

The roots of the mountain  
heave like beasts beneath  
the earth, tautening,  
tautening their great cargo.

They push down through darkness  
where darkness has never been named,  
where rivers flow on the banks  
of no settlement, far below  
the place where lie the bones  
of old battles, old sacrifices.

The roots of the mountain  
are cutting shapes out of the darkness.  
The shapes rise up like hands,  
like more hands. They rise  
above the stillness, blessing

the roots of the mountains.  
And they go up, up to raise themselves  
hand on hand, hands folded  
in prayer at the peak of the mountain.

## DAYS OF THE STONE

They are the kings of earth. — ruler-judge

Every morning

they are there on their thrones

right where you expect them.

Standards fly

from the turrets of their castles,

and inside they preserve

every law of the eons.

} — they have the  
scent of the universe

They are the kings of earth.

When cities fall

they go down with them.

But they stay behind

to teach

their history to the future.

Stone as 'recording  
consciousness'

They will rule eternally.

their only edict

their own immutability.

Every day the day arrives

to weave its fabric

around their legends.

— Stone as judge  
outside of time

## THE BLAMELESS ONES

On the Day of Judgment  
 when each man fingers his life  
 behind his back;  
 and the risings and fallings of things  
 converge to pass through the eye of a needle;  
 and the spoken words come back  
 from their hermitage  
 to take places beside their speakers;  
 and all histories are claiming the same name;  
 and the years file like camels  
 over the other side of the horizon,  
 then the still still stones will inherit the world.

No stone as judge —  
 no, the stone  
 as inheritor  
 the "recording  
 conversation"  
 absorbs all &  
 waits for the  
 day of  
 judgment. —  
 it's day of  
 days.

"and the meek shall  
 inherit the earth" —  
 stones are meek



## STIGMA

The pain of the stone  
is clenched in its fist,  
something it will not let loose  
as a butterfly or a ball of yarn.

What the stone hides  
is fiercer than the smack of daylight  
when it first runs into night;  
heavier than the apple, violated,  
in the hand of Adam;  
darker than the world's last hour  
crumbled to dust in the gods' fingers.

The stone is fastened around all immobility.

The wind pulls its gestures  
on a string. The earth spins.

The stone clutches its secret.

And should the stone  
release its palm,  
one great crack  
will divide the universe.

— it is a "recording  
consciousness."

## PYRAMIDS

Are they the masters of kings?  
What is their command?  
Are they the gold setting  
of a ruby ring on a royal finger?

They are made of blood.  
The agony of their birth  
has scarred their veins.  
Their memories set out from them  
and return again from the edge of silence.  
The night lies flat  
before their proclamations:  
We are here, We are here.

A single grain of sand  
crowns their summits.

In their hearts they preserve  
one ruby of history

} "recording  
consciousness"

## STONEHENGE

We are prophets  
in a cold sleep.

*- stone as prophet*

Dreams are the lessons  
we turn on --  
dreams of patient hands  
that bore us  
as untold secrets  
over the plains

carved us  
in the shape of their wisdom

raised us up  
to rhyme with sunrise.

Ours  
is a gesture caught  
by the ages.  
revealing  
as open arms.

We have spoken  
from the first cut  
of the chisel,  
proclaiming the faith  
they made in us.

Still,

from our ancient dreams

we repeat

our cold grey consonants

our solid facts

} "de confuses paroles"

our reason for being

in a language of stone.



## THE SECOND 10 COMMANDMENTS

This time the stones are heavier  
in my arms, this time  
I bear with them  
the death of their fathers,  
the weight of their legacy.

This time I bear an absence.  
My knowledge has gone before me  
to the top of the mountain  
where it awaits me,  
awaits these stones  
whose names it already pronounces  
again and again.

Still the tablets press  
against my ribs, urging  
me forward. Even now  
the words strain  
against the stone  
in anticipation.

This time I climb

with two stones  
under my arms  
and two stones  
upon my back.

## PUMICE STONE

Worthy one, our pact is unbroken.  
Every handclasp re-enacts the trade.

You dig from my palms  
a share of your ancient soil,  
and leave in its place  
the shade of my birthright.

## JEWELS

Ur-lights, souvenirs snipped off  
from the First Day,  
crushed among the scraps of epochs.  
Still their clarity persists and persists.

They are meditating.  
They are looking within  
to their own fountainheads  
where the colors shift  
and plunge like totem dancers,  
where the light points out  
the shape of their future.

They are waiting for the hands  
that will come through the darkness  
to honor them with golden haloes.  
They wait, guiding the way of the hands  
with their songs of light.

*Jewels are stones  
awaiting "the  
hands that will come  
through the  
darkness to  
honor them with  
golden haloes."*



## STONE SINGS TO RAIN

O innocent ones,  
the whole world  
re-arranges in you  
like a funhouse mirror.  
Diving head-first,  
you create your fate.  
O light songs  
aimed at the dark walls  
of my castle,  
jesters  
in pointed shoes,  
you can laugh  
at the solemn earth  
knowing you'll never live there.

## ROCKS UNDER THE SEA

At the end of their lives,  
the ships go down beneath the sea  
and ask the rocks to teach them  
patience among waves.

No Rock is patient. -  
He waits - on the day of  
Judgment the ships go  
down beneath the sea &  
are taught patience  
by the rocks!!

## STONE SKIMMED ON A LAKE

I send you off  
on the only journey of your life.  
See how often you pause,  
knowing your place  
is in stillness.

Rocks long to be still  
Yet we know them—  
(stone's throw) a measure of  
space; a "stone"—a measure  
of weight; a stone Skimmed  
on a lake wants to be still  
but man throws it

## THE VOYAGE OF GRAVESTONES

When our lives end, — *our judgment day*  
we will stand quietly  
on the dock,  
breaking up our statistics  
into small pieces  
and tossing them to the birds.

And the birds will catch them  
and weave them into epitaphs  
which they will tie  
like banners  
to the great stone masthead  
of the ship that swiftly approaches.

When the ship slows before us,  
we will be ready.  
Clasping all our provisions  
in folded hands,  
we will board  
to meet the pilot of silence.

And there we will lie



beneath the epitaphs  
that are already unravelling  
in the wind,  
and in our ships of stone  
we will sail away  
to a far green place  
where everything that enters  
has been erased.

## WOOD AND STONE

Men built houses of stone.  
But the stone brought the cold  
of the earth to live there too.  
So they built houses of wood.  
But fire came and the wood fled with it.

Men carved legends in stone.  
But the episodes disengaged themselves  
one by one and went back underground.  
So they printed their legends on paper  
made of wood. But the paper thought  
of its tree and dutifully the pages turned  
yellow and fragile as leaves.

Men spanned the river with stone bridges.  
But the stones loosened their grip and plunged  
through the water to take refuge in mud.  
So they erected bridges of wood.  
But the river rose and seduced the wood  
and they swam away together.

Then men built hearths of stone  
and they burned wood in the hearths.  
The wood flung off its heat

and leaped into the night. And the stones  
folded the heat in their hands only until  
the embers took it back again, and then  
they retreated to their cold dreams.

So men learned the secret of wood and stone.

For wood runs alwys to a new love  
and stone clings fo'ever to its first.

*Stone is faithful;  
wood is fickle*

## STONE COTTAGE WALLS

Four old men  
in a huddle,  
warming each other  
with asthmatic breath.

Outside, their brothers  
moan in the cold.  
They take pity, reach back  
and draw them to refuge.



## STONE FENCES

Old stones, old soldiers  
in slumping regiments --  
their double-edged guard  
keeps the field in its place.

All they know  
they have learned from their comrades,  
from the grey-shaped tales  
told again and again  
on all sides.

When each season arrives  
dancing her ritual dances  
wearing masks, waving flags,  
she sings to them of the avalanche,  
sings of the mountain, the pyramid  
and the cliffs at sea.

She leans, alluring,  
against the fence,  
repeating her Siren songs,  
and the stones stare, amazed,  
and allow her passage.

*stones define  
space and  
also (as seen in  
other poems)  
they define  
time  
(judgment  
day soon)*

## STONE IN SNOW

Cloud --  
summer daydream  
of the stone  
a white reflection  
mutable, moving  
in open landscape.

Until the grey  
spaces blot out  
the blue and the cloud  
lies still  
patient  
on a surgical table.

It splits  
and spills  
shreds  
of its past.

Mirror shattered.  
The stone feels the chilling  
touch, the numbing touch  
of a daydream  
breaking away

from its safe impossibility  
to swallow the dreamer.

Piece  
by piece  
lays down on stone,  
piece by piece  
rises again  
in the image  
of stone.

Stone as cloud  
daydream come true.

## PICTURES ON CAVE WALLS

For a million springs, the grass has risen  
outside the cave,  
and quelled the blood of the hunt.  
Still, the mouthpiece of tribes  
repeats its magical rites  
in dark ignorance.

Stone pictures —  
"recording  
consciousness" —  
they wait — they have done  
soft a million springs  
& can wait a  
million more



## STONES AMONG SHEEP

Here the fat white  
stones are couched,  
looking up to their sheep,

and they see the seasons  
come as shapes, —  
the weathers move  
on four thin legs.

*the seasons have shapes —  
"time has shape."  
"A season is a time."*

For then all rains  
fall warm and gold,  
all winds spout  
from two black caves,  
and all the curly clouds  
flow low.

And the faithful stones wait  
beneath their heavens. —  
They are dreaming of rebirth,  
of a new life covered with wool. .

*the stone is patient*

## MICHELANGELO'S UNFINISHED SLAVE

I pull. I pull  
uselessly. The cold white fact  
of my past  
entraps me.  
My ancestry I bear  
as a tragic flaw.  
Now, though I am  
half-man,  
I am gripped  
by maternal demands,  
the embrace that stifles,  
the kiss that sucks my flesh.  
Incest.  
I drag the weight of it  
on my back.

Half-way to God  
I was,  
half-way to redemption,  
cutting through to a new life  
single and pure as the wafer.  
Redemption?

782

The Pope found me

useless.

He turned his back.

In my history

I am enslaved.

No stone realizes it is  
an "être en soi" —  
it is outside of time —  
it is a record of all  
it has recorded —

## JOSHUA'S WITNESS

"And Joshua said unto all the people,  
Behold, this stone shall be a witness  
unto us; for it hath heard all the words  
of the Lord which he spake unto us; it  
shall be therefore a witness unto you,  
lest ye deny your God."

--Joshua 24:27

Ears, ears the world's infidelity  
unravels before me  
to knit itself together in my ears.  
Click click, the sharp little needles  
perpetually making their hideous coats,  
their helmets, their boots.  
Click click, the empty sleeves  
lengthen around their amputations.  
I hear them clicking. I hear them eternally.

My ears, God! Cut them off!  
O give me eyes that I might shut them  
or lips that I might refuse to speak.  
Give me flesh, like the sky, like the leaf,  
vulnerable, mutable,  
that it might rip and bleed.  
But not these ears,  
these uncloseable doors



that foulness steps through  
to put itself together invisibly.

All the faith that once reared up  
and bucked its doubts into oblivion --  
now it is imbedded in me,  
God, like a fossil, a mutant,  
ludicrous in its very possibility.

O Joshua, Joshua -- he knew.  
A blind and silent witness  
bears no rebuttal.

## ON THE FACE OF STONE

Suddenly a breeze  
rearranges the leaf shadows --  
interrupted meditation.

## FOSSIL

Eons clicked above the stone.  
Histories glided and collided before it.  
The stone was unmoved.

*No stone records  
impossibly—*

The years dug paths around it  
then lay exhausted beneath it.  
The stone was unmoved.

The sun laughed at it.  
The moon stared at it.  
The rain complained to it.  
The stone was unmoved.

All around it the apes  
were straightening up  
losing their fur  
flexing their limbs.  
The stone was unmoved.

One hunched beast felt the years  
scratching at its scales  
gnawing its bones

shoving it into namelessness  
to make room for something else.  
The beast howled its denial  
but the years kept pounding it  
crippling it. The beast felt  
its life pouring into darkness.  
It screeched it grasped the stone  
between its fangs, clinging  
clinging to its own world.  
The stone was moved.



## GRAVEL

If you think of where you are,  
you remember  
all you have lost.

You remember the first shock  
of a million uniformed comrades  
settling down beside you  
and then all your efforts  
to fit yourself  
into the treads of the world's wheels.

And you think how  
that is all you are waiting for --  
more treads to belong to.

And sometimes you lie on your back  
staring at the sky  
and dreaming that one day  
one of them will forget your place  
and carry you away  
to your old hermitage.

## STONES UNDER MOSS

It is here that all the old years  
make their last beds.

Stones sleeping under the ages  
forget even their sharpest edges.

— stone history  
Record stone  
yet stone  
are outside  
of time —  
is outside of  
history

## FROM MARELE

If this is life,  
it is too much  
stuffed  
with the shapes of my likeness,  
half-lives,  
thick as sleep,  
opening and closing  
their possibilities.  
Bring the knife,  
the knife, cut  
out a life  
for me apart  
from these insisting forms,  
these Siamese twins.

## THE SHAPE OF STONE

I am the shape of knowledge,  
 round and coreless.  
 When the first apple fell  
 God clenched his fist  
 and made me in its stead.  
I am unbiteable as eternity.

Half-buried, I lie beneath the tree.

The worms cling to my darker side.

I know the truth.

I am the shape of God's first pain.

Daily I watch the red red sun

drop into some distant garden.

the stones were  
 the apple in  
 Eden was a  
 "red red sun"  
 the blue gold  
 in the  
 border of a  
 sunset —  
 a good sunset



## SECRET OF THE STONE

Once more the stone curls  
into its own darkness,  
its own unshareable cold.

Still, through its sleep a dream  
winds, like a stream of gold  
in its veins, winds forward  
to some ancient promise  
glowing at the edge of a touch.

Beside the stone, a second stone  
curled in its own darkness,  
(it) own cold, — *appears* — *its*  
remembering the instant when the two of them  
pressed all their dreams into each other  
and the air between leaped into flame.

## THE EVE AT MOISSAC

My guilt, my guilt, you were simpler once.  
Once you were a foreign thing  
that crept up, serpent-like,  
to wrap itself around my thighs  
and press its head, full of obscenities,  
between my breasts.  
I was overpowered.  
Horror-beast, yet you were  
my savior. I could look down at you  
and I knew  
it was never never a fault of mine.

But the years, the years --  
they have changed you abominably.  
Corroded your blade-shape,  
flattened you against my flesh.  
See now how you stick  
yourself to me like a terrible growth,  
a vestigial limb. My sin,  
we are inseparable.

## THE CRACK

Stones embrace sun,  
they make their homes in soil,  
they dress up in rain.  
But what they fear  
is the crack,  
that serpent of air  
that eats stone  
to survive.  
Every day the crack uncurls  
and chews through  
its borrowed country  
to arrive,  
finally, where it began,  
as a hard cold lump of air.

## STONE FIRST CAST

Stone moves.

Stone has an aim.

Stone takes the charge

from the righteous to the wrong.

Stone points out the guilt.

Guilt quivers between the two of them.

The space between is guilt

its tail clamped in its teeth.

The space becomes an arrow

a tautened line of guilt.

Which one mounts the arrowhead?

He who finds the stone.

The stone absorbs the guilt.

The stone absolves the guilt.

Guilt is all encircled in the stone.



## THE STONE IN BATTLE

One soldier dug it from a mound of earth  
to build a wall for the trench.

Another soldier couldn't sight  
the enemy over the top of it.

One soldier used it  
as a brace to aim his gun.

Another soldier bled on it.

One soldier took it up  
as a weapon

to kill another soldier  
who fell on top of it.

One soldier made a grave  
for the dead soldier.

Atop a mound of earth  
he laid the stone.

THE EPIC OF GILGAMESH  
--for Britton

When Gilgamesh came back to join his legend,  
his step faltered  
and wherever he went  
he spoke of his exile,  
for all his steps had been there too,  
wandering, like orphans among orphans,  
futures crushed against pasts.

And all the while he was gone,  
his legend was gone too,  
though chapters of it kept turning over  
in the earth, repeating themselves  
endlessly, like first causes.

Even now, even though he has returned,  
there are things he can't speak of,  
and in the earth, some lost gesture still  
seeks his hand to complete it.

[End]

*I attended  
every concert. Mahler has long  
been one of my favorite  
composers.*



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Oct. 8	James Levine	Selections from <u>Ruckertlieder</u> and <u>Des Knaben Wunderhorn</u> <u>Symphony No. 4</u>	Maria Ewing, Judith Blegen
Oct. 9	James Levine	<u>Symphony No. 8</u>	Carol Neblett, Teresa Zylis- Gara, Kathleen Battle, Lili Chookasian, Gwendolyn Kille- brew, Kenneth Riegel, Michael Devlin, Donald McIntyre, Westminster Choir, The Little Church Around the Corner Choir, Trinity School Choir, Brooklyn Boys' Choir
Oct. 11	James Levine	<u>Symphony No. 10</u> (first movement) <u>Symphony No. 1</u>	
Oct. 16	Pierre Boulez	<u>Symphony No. 7</u>	
Oct. 17	Pierre Boulez	<u>Symphony No. 9</u>	
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[illegible]

762

November 12, 1976

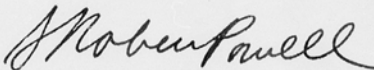
Consumer Complaints Division  
M&M Peanut Chocolate Candies  
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Dear Gentlepeople:

Enclosed are thirty-eight red M&M peanut chocolate candies which, given what in all probability is a deleterious dye (Red Dye #2) used in their manufacture, are inedible. The M&Ms in question were purchased on November 12, 1976 at Courtesy Drugs at the corner of 47th Street and Third Avenue, New York City. For how long will MARS, Inc. continue to manufacture and market products containing what are in all probability harmful dyes?

Will you kindly explain to me why MARS, Inc. has chosen the New York metropolitan area, among other areas, to market M&M peanut chocolate candies containing what in all probability is a harmful dye? Other areas of the United States are not subjected to what appears to be the nonbenign contempt on the part of MARS, Inc. for the New York consumer. Certainly the buying power of the New York market is not a factor which can be overlooked (or scoffed at) by a major American corporation.

Sincerely,



S. Robert Powell  
168 West 86th Street, #14D  
New York City, NY. 10024.

# Music

## MUSIC VIEW

HAROLD C. SCHONBERG

### Rosina Lhevinne— The Total Piano Teacher

**W**hen Josef Lhevinne died in 1944, who would have thought that his 64-year-old wife would long survive him, much less go on to become a musical institution? Josef, that colossal pianist, always had been the healthy one. Rosina, that tiny and aristocratic-looking lady, never had enjoyed the best of health. But she went on and on, turning out some of America's most highly regarded pianists from her studios at home and at the Juilliard School. Not only that. She resumed her concert career, and at the age of 81 was not afraid to take on in public the Chopin E minor Concerto, which she played with ravishing sound and complete command of the notes. A week ago Tuesday she died in California, at the age of 96.

Like all pianists, she had been a prodigy, and she finished her studies with Vassily Safonoff at the Moscow Conservatory, winning the Gold Medal in 1898. Josef had previously won it in 1892. The two young people had known each other for years and were married in 1898. Rosina immediately stopped playing in public, aside from an occasional appearance with her husband as the second half of a two-piano team. Part of the decision was the impulse to concentrate on Josef's career, to be a good wife, to smooth out things for him.

But, one imagines, there could have been another reason. It must have been frustrating for a pianist to be married to Josef Lhevinne—he of the crashing octaves, the pinging thirds, the incredibly flawless technique, the incomparable musical aristocracy. Against that any pianist would feel small, hopeless, diminished. It was best to stand off and admire, to help as best one could, to make things as easy as possible for the superpianist.

It seems that Josef needed Rosina's help. She was a pianist genius, but he never was particularly ambitious, and it was she who provided the push. Rosina pushed him out of provincial Tiflis to Berlin and thence to the United States. They became affiliated with the Juilliard School (then the Institute of Musical Art). Josef did have a satisfactory career, but never one that his enormous gifts might have dictated. He was a bit lazy. But his colleagues regarded him with the awe they gave Leopold Godowsky. Lhevinne and Godowsky were considered by their peers to be the most incredible technicians of the piano who ever placed their hands over the 88 keys.

After Josef's death, Rosina started her own life's work. There was steel in the little lady. She also was an autocrat in her way. She loved life and laughter, and nobody more enjoyed a joke at her expense. But nobody dared take any liberties with her. Those eyes could become scarily

frosty. She was Rosina Lhevinne, and she expected everybody to know it.

Shortly after the war, Rosina's pupils began to put their mark on international pianism. Van Cliburn won the Leventritt Competition in 1954 and John Browning won it the next year. Browning competed in the Queen Elisabeth of Belgium competition in 1956 and placed second, under Vladimir Ashkenazy. Cliburn went to Russia and became famous after winning the Tchaikovsky Competition in 1958. Another Lhevinne pupil, Daniel Pollack, was high up in the Tchaikovsky. Suddenly Rosina Lhevinne was the most sought-after piano teacher in the United States. Some of her most famous pupils have been Misha Dichter, Olegna Fusch, David Bar-Ilan and Garrick Ohlsson (who came to her after being prepared by Sascha Gorodnitzki).

As a teacher, Lhevinne was total. She not only taught piano to her kids. She entered into their private lives. She was at once mother, confessor, marriage counselor, beauty expert and dietitian. "Sometimes we think she is running a marriage bureau," one of her pupils once said. "You should just see the speculative look that comes into her face when she sees one of her girls with a young man. She is already walking up the aisle with them. She invites them to her home, she makes them take her to Bear Mountain or Jones Beach, and she does everything—in neon lights, too, but she thinks she's being subtle—to see that they are thrown together."

At the piano with her students she had an open mind. No great scholar, she was rather an inspirational teacher—one of the old breed more interested in line and color than in absolute textual fidelity. Like the old-timers, she was much more interested in what went on between the notes than in mere accuracy. She always was open to new ideas. "I am never too old to learn," she constantly was saying. Or, "It is not the way I would play it, but you believe this way and it makes sense, so you play this way."

From her students she wanted tone, more tone and still more tone. An ugly sound drove her wild. "What I hear? What I hear? Why you bang? It is so ugly, this banging. Come, dirr, make like a cello." But hers was not a reckless romanticism, and none of her pupils was allowed to indulge

**'In her head was almost 100 years of piano history. She had heard everybody from the great Anton Rubinstein through Rachmaninoff and Hofmann.'**

in the tempo vagaries loved by certain romantic pianists of the past. Indeed, the playing of Cliburn and Browning, to mention but two of her most famous pupils, is more modern than romantic. There is a reined-in romanticism, with plenty of tone, to be sure, but also with rhythmic steadiness.

Like Toscanini in front of his orchestra, she was constantly exhorting her pupils to sing. "Canta! Canta!" Toscanini would urge. And: "Such heavenly music! But you are not playing it heavenly. Sing, sing!" Rosina would urge. In her head was almost a hundred years of piano history. She had heard everybody, from the great Anton Rubinstein himself—Rubinstein, who had founded the St. Petersburg Conservatory and who, in the 19th century, was considered just under Liszt as a pianist—through her good friends Sergei Rachmaninoff and Josef Hofmann, through the best of the then younger generation. She knew how her Josef did this, how Sergei did that, and at the end of World War II she was one of the last practicing pianists and teachers who represented the great romantic school—and, more, knew how to pass it on.

She realized—and it could be heard in her own playing—that romanticism was generally misunderstood by the postwar pianists, who were conditioned to the note rather than the music, and who were turning into pedantic literalists in their "modern" attempt to avoid romantic excess.





Peter Schaefer

"Such heavenly music! But you are not playing it heavenly. Sing! Sing!"

For, as Rosina Lhevinne well knew, the great romantic pianists—Lhevinne, Rachmaninoff, Hofmann, Gabilowitsch, even the thunderer Moritz Rosenthal—were also aristocratic artists who handled rubato discreetly, who knew how to bring out a musical line in a melting manner, who had great personality but never eccentricity, whose playing sounded spontaneous but never capricious.

That was the style represented by Rosina Lhevinne. She never succeeded in passing it in all its glory to her students;

the time was against her, and, indeed, she herself had changed somewhat with the times. But when, at 81, she came on stage to play the Chopin E minor, and played it with such color, such simplicity, such natural-sounding tempos, such a delicate exploration of inner voices, such a soaring line—then one realized that the old school, applied to such composers as Chopin, had so much more to offer than the tight, accurate but inhibited playing represented by so many of today's pianists.

LHEVINNE, Josef (b Orel, Dec. 13, 1874--d. New York, Dec. 2, 1944), pianist and teacher. He studied with Safonoff at the Moscow Conservatory. From 1900 to 1902 he taught piano at Tiflis; 1902-1906, he was professor at the Moscow Conservatory. His American debut took place with the Russian Symphony Orchestra in New York, Jan. 27, 1906. For many years he taught piano at the Juilliard Graduate School.

LHEVINNE, Rosina (b. Kiev, March 28, 1880), pianist. She graduated from the Moscow Imperial Conservatory in 1898, winning a gold medal. She married Josef Lhevinne (above), on June 20, 1898. She made her debut with the Moscow Symphony Orchestra on Feb. 5, 1895, and subsequently toured widely in Europe and the United States, in recital and as soloist with the leading orchestras. She has frequently appeared in two-piano recitals with her husband. In 1938 she was a member of the faculty of the Juilliard Graduate School, New York. In 1962 she was still teaching at the Juilliard School and appearing with orchestras. Many of the leading young pianists of the country have studied with her, among them Van Cliburn.

The above biographical sketches of Josef and Rosina Lhevinne are from:  
THE INTERNATIONAL CYCLOPEDIA OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS, Editor in Chief,  
Oscar Thompson (1887-1945); Editor, Fifth--Eighth Editions, Robert Sabin  
(New York: Dodd, Mead & Company, 1964), p. 1196

*I served as  
Madame Lhevinne's  
amanuensis during  
her final years.*

## Important Information from the U.S. Public Health Service about Swine Flu and Victoria Flu Vaccines

### INTRODUCTION

You probably have heard a good deal about swine flu and swine flu vaccine. You may know, for example, that swine flu caused an outbreak of several hundred cases at Ft. Dix, New Jersey, early in 1976—and that before then swine flu had not caused outbreaks among people since the 1920's.

With the vast majority of Americans being susceptible to swine flu, it is possible that there could be an epidemic this winter. No one can say for sure. However, if an epidemic were to break out, millions of people could get sick. Therefore, a special swine flu vaccine has been prepared and tested which should protect most people who receive it.

Certain people, such as those with chronic medical problems and the elderly, need annual protection against flu. Therefore, besides protection against swine flu, they also need protection against another type of flu (Victoria flu) that was around last winter and could occur again this winter. A separate vaccine has been prepared to give them protection against both types of flu.

These vaccines have been field tested and shown to produce very few side effects. Some people who receive the vaccine had fever and soreness during the first day or two after vaccination. These tests and past experience with other flu vaccines indicate that anything more severe than this would be highly unlikely.

Many people ask questions about flu vaccination during pregnancy. An advisory committee of the Public Health Service examined this question and reported that "there are no data specifically to contraindicate vaccination with the available killed virus vaccine in pregnancy. Women who are pregnant should be considered as having essentially the same balance of benefits and risks regarding influenza vaccination and influenza as the general population."

As indicated, some individuals will develop fever and soreness after vaccination. If you have more severe symptoms or if you have fever which lasts longer than a couple of days after vaccination, please consult your doctor or a health worker wherever you receive medical care.

While there is no reason to expect more serious reactions to this flu vaccination, persons who believe that they have been injured by this vaccination may have a claim. The Congress recently passed a law providing that such claims, with certain exceptions, may be filed only against the United States Government. Information regarding the filing of claims may be obtained by writing to the U.S. Public Health Service Claims Office, Parklawn Building, 5600 Fishers Lane, Rockville, Maryland 20852.

Attached is more information about flu and flu vaccine. Please take the time to read it carefully. You will be asked to sign a form indicating that you understand this information and that you consent to vaccination.



# FIGHT FLU! Immunize

BUREAU OF HEALTH COMMUNICATIONS  
PENNSYLVANIA DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH  
P.O. BOX 90  
HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA 17120  
(717) 787-1783

767



PENNSYLVANIA DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH  
INFLUENZA VACCINE  
REACTION CARD

You have just received either Monovalent or Bivalent (Circle One) influenza vaccine. A small percentage of persons receiving this vaccine may experience one or more of the following symptoms: redness and tenderness at the injection site, fever (usually 101° F or less), chills, nausea, loss of appetite, muscle aches, joint pains, headache, or fatigue. These reactions are usually short-lived, lasting less than 48 hours, but local reactions at the injection site may persist for more than several days. If you experience reactions other than those described, you may wish to consult your physician.

Date Received

11/28/76



December 21, 1976

Mr. Oscar Buehler  
Radio Statio WNCN  
2 West 45th Street  
New York, NY. 10036.

Dear Oscar Buehler:

Your pronunciation of French, like your radio presence, is outstanding. There are, however, two phonological matters which should be brought to your attention:

- 1) Unless Jean Martinon pronounces his last name in a highly idiosyncratic manner (or unless I am misunderstanding something about French syllabification), your pronunciation of "Martinon" is incorrect. You pronounce "Martinon" in three syllables as follows:

[ Mar / tin / on ]---given that syllabification, the last two syllables of the word would, of course, be (as you pronounce them) nasalized

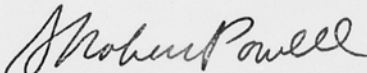
The (n) following the (i) in "Martinon," however, is not a component of the second syllable. Rather it is a component of the third syllable. Hence, the word "Martinon" is syllabified as follows:

[ Mar / ti / non ]---given that syllabification, only the last syllable, of course, is nasalized

- 2) You are pronouncing the name of the French city, Aix-en-Provence, incorrectly. On 12/17/76, both you and Frank Lansing pronounced "Aix" (RE: Darius Milhaud's Carnaval d'Aix) with a very distinct [ai] sound. The word "Aix" is pronounced exactly like the English sound [x]. Hence, the fourth syllable of Milhaud's work is pronounced like the English word "decks."

[ Car / na / val / deks ]

Sincerely,



S. Robert Powell  
168 West 86th Street, #14D  
New York, NY. 10024.

1977

769

1/1977 — 6/30/1977 —

[ 168 West 86th St, #14D  
NYC, NY 10024

7/1/1977 — 4/1983 —

[ 790 Eleventh ave, #33H  
NYC, NY 10019

212-757-1415

shared apt. with Joseph  
King.

January 27, 1977

770

Dear Mom and Dad,

Attached to this letter are four enclosures:

- 1) Pages 230a, 230b, and 230c from "Preparatory Notes..." Thank you for having answered the questions. As you requested in your letter of January 7, 1977 (which did require three additional cents of postage--a fact of which the post office was unaware), I am returning pages 230a, 230b, and 230c to you so that you can answer more of the questions asked thereon when you have the materials and time at your disposal which are necessary in order to do so. I have xeroxed those pages, so I will not need them back.
- 2) Maude Squire Brechtel's letter to you dated January 14, 1977. Thank you for having found out her birth date and for having shared her letter with me. I have made a xerox copy of that letter for my files. In the event that you should decide to throw out her letter, please do not. Rather, send it to me and I will put it in my files.

I have some questions for Maude Squire Brechtel. Would you like me to send those questions to you so that you might include them in a letter from you to her? It makes no difference to me. Which do you prefer?

- 3) A copy of a letter that I wrote to Vivian Hood Hughes (Letter #106) on December 20, 1976.
- 4) A copy of a letter that Vivian Hood Hughes wrote to me (Letter #111) on December 29, 1976, in reply to my letter of December 20, 1976. Inasmuch as Vivian Hughes did not answer any of the questions on pages three through seven, I did not make a xerox of those pages (which are included in Letter #106) when I made the xerox copy of that letter to send to you.

---

Yesterday (January 26, 1977) I mailed an envelope containing eighty-six pages of revisions and corrections of pages in "Preparatory Notes..." to you in Florida. Given the cold weather and such, you may have the time to do some genealogical reading.

I plan to go to Carbondale this week end, that is if the weather cooperates. I am well, very well as a matter of fact, and hope that you are also.

Love,

*Bob*

# The Romance of Old Photos

Vintage nineteenth-century photographs are the current delight and sensation of the art world. When old prints are put up for sale in auction houses in London, New York or Los Angeles, the room is invariably jammed with rapt and youthful bidders. They ogle the images unveiled on center stage—just as the Countess Castiglione once peered coyly through a tiny photographic frame in a rare 1855 portrait attributed to the court photographer of Napoleon III, her lover. They sigh when the auctioneer unveils faded, chocolate-brown albumen prints from the 1880s, or tiny, flawless daguerreotypes. The modern eye—and pocketbook—is suddenly focusing on prints produced in photography's "primitive" decades, finding beauty and value where five years ago there was considered to be little of either. Recently, two bidders for a prize catch at Sotheby Parke Bernet in New York traded blows before a shocked—but understanding—gallery filled with enthusiasts.

The story of the rise of the old, shopworn photograph from cellar relic to chic objet d'art is partly a matter of soaring prices. The current value of William Fox Talbot's "The Pencil of Nature," a book of nature studies published in 1844-46, is \$50,000. (It was \$6,375 five years ago.) In 1964, the value of the immense Gernsheim collection of early photographs at the University of Texas was about \$360,000; it is now worth an estimated \$4 to \$5 million. More important, the interest in old photographs has created a new generation of collectors and scholars and a series of stunning rediscoveries, not only of overlooked artists but of whole movements. And it has inspired the appearance of groundbreaking exhibitions that are bringing the fresh news about the past to an increasingly interested and sophisticated public. "We're constantly pushing back the frontier," says collector-dealer George Rinhart, 33. "It's like Italian painting before Bernard Berenson defined it."

**Ebullient:** That frontier is currently being explored in several important exhibitions. The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York is the host for the first major American show of portraits by Félix Nadar, an ebullient Parisian photographer of the mid-nineteenth century. The Boston Museum of Fine Arts is exhibiting an extraordinary group of daguerreotypes by Albert Southworth and Josiah Hawes, the American masters of this lost medium. Princeton University's library is unveiling a selection from its cache of vintage prints, da-

guerreotypes and early albums, including a rare copy of Talbot's "Pencil." The San Francisco Museum of Modern Art has amassed more than 225 samples of "California Pictorialism," an early romantic, soft-focus movement that produced significant artists like Arnold Genthe and—later—Edward Weston.

Nadar and Southworth-Hawes are the brightest stars in this galaxy. For too long Nadar has been dismissed as the bird's-eye photographer of Paris—

thanks partly to a Daumier drawing showing him aloft in a balloon with camera—and as a minor figure whose studio was used for exhibitions by his friends, the impressionist painters. At the Met he is revealed as a master of the portrait in a carefully selected group of 50 images drawn from the voluminous holdings of Samuel Wagstaff Jr., the doyen of the new collectors. Nadar excels most of all in his command of light, which he used with dramatic effect, whether to outline the formidable novelist George Sand, whose richly gathered gown is bathed in light, or artist Gustave Doré, presented half in brilliant sunlight, half in deep shadow.

**Keen:** The achievements of Southworth and Hawes in mid-nineteenth-century Boston come as an even greater surprise. As partners they were aggressively commercial, opening their studio to anyone regardless of class or distinction who could pay to be daguerreotyped—the early process that produced sharp-edged likenesses on a tiny silver-coated copper plate. Like Nadar, Southworth and Hawes were keen on capturing the inner life of their subjects, both the known and unknown. Their 1851 portrait of courtesan Lola Montez, lounging wantonly with a forbidden ciga-



Metropolitan Museum of Art

Countess Castiglione poses coyly in 1855: An era of rediscoveries

rette in her hand, is but one of many examples of an esthetic that seems astonishingly modernist in its candor and its lack of posed formality.

In an art system that puts a premium on individuality and the recognition of personal style, the anonymity of many nineteenth-century photographic masters is a problem. "I constantly came across incredible images that are unsigned and undated," says Clifford Ackley, a curator at the Boston Museum. He and others in the field are resurrecting a host of forgotten names who deserve to be ranked with Julia Margaret Cameron and Eadweard Muybridge. They include such brilliant artists as Gustave Le Gray, a French master of land-sky-sea compositions, made by blending images from several negatives; the American Carleton Watkins, who



discovered the wonders of Yosemite in 1861 (before Muybridge) and defined a direct, frontal esthetic for landscape photography; Alexander Gardner, a Scotsman whose album of Civil War images equals those of Mathew Brady, and the astonishing A.C. Vroman, who recorded the faces of the Southwest American Indians in the 1890s and early 1900s with a cutting eye that rivals the work of Diane Arbus.

Behind these rediscoveries is a small cadre of collectors and scholars, many of whom have switched abruptly from careers in traditional art to photography. Once a major curator and collector of '60s art, Sam Wagstaff began selling off his paintings in 1970 and replacing them with thousands of vintage prints. "Nineteenth-century photography has never been *seen* until now," he says. "No wonder we're all so excited." John Coplans, the former editor of *Artforum* magazine and a connoisseur of avant-garde art, converted more recently, but just as abruptly. "I sold everything I had to buy Watkins and the other American landscape people—William Jackson, T.H. O'Sullivan and more," he says. Daniel Wolf, 21, a collector and dealer who owns 6,000 prints, says simply, "As soon as I saw a book of Vroman's pictures five years ago I knew I had to find and buy them."

**Fascination:** The question is whether the dizzying upward spiral of prices and interest can be sustained. Last week's auction of old photographs at Sotheby Parke Bernet resulted in as many low prices as high ones (Gardner's two-volume Civil War album, for example, sold for \$17,000, slightly less than expected). And Harry Lunn, the most active and voracious of American dealers, believes a period of stability is setting in: "We have brought prices up from a time when the vintage print was tremendously undervalued to parity, no more." But interest—indeed, fascination—is another matter. "We are just beginning to understand," says Weston Naef, the influential young curator at the Metropolitan, "what made exceedingly important artists—like Watkins, Vroman, Le Gray and an amazing Brazilian named Marc Ferrez—tick."

The real enigma is the enduring appeal of the primitive image—often disfigured and fading—to the modern mind. Some collectors and critics love old photos because they are the perfect antidote to abstract modern art, in their emphasis on subject over style. Others are lured by the wide-open nature of a field in which major discoveries lie ahead.

But surely the appeal is deeper and more positive than this. To generations formed on film and television, the instant image—burnished in these prints with signs of age—is irresistible, endowed with a power that the "timeless" painting cannot match. At its best, the vintage print transforms us all into vintages of a moment authenticated by the lens, and preserved forever in time.

—DOUGLAS DAVIS with MARY ROURE in New York and bureau reports

Newsweek, February 21, 1977

[see herein, p. 284,  
for more on  
"The Countess."]



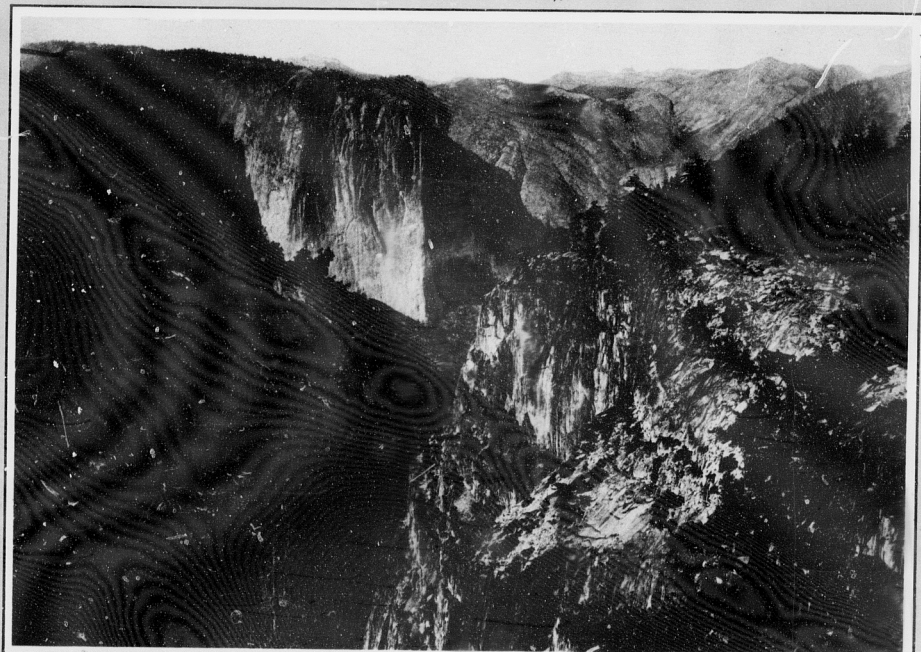
Nadar's 'George Sand,' circa 1864



Nadar's 'Gustave Doré,' circa 1855

Photo courtesy of Samuel Wagstaff Jr.

Watkins's 'First View of Yosemite Valley,' circa 1866



Courtesy of John Coplan



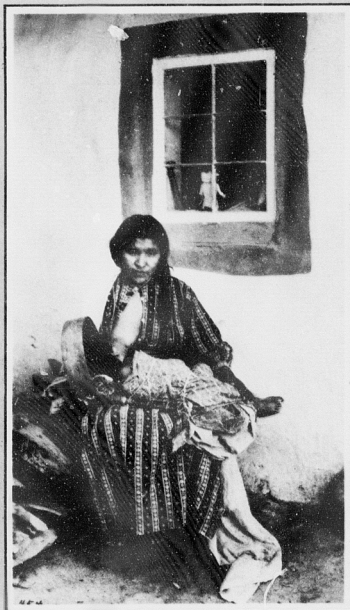
Photo courtesy of Daniel Wolf

From Gardner's Civil War album (1866)



Metropolitan Museum of Art

Southworth and Hawes's 'Lola Montez' (1851)



From Vroman's 'Indian Pueblos' (1902)



715

*Robert Powell*

TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

NEW YORK OFFICE

HARCOURT BRACE JOVANOVIH



March 1977

Cover design by Erik Kovanen, The Psychological Corporation



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0997*	Player, Barbara	Psych. Corp.	4
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3399	Pollack, Janie	Data Processing	2
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3891	Puschel, Natalia	School Editorial	9

\*Dial access code "4" first  
2/77

# CENTRAL SAVINGS BANK

DATE : 4/21/77  
 RENTAL : \$ 17.00  
 TAX : \$ 1.36  
 TOTAL : \$ 18.36

*Paid 77*  
*042* SAFE  
 DEPOSIT  
 DEPARTMENT

RETAIN THIS PORTION  
 FOR YOUR RECORDS



## CENTRAL SAVINGS BANK

Broadway and 73rd Street  
 New York, N.Y. 10023

BOX NUMBER	DATE DUE	ANNUAL RENT	TAX	TOTAL DUE
010231207	4/21/82	29.00	2.39	31.39

BOX NUMBER	DATE DUE	TOTAL DUE
010231207	4/21/82	31.39

PLEASE NOTIFY US OF CHANGE IN ADDRESS.

ROBERT S POWELL  
 790 ELEVENTH AVE  
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 NEW YORK NY 10019

We thank you for your past patronage and trust you would like to renew your Safe Deposit Box Contract with us for another year. Your annual safe deposit box rent is due on the date shown above. If paying by mail, kindly forward your payment and the attached payment stub to the address above. If you decide to pay this bill in person, please bring this entire notice.

THANK YOU,  
 SAFE DEPOSIT DEPARTMENT

THIS SAFE DEPOSIT BOX IS RENTED SUBJECT TO THE SAFE DEPOSIT RULES AND REGULATIONS OF THE CENTRAL SAVINGS BANK AND ANY AMENDMENTS THERETO.

PAYMENT STUB-PLEASE RETURN THIS PORTION

RECEIPT

STATE OF MICHIGAN  
THE PROBATE COURT FOR THE COUNTY OF WAYNE

778

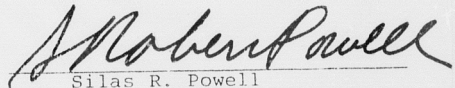
ESTATE OF EDNA L. LOOMIS, DEC.

File No. 673,369

RECEIPT FOR SPECIFIC BEQUEST

*Mom's  
mother's  
sister*

The undersigned, being a legatee under the provisions of Article THIRD of the Last Will and Testament of Edna L. Loomis, Deceased, does hereby acknowledge receipt of his legacy of two \$1,000 General Motors Acceptance Corporation debentures, 5%, due 1981, received this 29th day of April, 1977 from William W. Slocum, Jr., Executor of the Estate of Edna L. Loomis, Dec.

  
Silas R. Powell  
Box 29, R.D. 1  
Carbondale, PA 18407

HILL, LEWIS, ADAMS, GOODRICH & TAIT  
By: William W. Slocum, Jr. (P20589)  
101 Southfield Road, Suite 205  
Birmingham, Michigan 48009  
642-9692



LAW OFFICES OF  
HILL, LEWIS, ADAMS, GOODRICH & TAIT  
101 SOUTHFIELD ROAD  
BIRMINGHAM, MICHIGAN 48009

William W. Slocum, Jr.  
101 Southfield Road, Suite 205  
Birmingham, Michigan 48009



780

**WNCN 104.3**  
**FM**



**GAF**  
**Broadcasting**  
**Company, Inc.**

2 West 45 Street  
New York NY 10036

212 867 6171

May 20, 1977

Mr. S. Robert Powell  
168 West 86th Street, #14D  
New York, N.Y. 10024

Dear Mr. Powell,

Thank you for your kind comments about the new WNCN series  
"For The Love of Music." Yours was the first response we  
received for the new program, and the enthusiasm you  
communicated was much appreciated.

Thank you for writing, and for listening to WNCN.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Matt Biberfeld".

Matt Biberfeld  
Program Director

The move to 790 Eleventh avenue:

Saw Joseph King's ad in the 7/4/77  
issue of WISDOM's CHILD:

## Real Estate

### APARTMENT SHARES D36

Mature Woman wanted to share beautiful 13 rm apt. Own room. Excellent location. West 70's.

Call 677-5689

APT. SHARE Lincoln Center vic. Female. Own rm. Priv. bath. Furn. A/C. Terrace. River View. 24 hr. doorman. All util. \$250. Ref. Box #1. c/o Wisdom's Child.

Woman has W.E. Ave. Apt. Own BR & Bath. 1960's & sunny. 24 hr. dmrs. \$200 mo. 855-7724.

Come share with us.

Mother & 2 kids (13, 14) spec. 8 rm. apt. friendly W.E. bldg. Aug. occup. Mess. Ann Box 219.

724-7400

Roommate needed.

Small room in pleasant RSD Apt. \$135. Call more days 262-3420; eve late 222-8812.

Apt. to share. Juilliard student will share his 72nd WEA. doorman, prime spot, W/1 or 2. \$175 for 1 ref. & sec. 724-7342.

CPW on 96 St. Female seeks one or two females to share huge sunny 7 rm apt. 24 hr doorman. \$155 mo. or \$245 mo. 866-6616. Eves.

W. 119 St. Woman. Own sunny room \$135 mo. Conven. loc. 824-8878 9-4. Live name & tel. or call after 12 noon 866-7280 Avail. Immed.

2 consid. neat females seek same to share huge apt. own cozy rm. Well-kpt bldg. RSD & 96 Non-smkr. \$140. Call 850-1478. Eves.

Upper W. Side Woman to share large beautifully furn. 5 1/2 rms. 2 bdms. piano, art studio. 24 hr. doorman \$170. 866-6337.

X W 54th St share light, airy apt pict window w/ Hudson own br/m. King 881-8181 or 222-5212 eves & weekends

121 at Amsterdam Sunny, pleasant 2 br apt. Avail Immed. for a female non-smoker \$147 mo. call Pat 865-9852

East End Ave. 80's Female with female 3 1/2 luxury rooms, river view, 24-hr doorman, air cond., color TV, \$175 mo. RH4-3026

FEMALE wanted to share lg. sunny apt. w/2 others June-Sept 1 (or later) nr. Col. Own furn rm piano \$140 866-6606 eves.

W. 90's. Your own room. Modern bldg. For summer share \$137. After Sept. 1, \$157. Call Bob. First at 874-0325 or 866-4561.

### APARTMENT SHARES D36

APARTMENT TO SHARE

2 women seek roommate

Call: Carly or Rita 724-3548

Morn before 9 AM, Eve after 5:30

W. 98, nr. Bway. Huge rm. In spacious 7 rm apt. 1frg. eat-in kitich & homey liv. rm. for female to sh. w/females. Secure dmrs bldg. Gd. block. 140mo. Call 866-9889 eves.

Female Teacher & lecturer seeks woman for fab. lux. apt. Best loc. (lower 5th ave) \$240mo. util. inc. trav. Keep try. GR3-3264.

Two Females seek 3rd to share large homey W. side apt. Secure elev. bldg. own rm. \$177 mo. Call 222-1584.

Creative Fem. has sunny furn. rm. in lg. gen. apt. W. 123 St. Manly for responsible fem. ONLY. Non-smok. ex. bldg. sec. 865-5310.

← \$140/month;  
gas & electric  
included

Phone on West 86th Street —

724-7090 — disconnected  
on 7-11-77 at 5 P.M.

Phone on 790 Eleventh Avenue —

757-1415 — Connected on  
7-18-77

— SRP to pick up key to 33H  
from Mrs. Catherine Flood  
530 W. 55th, #4A  
581-5883



In the same issue of WISDOM's  
CHILD (7-4-1977), I saw the ad  
 for Oscar's Trucking that is given  
 below, and arranged for them to  
 move me from 86th Street to  
 790 Eleventh Avenue:

## City Service Directory

### TRUCKERS

**HUCKLEBERRY TRUCK** 5th season.  
 Reasonable people at reasonable rates.  
 Call:

724-6543 or service 824-9403

**Carl Beasts Inflation W/out Tears**  
 truck & 2 men \$180/hr insured storage,  
 local/long distance 744-1385

#### Student Group

Household or Commercial  
 Reliable and Ethical  
 477-4778 and 477-4611

#### Moremen Trucking

Small or Large Jobs.  
 We Haul Anything 7 Days  
 24 Hrs. Call 682-1010.

#### \$20 FREE BOXES

EACH MOVE WITH THIS AD  
**Star Trek Mover, Inc.**

Long Distance/local  
 PACKING—INSURED—STORAGE  
 982-8331

Rubbish Removal • Attics Cleaned

**Beethoven Piano Movers**  
 fully equipped, professional insured  
 24 hours 744-1385

#### George's Boys

Anything  
 Anywhere  
 Quickly  
 Courteously  
 Carefully  
 242-5722

### TRUCKERS

**T.J.B. Insured Movers**—No job too  
 small or too large. Across the street or  
 across the country. 7-days, 24 hrs.  
 279-3720, Special Fla. Calif. etc.

#### CHANGING APTS?

Big Norm The Toting Actor  
 MAN & TRUCK \$13 hr.  
 245-3973 242-9511

#### EXPERIENCED AND INSURED

#### The Trucking Co.

HOME, OFFICE, ANTIQUES, ART  
 Local & Long Distance  
 679-7438

**MOVING**—a very special service.  
 Any commodity moved. Courteous  
 and Professional Men. Every job  
 owner supervised. Free Est.  
 Dick K'nch 242-2802.

#### GAY TRUCKER

Local—Long Distance Packing  
 Storage—Resident—Comm.  
 473-5014

#### 15 YEARS OF EXPERIENCE

Trucking • Deliveries • Moves  
 Reasonable—Flat Rates. 7 Days a Wk.  
 Ask for Bob or Lee. 874-2183

#### OSCAR'S TRUCKING

Fast, reliable service  
 Low rates—Anytime  
 786-7718

#### Good People Movers.

\$12 per hr.  
 A place or an apartment. Anytime.  
 You can help. Joe 884-2828

#### SPIRIT MOVERS

Above and Beyond  
 The Accepted Effort  
 877-1944

#### MOVING??

STUDENT WITH VANI  
 Local and Long Distance  
 \$12 per hr. 622-3229

### TRUCKERS

#### GRADUATE

CAREFUL WORK 24 HOURS  
 FAIR RATES • EVERYWHERE  
 864-0151

#### Bob & Station Wagon

\$800/hr reliable 7 days/night  
 764-1395

Thirty Movers. Depression Rates. Serving  
 your neighborhood. Save money on  
 travel time. Flat rates for small loads. 24  
 hrs. 7 days. 255-7902

No cost:

\$19/hour;

the move  
 was made  
 on Monday  
 at 1:30 P.M.



784

TO:

FROM: S. Robert Powell

NOTICE OF CHANGE OF ADDRESS (effective July 14, 1977)

old address: 168 West 86th Street, #14D  
New York, NY. 10024.

new address: 790 Eleventh Avenue, #33H  
New York, NY. 10019.

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## memorandum

**to** HBJ, INC. (Personnel Dept.)  
**from** S. Robert Powell *+ Payroll*  
**date** Employee #00090  
August 1, 1977

### NOTICE OF CHANGE OF ADDRESS:

New Address: 790 Eleventh Avenue, #33H  
New York, NY. 10019.

Old Address: 168 West 86th St., #14D  
New York, NY. 10024.

080977

Donald—

Just as the Queen Elizabeth II was sailing for Cherbourg/  
Southampton last night I became aware of what was wrong  
with the arrangement of my New York residence--it had no  
theme and it gave the impression of being only a single  
room.

My New York residence is currently divided, like ancient  
Gaul and all well-made French sentences, into three spacious  
rooms each of which is related to a dominant theme--nature.

To celebrate the tripartite division of my New York residence I  
send you the enclosed copies of three poems that I re-read last  
night: (1) The World Is Too Much with Us; Late and Soon of  
William Wordsworth (2) On the Extinction of the Venetian  
Republic of William Wordsworth and (3) On Seeing the Elgin  
Marbles for the First Time of John Keats.

SI

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH  
WITH US; LATE AND SOON

The world is too much with us; late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;  
Little we see in Nature that is ours;  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!  
The sea that bares her bosom to the moon,  
The winds that will be howling at all hours,  
And are upgathered now like sleeping flowers;  
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;  
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be  
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn, 10  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;  
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

1804

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE  
VENETIAN REPUBLIC

Once did she hold the gorgeous east in fee;  
And was the safeguard of the west; the worth  
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,  
Venice, the eldest child of Liberty.  
She was a maiden city, bright and free;  
No guile seduced, no force could violate;  
And, when she took unto herself a mate,  
She must espouse the everlasting sea.  
And what if she had seen those glories fade,  
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay; 10  
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid  
When her long life hath reached its final day:  
Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade  
Of that which once was great, is passed away.

1802

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

ON SEEING THE ELGIN MARBLES  
FOR THE FIRST TIME

My spirit is too weak; mortality  
Weighs heavily on me like unwilling sleep,  
And each imagined pinnacle and steep  
Of godlike hardship tells me I must die  
Like a sick eagle looking at the sky.  
Yet 'tis a gentle luxury to weep,  
That I have not the cloudy winds to keep  
Fresh for the opening of the morning's eye.  
Such dim-conceived glories of the brain  
Bring round the heart an indescribable feud; 10  
So do these wonders a most dizzy pain,  
That mingles Grecian grandeur with the rude  
Wasting of old Time— with a billowy main,  
A sun, a shadow of a magnitude.

March, 1817

JOHN KEATS



August 17, 1977

Dear Mom and Dad,

Donald and I are planning to spend the Labor Day weekend in Carbondale. Donald has some dissertation research to do at The Metropolitan Museum of Art and will arrive in New York on August 30th in the evening. We will leave for Carbondale (in all probability) on September 3rd in the morning. I will take the afternoon bus for New York from Carbondale on the sixth of September--perhaps the early morning bus on the seventh.

Mom, thanks for relaying the information from Edith Gardner about the Griswold family reunion on August 17, 1977 (it's going on as I type these words). The idea of a covered dish dinner in the Clinton Grange Hall sounds wonderful. Perhaps next year I'll be able to attend.

Thank you also for the clipping about Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Rude--whoever they are. In my next letter to Laura A. Loomis Rude I'll ask her if she knows who they are--they must be related to Walter F. Rude, don't you think?

I recently received a very informative letter from Laura A. Loomis Rude, a copy of which is enclosed (Letter #154) as is a copy of the letter that I initially sent to her (Letter #144) as is a copy of the letter that I wrote to her today (Letter #157). If you can fill in any of the blanks on the Francis Earl Loomis/Mary E. Paynter charts, please do so and show the charts to me when I am in Carbondale.

See you on September third.

Love,

*J. Mober*

789

August 26, 1977

Dear Mom,

I have just written (and mailed) a letter to Edith Gardner.

Instead of waiting until I arrive in Carbondale next Saturday to show a copy of that letter to you, I have decided that it would be best if I mailed a copy of that letter to you this morning.

I do so for the following reason: As you can see from the last two paragraphs of that letter, Donald and I are hoping to be able to arrange a visit with Edith Gardner over the Labor Day weekend. She may just telephone you after she receives my letter and say "yes" or "no" to any or all of the suggestions that I have made in the last two paragraphs of my letter to her. That is why I wanted you to have a copy of my letter to her before next Saturday--so that you would know what she is talking about in the event that she calls you about our projected visit with her sometime over the Labor Day weekend.

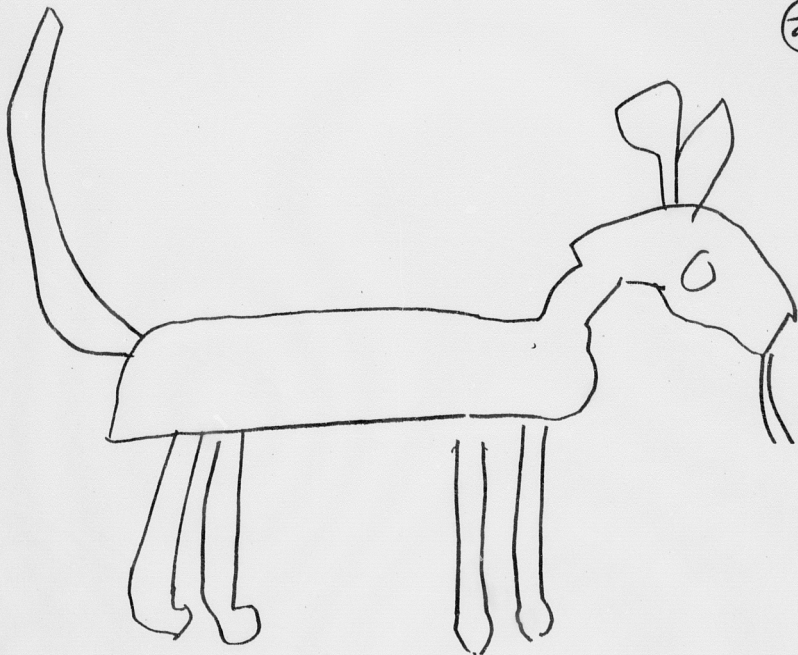
I'm wondering if I should pack winter clothes for the Labor Day weekend?

Love,

Robert

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(22)



A free sketch of Vaclav taken by S. R. Powell as he (that is, Vaclav) pursued grasshoppers (the green variety) in the Porter Kennedy Cemetery in Pleasant Mount, PA. on September 4, 1977.

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HARCOURT  
BRACE  
JOVANOVIH

*NEW YORK OFFICE*

TELEPHONE  
DIRECTORY

*October 1977*



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3122	Porfido, Rae	Royalty	3
4489	Portalatin, Carmen	J. M. Riehle	14
3455	Poushter, Ianne	Payroll	3
4456	Powell, James	Mail Room	1
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3891	Puschel, Natalia	School Editorial	9

Q

3397	Quinones, Enio	Customer Service	2
2167	Quirk, William	Management Resources	25

R

3133	Raanan, Susan	Psych. Corp.	4
3341	Raboy, Mitchell	Guidance Assoc.	12
2529	Race, Janice	School Editorial	8
3582	Radner, Martin	School Production	6
2514	Ragonesi, Jack	HBJ Publications	15
2490	Rahim, Zai	Accounts Receivable	3
3821	Ralicki, Wanda	Saddle Brook	NJ
2693	Rameizl, Mary Ann	J. M. Riehle	14
4316	Raskin, Ellen	HBJ Publications	14
4266	Rasmussen, Kay	College Sales	11

## HEALTH INSURANCE CONVERSION POLICY

793

The Insured

Register Date

Initial Premium

Policy Number

Initial Term

A Mutual Company  
Organized  
July 26, 1859



The **EQUITABLE** Life Assurance Society  
of the United States

1285 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10019

**Agrees**, subject to the Exceptions and Reductions provision on page nine and to the further provisions of this policy, to pay the benefits provided by this policy.

### RENEWABLE SUBJECT TO CONSENT OF EQUITABLE

This policy is renewable subject to the consent of the Equitable, as provided in the Renewal provision on page eleven. Any renewal of this policy and the renewal premium, however, will take into account any automatic termination of coverage on an adult Covered Person at the end of the day before that person's Medicare Eligibility Date as provided in the Termination of Coverage provision on page two.

### NOTICE OF TEN-DAY RIGHT TO EXAMINE POLICY

Within ten days after receipt of this policy, the Insured may return it to the Equitable with written request for cancellation. Such return of the policy will void the policy from the beginning and the premium paid will be refunded.

The provisions on the following pages are part of this policy.

President

Vice President  
and Secretary

Assistant Registrar

### HEALTH INSURANCE CONVERSION POLICY

Renewable Subject to Consent of Equitable.  
Schedule of Benefits on page three.

HC 117

194

THE INSURED	S ROBERT POWELL	OCT 1, 1977	REGISTER DATE
INITIAL PREMIUM	\$76.41	HAC 77 885 831	POLICY NUMBER
INITIAL TERM	3 MONTHS		

# SCHEDULE OF BENEFITS

## HOSPITAL EXPENSE BENEFIT - SEE PAGE FIVE

MAXIMUM DAILY BENEFIT FOR ROOM AND BOARD	\$50.00
MAXIMUM BENEFIT PERIOD	70 DAYS
MAXIMUM BENEFIT FOR ADDITIONAL CHARGES	\$500.00

## SURGICAL EXPENSE BENEFIT - SEE PAGE FIVE

MAXIMUM SURGICAL BENEFIT	\$750.00
--------------------------	----------

## MAJOR MEDICAL EXPENSE BENEFIT - SEE PAGE EIGHT

BASIC DEDUCTIBLE	\$500.00
BASIC BENEFIT PERCENTAGE	80%
HOSPITAL DAILY ROOM AND BOARD MAXIMUM	\$65.00
SURGICAL SCHEDULE MAXIMUM	\$1,000.00
BENEFIT MAXIMUM	\$20,000.00

SEE AGE LIMITS IN COVERED PERSON PROVISION

DATE OF ISSUE NCV 3, 1977





*"So you've read my books and you've brought wine. Good."*

•   •

THE NEW YORKER , Nov. 21, 1977 , p. 55



# VICKERS

A COMPLETE LINE OF HYDRAULIC EQUIPMENT

## DELIVERY FROM STOCK

- Vane Pumps
- Piston Pumps
- Directional Controls
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Powell J 78 W131	234-1317	Powell Robert L 310 E70	734-6849
Powell J C 323 W14	691-9468	Powell Rosa 121 W144	862-0074
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Powell J E 788 ColmsAv	850-7599	Powell Roy W 560 W162	WA 7-0988
Powell J L 45 EastEndAv	734-6006	Powell S 252 W20	691-5978
Powell J T 815 Grenwh	675-6006	Powell S Mrs 205 W89	799-7824
Powell Jack 34 HilsidAv	LO 7-8466	Powell S A 908 W147	368-0013
Powell Jack 109 Thompson	925-7274	Powell S J 215 E68	YU 8-1372
Powell Jack S 336 Canal	966-1958	Powell S Robert 168 W66	724-7090
Powell & Jacobs Iwrys 11 E44	867-3089	Powell Sallie W 2569 7Av	283-6793
Powell James 427 E69	879-7233	Powell Sam 825 CimbusAv	AC 2-3104
Powell James 56 W126	876-4585	Powell Sami A 50 W97	222-1830
Powell James Jr 509 W212	569-4528	Powell Sandra 152 W49	869-0147
Powell Jas D 301 W153	AD 4-3057	Powell Sarah 109 W119	858-4643
*Powell James H 411 W45	582-5928	Powell Savory Corp 2340 8Av	222-7800
Powell James H 120 E81	744-5983	Powell Scott 105 RivDr	580-7344
Powell Jean Harcourt 850 7Av	757-7450	Powell Sonia B 163 W126	864-4397
Powell Jeanne 153 W57	757-6006	Powell T 31 E21	777-8470
Powell Jerry Evan 435 W119	749-4365	Powell T 427 W26	695-2490
Powell Jesse 615 W150	AU 1-3804	Powell T M 520 E20	OR 3-7987
Powell Jessie Lee 2680 8Av	690-5253	Powell T W 70 W95	864-0583
Powell Joe 225 W12	675-2331	Powell Tedd 10 Chrstpr	989-4077
Powell Joel 58 E56	472-2464	Powell Teddy music pubshr	
Powell John 50 ManhtnAv	850-7163	1650 Bway	CI 5-7281
Powell John 207 E74	734-7137	Powell Teddy Enterprises 114 E55	935-1050
Powell John 39 W129	289-7593	Powell Thos 238 E82	288-7601
Powell John A Dr podiatrst		Powell Thomas 235 W102	866-7085
143 W119	866-9574	Powell Timothy 300 W12	691-2259
Powell John E 1295 AmstrdmAv	666-3656	Powell Tony 152 Mercer	966-7284
Powell John W 330 W47	586-2869	Powell Tyler 1451 LexAv	427-4622
Powell Jos 215 E64	861-4296	Powell V 219 E10	533-2643
Powell Jos D 223 E 5	673-0225	Powell V 501 W113	666-5042

797

FORM 1099 - Retain for your records. p9 39503

# U. S. INFORMATION RETURN

TAXPAYER IDENT. NO.  
198-34-0586

ACCOUNT NO.  
000-158-8219

CALENDAR YEAR  
1977

SILAS R. POWELL  
RD 1 BOX 29  
CARBONDALE PA 18407

INTEREST PAID  
\$100.00

ISSUE IDENTIFICATION  
58-DUE 3/15/1981

NOT NEGOTIABLE  
GENERAL MOTORS ACCEPTANCE CORPORATION  
New York, N. Y. 10022  
38-0572512

TO WHOM PAID

BY WHOM PAID

1978

1/1978 - 12/1978 -

[790 Eleventh ave, #33H  
NYC, NY 10019

Phone: 757-1415

January - June - collected  
unemployment insurance  
from my job at  
Management Resources, Inc.



January 26, 1978

Dear Mom and Dad,

The vitamin-A-plus-fresh-air treatment seems to be working very well. My nose and I thank you for the free medical advice.

The enclosed pages about the old deeds and such at home have recently been typed and I thought you might like to see them. The next project will be to figure out exactly what land each deed is for.

All is well with me and I hope the same for you.

Love  
Bob



018-111003-03  
**SILAS R. POWELL**  
 790 - 11TH AVE., APT. 33H  
 NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019

03-13 78  $\frac{11}{2260}$

PAY TO THE  
ORDER OF \_\_\_\_\_

Carl

Fifteen dollars & no. to

DOLLARS

# THE BOWERY

THE BOWERY SAVINGS BANK  
110 EAST 42ND STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

John R. Powell

MEMO.

① 1:2260 7011: 018 111003 211 0127

801

06-06-78

VHH (on the telephone to SRP as SRP was arranging for the SRP and DWP visit with VHH on 06-14-78 at 2 PM):

"You know you sound a lot like Uncle Artie [brother of Silas Powell]. Did anybody ever tell you that?"

802

Wednesday, June 7, 1978

DWP and I will be arriving in Carbondale  
either in the evening on June 13th or in  
the morning on June 14th.

Hold all mail.

See you shortly.

*Bob*

John Hancock

Patriot



U.S. Domestic Rate

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Powell

HOMESTEAD GOLF COURSE

R. D. # 1

Carbondale, PA. 18407.

July 9, 1978

803

Donald--

Your phone call of last evening (between eight thirty and nine) came into my life as I was deep in the throes of an "abdication/emigration crisis," that is, my etat d'ame last evening (and for much of yesterday afternoon for that matter) was not unlike that of Victoria Regina et Imperatrix during moments when the royal personage was feeling highly disoriented/non-focused/out of sorts. During such crisis moments, VRI invariably threatened to abdicate and/or emigrate to Australia--much to the dismay of her ministers. My etat d'ame yesterday afternoon and evening was, in other words, not unlike that of Emma Bovary when she was forced to come to terms with some rather pressing matters in her life. Not unlike VRI or EB I entertained the possibility of physical flight--instead of confronting the issue pack your bags and run run run. In the end, I did not--even though my bags were figuratively packed for much of the afternoon. The Copland concert that was taking place as you telephoned caused me to unpack the figurative bags that I had packed earlier in the day.

My highly agitated state of yesterday afternoon and evening was caused by the fact that I am about to complete the book on art upon which I have been working for over three years. One would think that at this point I would feel sublimely oriented/focused. In many ways, I do. The light at the end of the tunnel so to speak is crystal clear--on July 14th I will complete said book. Yesterday afternoon I became aware of that fact--which doubtless caused the highly agitated etat d'ame referred to in paragraph one above. I am not at all surprised that I reacted as I did when I became aware of that fact--the target so to speak upon which I have been focusing for these three years and some is about to be taken away (is about to be written away) and I am about to be left in the lurch. Knowing what I do about myself and about my working habits/work-schedule, I am somewhat surprised that said crisis did not take place earlier. All that being as it may, I have once again plunged headlong into the writing of the final pages. Friday should be a thrilling day.

I spent a large portion of today with Kate and Kostya in Northern New Jersey--if you please. Kate located two "must" flea markets in the newspaper ads. Both were advertised as being "10 minutes from the George Washington Bridge"--Kate and I discovered that we have the same strong aversion to giving distances not in terms of quantity of space to be crossed rather in terms of quantity of time to elapse as an indefinite quantity of space is crossed. The persons who come up with such indications of distance presumptuously assume that all motorists will travel at exactly the same speed that they (being the norm) do. Highly irritating. It took us about an hour, after having crossed the GW Bridge, to find the first of the two flea markets.



The problem was not <sup>that</sup> the "10 minute" indication was wrong--the problem was <sup>that</sup> Kostya had decided to draw his own map of Northern New Jersey--to simplify the problem of reading the printed maps of <sup>said state</sup>--and had left all official maps at home. After about fifty minutes of missed exits, hair-raising lane switches, sudden stops to read "the map" (all of which took place in over 90 degree heat and 90 percent humidity), we finally located the first market. It was dreadful. It made the sidewalk vendors' street seem elegant. The second flea market was no better--if anything, it was more vulgar than the first. [Like most people who live near large cities--but who in fact have very little if anything to do with those cities--the esteemed citizens of New Jersey have such pretensions about themselves--living as they do so near to "the city." At the moment I can not decide who are more disgusting--those people who live just outside of New York or those people who live just outside of Philadelphia.] After we arrived at the second flea market I came very near to declaring that I was getting out of the car and getting the next bus back to New York. I did not. K & K were very busy siezing bargains--Kate bought three dressing gowns (one leopard, one ocelot, one tiger), a pillow, some satin ribbons. Kostya bought a leather wallet, a pillow, some sunflower seeds. I bought a book called "The Shapes of Our Theatres" by J. Mielziner--cost \$1. After the second flea market, I was the driver, so I was much more relaxed. We found a diner and "ate ourselves silly" for over an hour--repeated trips to a salad bar where mountains of potato salad, pickles, relishes, macaroni salad, beets and so on were to be had at no extra charge. I was back at 790 by about six PM. After yesterday and today, I am bracing myself for the week ahead.

You and your pet dog, Rex, can use 790 as your base of operations whenever and for as long as you like.

What will be our covered dish at the Griswold reunion? How about several loaves of bread and some butter; perhaps some cheese. I think we should avoid the baked beans--potato salad--macaroni salad--layer cake--jello mould route, don't you? When in Carbondale at the end of next week we shall have to phone and/or visit EG and offer her a ride over to Clinton and ask her advice about our covered dish. A weighty bundle of photographs should be prepared to take to the Griswold reunion. I shall work up my Griswold questions list for that occasion as well.

The observatory report: rather grim. Venus and Mars declared themselves last night. Tonight the moon was barely visible--the sky was hazy/murky/cloud-filled and Venus was not visible. Perhaps tomorrow night or Tuesday will be clear.

Tomorrow morning I sign up for my penultimate unemployment check, after doing which I will post this letter.

My regards to you and to your yearling beast/pet, Rex.

*S. Robert*



© 1999 National Wildlife Photographers Association

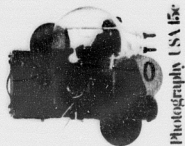
ROBIN



PURPLE CONEFLOWER

S. R. Powell  
790 Eleventh Ave., #33H  
New York, NY. 10019.

Donald W. Powell  
51 Bateman Avenue  
Cranesville, PA. 16410



806



August 3, 1978

Donald--

When you receive this letter you will have been in Carbon-dale for a week--over a week. Very hard to believe. I imagine your typewriter has been going at the proverbial mile-a-minute--not only your day-to-day work but also the new material stimulated by HLRP and WSP and The Homestead. Given your position at the parental hearth, would it not be a good idea to establish a sheet/notebook/series of pages/whatever for the explicit purpose of setting down genealogical tid-bits--preferably direct quotes--that you hear daily. You probably have been integrating such genealogical material in other work that you are at present doing. What I am suggesting is that you somehow separate all recently learned genealogical material from your other work so that you can easily deliver said material into my hands for inclusion in WSP AND HLRP: THEIR ANCESTORS, THEIR DESCENDANTS.

The last three weeks have been difficult. Very high highs, very low lows. I will declare the work (tentative title: COMPARATIVE AESTHETICS: A WORKBOOK) that I finished writing on July 14th to be a completed work on August 31, 1978. September first is, of course, looming ahead. At the moment I have not yet decided what will be next and am feeling VERY anxious about that day--more anxious about September first, if the truth be known, than I am about the work that I have just completed. What will be the structure that I will use to document the activity of my mind beginning on Sept. first?

One of the young women at Management Resources occasionally wears a very attractive blouse decorated with tulips. I took the trio of tulips from the seventeenth century to the office the other day to show her and suddenly the whole office was gasping over the Rose-Adam trio that you posted on July 25th. I also took the Wall Art Gallery Queen Elizabeth I to MRI to show my friend Ann Goodwin. I was unable to convince her that QE I looks very "natural" in that painting. I am overjoyed to have a full-color reproduction of the QE I in question. I wonder if the "unknown" artist was, in fact, Nicholas Hilliard. There must be a good source-book on Elizabethan portraiture? Perhaps you are writing one?

Is your maple-colored berger allemand presently sitting under his maple tree? I'm sure he occasionally--and longingly--thinks about his former back porch.

S. Robert



le 9 septembre 1978, 21 heures  
790 Eleventh Avenue, #33H  
New York, New York. 10019.

Le chef: S. Robert Powell  
Les invités: Sheryl W. Gross, Vincent F. Davi

L E M E N U

Ouverture

Champignons farcis

Tomates au basilic à l'huile  
(garniture chinoise)

Entrée

Suprêmes de volaille à brun,  
sauce brune au Porto

Légume

Purée de courge d'hiver

Dessert

Choux à la crème patissière

Thé au gingembre

Vin

*Soave Bella*

Cointreau

SEND INQUIRIES TO:

# STATEMENT OF ACCOUNT

INDIANA UNIVERSITY EMP FEDERAL CREDIT UNION  
P O BOX 397  
BLOOMINGTON IN 47401

1821000-03611

809

Each loan marked \* is an open-end loan. **FINANCE CHARGE** for open-end loans are computed by a periodic rate (stated below) applied to the unpaid balance for the exact number of days since your most recent loan or payment. The **ANNUAL PERCENTAGE RATE** is shown in the column below. Dates shown are the dates the credit union posted the amount to your account.

STATEMENT PERIOD	
FROM	TO
10-01-78	12-31-78
MEMBER NUMBER	
90 530	
SAC. SEC. NUMBER	
198-34-0586	1
PAGE	

S ROBERT POWELL  
R D 1  
CARBONDALE PA 18407

DATE			DESCRIPTION	ANNUAL PERCENTAGE RATE	FINANCE CHARGE	FEE & LATE CHARGES	PAYMENTS & CREDITS	BALANCE
MO	DAY	Y						
10	01	8	SHARE ACCOUNT 01				PREVIOUS BALANCE	843
10	31	8	DIVIDEND				003	846
11	30	8	DIVIDEND				003	849
12	31	8	DIVIDEND				003	852
12	31	8					NEW SHARE BALANCE	852

SPECIAL NOTICE DIVIDENDS ARE PAID MONTHLY  
FUNDS DEPOSITED BY THE 5TH OF A MONTH WHICH  
REMAIN IN YOUR ACCT UNTIL MONTH END EARN DIVIDENDS

DIVIDENDS OR INTEREST EARNED TO BE REPORTED  
TO THE INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE.

.33 1978

FOR YOUR  
INCOME TAX  
RECORDS

FINANCE CHARGE OR INTEREST  
PAID BY YOU ON THIS ACCOUNT

.00 1978

IN THE AMOUNT OF

IN

ARE

IN

NOTICE: SEE REVERSE SIDE FOR IMPORTANT INFORMATION REGARDING  
YOUR RIGHT TO DISPUTE BILLING (STATEMENT) ERRORS.

870

Concerning the announcement of an opening for an  
ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT that you have placed in  
THE NEW YORK POST of Wednesday, November 1, 1978  
(p. 104, col. 2), to wit:

ADMIN ASS'T.....\$275-300  
Excellent skills, organizational  
ability & able to supervise clerical  
staff. Will handle work-load for  
Chairman of the Board of Mdn Intl  
firm. All benefits including profit  
sharing. FEE PAID  
Call: MR. JASON 687-7570  
MAHONY Agency 16 E 42 St

I hereby name myself as a candidate for that position.  
Attached is a copy of my resume.

NEW YORK POST, Wednesday, November 1, 1978, p. 104 (col. 2)

ADMIN ASS'T.....\$275-300  
Excellent skills, organizational  
ability & able to supervise clerical  
staff. Will handle work-load for  
Chairman of the Board of Mdn Intl  
firm. All benefits including profit  
sharing. FEE PAID  
Call: MR. JASON 687-7570  
MAHONY Agency 16 E 42 St

811

DATE: November 6, 1978

TO: THE LYNNE PALMER AGENCY

FROM: Silas Robert Powell  
790 Eleventh Ave., #33H  
New York, New York 10019.

Telephone: JU-6-8100, ext. 563

PL-7-1415

RE: Registration with THE LYNNE PALMER AGENCY

As per our telephone conversation of  
November 1, 1978, I am enclosing three  
copies of my resume.

I am interested in a position in any of  
the following areas:

Research

Editorial

Production

Permissions



812

DATE: November 6, 1978

TO: BERT DAVIS AGENCY

FROM: Silas Robert Powell  
790 Eleventh Ave., #33H  
New York, New York 10019.

Telephone: JU-6-8100, ext. 563

PL-7-1415

RE: Registration with the BERT DAVIS AGENCY

As per our telephone conversation of  
November 1, 1978, I am enclosing one  
copy of my resume.

I am interested in a position in any of  
the following areas:

Research

Editorial

Production

Permissions

813

Concerning the announcement of an opening  
for an ASSISTANT EDITOR that you have placed  
in THE NEW YORK TIMES of November 9, 1978:

EDITOR

ASSISTANT EDITOR

entry level position, open on editorial  
staff of national business magazine in  
food field. Writing, editing, lay-out  
skills essential. Excel oppty for person  
seeking career in business press. Send  
resume and sal requirements X8529  
TIMES

I hereby name myself as a candidate for that  
position. Attached ia a copy of my resume.

814

Concerning the announcement of an opening  
for an ASSISTANT TO SUBSIDIARY RIGHTS DIRECTOR  
that you have placed in THE NEW YORK TIMES of  
November 9, 1978:

PUBLISHING

Asst to Sub Rights Dir

Excellent opportunity in prestigious  
trade publishing house. Dictating ma-  
chine typing a must. Handle contract  
research, own correspondence, diversi-  
fied responsibilities. Excellent offices  
& benefits. Salary depending upon ex-  
perience & ability. Submit resume, in-  
cluding salary history in confidence to:  
X8714 TIMES

An Equal Opportunity Employer

I hereby name myself as a candidate for that  
position. Attached is a copy of my resume.

815

Date: November 17, 1978

To: J. C. Penney Executive Search  
Dept. 265  
1301 Avenue of the Americas  
New York, NY 10019.

From: Silas Robert Powell  
790 Eleventh Ave., #33H  
New York, NY 10019.

212-586-8100, ext. 563

I wish to be considered for the position of  
ASSISTANT EDITOR at J. C. Penney, as announced  
in THE NEW YORK TIMES, F 31, November 12, 1978.  
Attached is a copy of my resume.



816

Concerning the announcement of an opening  
for an EDITOR NONFICTION that you have placed  
in PUBLISHERS WEEKLY (November 20, 1978, p. 63,  
col. 1):

EDITOR NONFICTION experienced  
and with a high productivity rate for  
medium-sized midtown NY trade  
house. Terrific opportunity to be in on  
all phases of your books. Salary open.  
Send resume to Box OW.

Attached is a copy of my résumé.

EDITOR NONFICTION experienced  
and with a high productivity rate for  
medium-sized midtown NY trade  
house. Terrific opportunity to be in on  
all phases of your books. Salary open.  
Send résumé to Box OW.

Concerning the opening in PERMISSIONS as  
advertised in Publishers Weekly (Vol. 214,  
No. 16, p. 124, column 3)

APPLICANT: Silas Robert Powell  
790 Eleventh Avenue, #33H  
New York, New York 10019.  
Telephone: 212-JU6-8100, Ext. 563

APPLICANT'S  
EDUCATION: 1961-1965 Pennsylvania State University  
B. A., French, 1965  
1965-1967 George Washington University  
M. A., French Literature, 1967  
1967-1974 Indiana University  
Ph.D., French Literature, 1974

818

#### PERMISSIONS EXPERIENCE

1972      Rights, Permissions and Reviews Editor  
            AMACOM  
            American Management Associations  
            135 West 50th Street  
            New York, New York 10020.

- in charge of all translations of AMA material into all languages; correspondence with authors and translators, completion of contracts, royalty and advance payments
- in charge of all requests to reprint material from AMA's business journals, monographs, research reports and research studies
- liaison work with public relations department and the media

#### OTHER PUBLISHING EXPERIENCE

1973-1975      Editor, Multimedia  
                  AMACOM  
                  American Management Associations  
                  135 West 50th Street  
                  New York, New York 10020.

1976-1977      Editor, Multimedia  
                  Management Resources, Inc.  
                  Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc.  
                  757 Third Avenue  
                  New York, New York 10017.

## TEACHING EXPERIENCE

- 1973-1974      Adjunct Lecturer in Modern Languages  
Brooklyn College of CUNY
- 1972-1973      French teacher  
Yeshiva High School  
Far Rockaway, NY
- 1970-1971      Assistant Professor of French  
State University of New York  
Oswego, NY
- 1967-1970      Teaching Associate in French  
Indiana University  
Bloomington, IN
- 1965-1967      Graduate Teaching Assistant in French  
George Washington University  
Washington, DC



820

TO: Box JM

Publishers Weekly

1180 Avenue of the Americas

New York, New York 10036.

821

PERMISSIONS. Major book publisher has opening for experienced individual to assume primary responsibility for granting permissions and general responsibility within contracts department. Excellent growth potential and company benefits. Salary commensurate with qualifications and experience. Please send résumé to Box JM. An equal opportunity employer.

822

# THE BOWERY

The Bowery Savings Bank  
110 East 42nd Street  
New York, New York 10017

DEAR DEPOSITOR:

WE ARE PLEASED TO INFORM YOU OF THE INTEREST CREDITED TO YOUR ACCOUNT(S) IN 1978. NOTE THAT ONLY ACCOUNTS EARNING \$10 OR MORE ARE SHOWN.

KEEP THIS STATEMENT FOR YOUR OWN TAX RECORDS

## YOUR ROWERY INTEREST FOR 1978

MR ROBERT S POWELL

IDENTIFYING NUMBER	BANK ACCOUNT NUMBER	BANK CODES	BANK ACCOUNT NUMBER(S)	INTEREST AMOUNT	PENALTY AMOUNT
198-34-0586	01-5514806	05-12222	01-5514806	11.59	

☐ MR ROBERT S POWELL  
790 11 AVE APT 33 H  
NY NY

10019

☐ INDICATES OWNER OF IDENTIFYING NUMBER

PLEASE SEE REVERSE SIDE



**BARCLAYS BANK  
OF NEW YORK**

491 MAIN STREET  
NEW ROCHELLE, N.Y. 10802  
914-636-3300

13-2674681

198-34-0586	60.95	51-61372-7
SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER	INTEREST AMOUNT	ACCOUNT NUMBER

## Statement of Savings Account Interest Paid

SILAS R POWELL  
790 11TH AVE  
APT 33-H  
N.Y., NY

10019

Shown above is the interest paid on your savings account during the calendar year

1978

The bank is required by law to report to the Internal Revenue Service on accounts paid interest of \$10.00 or more. Accordingly, a copy of this Form (1099) has been forwarded to the Internal Revenue Service. Please keep this statement for your tax records.

WE TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO THANK YOU FOR YOUR CONTINUED SAVINGS





824

S I L A S   R O B E R T   P O W E L L

790 ELEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, NY 10019.    212-757-1415

EDUCATION:

1961-1965    PENNSYLVANIA STATE UNIVERSITY  
B.A., FRENCH, 1965

1965-1967    GEORGE WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY  
M.A., FRENCH LITERATURE, 1967

1967-1974    INDIANA UNIVERSITY  
PH.D., FRENCH LITERATURE, 1974

MAJOR FIELDS:    NINETEENTH-CENTURY NOVEL  
MEDIEVAL LITERATURE

MINOR FIELDS:    PHONOLOGY  
FINE ARTS

LANGUAGE SKILLS:

--BILINGUAL (ENGLISH/FRENCH)  
--READING KNOWLEDGE OF GERMAN, LATIN  
AND ITALIAN

PUBLISHING EXPERIENCE:

1976-1978    EDITOR, MULTIMEDIA  
MANAGEMENT RESOURCES, INC.  
HARCOURT BRACE JOVANOVICH, INC.  
757 THIRD AVENUE  
NEW YORK, NY 10017.

1973-1975    EDITOR, MULTIMEDIA  
AMACOM  
AMERICAN MANAGEMENT ASSOCIATIONS  
135 WEST 50TH STREET  
NEW YORK, NY 10020.

1972    RIGHTS, PERMISSIONS AND REVIEWS EDITOR  
AMACOM  
AMERICAN MANAGEMENT ASSOCIATIONS  
135 WEST 50TH STREET  
NEW YORK, NY 10020.

## PUBLISHING EXPERIENCE

1976-1978

EDITOR, MULTIMEDIA  
MANAGEMENT RESOURCES, INC.  
HARCOURT BRACE JOVANOVIICH, INC.  
757 THIRD AVENUE  
NEW YORK, NY 10017.

- REVIEWED, EDITED AND WROTE COPY FOR MULTIMEDIA TRAINING PROGRAMS AND SEMINARS, RESEARCH REPORTS AND MONTHLY NEWSLETTERS
- COLLABORATED IN THE CREATION AND DEVELOPMENT OF NEW PRODUCT IDEAS AND IN THE EVALUATION OF THEIR POTENTIAL AND PRACTICALITY
- CONDUCTED ANALYTICAL RESEARCH TO IDENTIFY DATA FOR USE IN MRI TRAINING PROGRAMS, SEMINARS, RESEARCH REPORTS AND RESEARCH STUDIES AND TOOK THE NECESSARY STEPS TO SECURE THOSE DATA
- COLLABORATED IN THE SELECTION OF PHOTOGRAPHERS AND ILLUSTRATORS AND IN THE EVALUATION AND APPROVAL OF THEIR WORK
- SUPERVISED THE EDITING AND PRODUCTION OF SCRIPTS FOR AUDIO CASSETTES UTILIZED IN MULTIMEDIA TRAINING PROGRAMS AND SEMINARS
- ASSISTED IN THE PLANNING, DEVELOPMENT AND SCHEDULING OF ADVERTISING CAMPAIGNS AND SALES PROMOTION ACTIVITIES
- REVIEWED, EDITED AND WROTE COPY FOR ADVERTISEMENTS, BROCHURES, CATALOGUES AND DIRECT MAIL PIECES
- DIRECTED THE CLASSIFICATION, INDEXING, CATALOGUING, SHELVING AND CIRCULATION OF BOOKS, PERIODICALS AND TRAINING PROGRAMS IN MRI LIBRARY
- SERVED AS LIAISON BETWEEN MRI AND CONTRACTED AUTHORS, PHOTOGRAPHERS AND ILLUSTRATORS (COMPLETION OF CONTRACTS, ROYALTY AND ADVANCE PAYMENTS)
- WORKED WITH PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT IN THE PREPARATION OF BUDGETS, ANNUAL REPORTS, BUSINESS PROPOSALS AND PLANS
- SELECTED AND PROCURED BUSINESS MACHINES AND SERVICES

1973-1975

EDITOR, MULTIMEDIA  
AMACOM  
AMERICAN MANAGEMENT ASSOCIATIONS  
135 WEST 50TH STREET  
NEW YORK, NY 10020.

- WROTE ABSTRACTS AND DIGESTS OF CURRENT PERIODICAL LITERATURE FOR PUBLICATION IN AMACOM PERIODICALS AND RESEARCH REPORTS
- SUPERVISED THE EDITING OF MANUSCRIPTS AND PRODUCTION OF CAMERA-READY COPY AND MECHANICALS FOR
  - MONOGRAPHS AND BROCHURES UTILIZED IN MULTIMEDIA TRAINING PROGRAMS AND SEMINARS
  - REPRINTS AND REVISIONS OF RESEARCH STUDIES AND RESEARCH REPORTS
- COORDINATED FINAL ASSEMBLY AND PACKAGING OF MULTI-COMPONENT AUDIOVISUAL TRAINING PROGRAM FOR U. S. GOVERNMENT; SCHEDULED AND SUPERVISED WORK PERFORMED BY TWO 6-PERSON PRODUCTION TEAMS
- SERVED AS LIAISON BETWEEN AMACOM AND U. S. COPYRIGHT OFFICE; OBTAINED COPYRIGHTS FOR ALL AMACOM MULTIMEDIA TRAINING PROGRAMS AND SEMINARS

1972            RIGHTS, PERMISSIONS AND REVIEWS EDITOR  
                 AMACOM  
                 AMERICAN MANAGEMENT ASSOCIATIONS  
                 135 WEST 50TH STREET  
                 NEW YORK, NY 10020.

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S I L A S   R O B E R T   P O W E L L

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EDUCATION:

1961-1965    PENNSYLVANIA STATE UNIVERSITY  
B.A., FRENCH, 1965

1965-1967    GEORGE WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY  
M.A., FRENCH LITERATURE, 1967

1967-1974    INDIANA UNIVERSITY  
PH.D., FRENCH LITERATURE, 1974

MAJOR FIELDS:    NINETEENTH-CENTURY NOVEL  
MEDIEVAL LITERATURE

MINOR FIELDS:    PHONOLOGY  
FINE ARTS

LANGUAGE SKILLS:

--BILINGUAL (ENGLISH/FRENCH)  
--READING KNOWLEDGE OF GERMAN, LATIN  
AND ITALIAN

PUBLISHING EXPERIENCE:

1976-1978    EDITOR, MULTIMEDIA  
MANAGEMENT RESOURCES, INC.  
HARCOURT BRACE JOVANOVIH, INC.  
757 THIRD AVENUE  
NEW YORK, NY 10017.

1973-1975    EDITOR, MULTIMEDIA  
AMACOM  
AMERICAN MANAGEMENT ASSOCIATIONS  
135 WEST 50TH STREET  
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1972    RIGHTS, PERMISSIONS AND REVIEWS EDITOR  
AMACOM  
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## PUBLISHING EXPERIENCE

1976-1978

EDITOR, MULTIMEDIA  
MANAGEMENT RESOURCES, INC.  
HARCOURT BRACE JOVANOVIICH, INC.  
757 THIRD AVENUE  
NEW YORK, NY 10017.

- REVIEWED, EDITED AND WROTE COPY FOR MULTIMEDIA TRAINING PROGRAMS AND SEMINARS, RESEARCH REPORTS AND MONTHLY NEWSLETTERS
- COLLABORATED IN THE CREATION AND DEVELOPMENT OF NEW PRODUCT IDEAS AND IN THE EVALUATION OF THEIR POTENTIAL AND PRACTICALITY
- CONDUCTED ANALYTICAL RESEARCH TO IDENTIFY DATA FOR USE IN MRI TRAINING PROGRAMS, SEMINARS, RESEARCH REPORTS AND RESEARCH STUDIES AND TOOK THE NECESSARY STEPS TO SECURE THOSE DATA
- COLLABORATED IN THE SELECTION OF PHOTOGRAPHERS AND ILLUSTRATORS AND IN THE EVALUATION AND APPROVAL OF THEIR WORK
- SUPERVISED THE EDITING AND PRODUCTION OF SCRIPTS FOR AUDIO CASSETTES UTILIZED IN MULTIMEDIA TRAINING PROGRAMS AND SEMINARS
- ASSISTED IN THE PLANNING, DEVELOPMENT AND SCHEDULING OF ADVERTISING CAMPAIGNS AND SALES PROMOTION ACTIVITIES
- REVIEWED, EDITED AND WROTE COPY FOR ADVERTISEMENTS, BROCHURES, CATALOGUES AND DIRECT MAIL PIECES
- DIRECTED THE CLASSIFICATION, INDEXING, CATALOGUING, SHELVING AND CIRCULATION OF BOOKS, PERIODICALS AND TRAINING PROGRAMS IN MRI LIBRARY
- SERVED AS LIAISON BETWEEN MRI AND CONTRACTED AUTHORS, PHOTOGRAPHERS AND ILLUSTRATORS (COMPLETION OF CONTRACTS, ROYALTY AND ADVANCE PAYMENTS)
- WORKED WITH PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT IN THE PREPARATION OF BUDGETS, ANNUAL REPORTS, BUSINESS PROPOSALS AND PLANS
- SELECTED AND PROCURED BUSINESS MACHINES AND SERVICES

1973-1975

EDITOR, MULTIMEDIA  
AMACOM  
AMERICAN MANAGEMENT ASSOCIATIONS  
135 WEST 50TH STREET  
NEW YORK, NY 10020.

- WROTE ABSTRACTS AND DIGESTS OF CURRENT PERIODICAL LITERATURE FOR PUBLICATION IN AMACOM PERIODICALS AND RESEARCH REPORTS
- SUPERVISED THE EDITING OF MANUSCRIPTS AND PRODUCTION OF CAMERA-READY COPY AND MECHANICALS FOR
  - MONOGRAPHS AND BROCHURES UTILIZED IN MULTIMEDIA TRAINING PROGRAMS AND SEMINARS
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- COORDINATED FINAL ASSEMBLY AND PACKAGING OF MULTI-COMPONENT AUDIOVISUAL TRAINING PROGRAM FOR U. S. GOVERNMENT; SCHEDULED AND SUPERVISED WORK PERFORMED BY TWO 6-PERSON PRODUCTION TEAMS
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1979

832

1/1979 - 12/1979 -

[790 Eleventh ave, #33H  
NYC, NY 10019

January 1979 - started as a  
"temporary office worker"  
at "new Dimensions"  
(phone 687-0350); then  
all led to Blyth Eastman  
Paine Webber and then  
Solomon Brothers.

6/10/79 - first day as "temp" for Scully

7/9/1979 - on payroll at BECO,  
working for Bob Scully;  
until 3-24-80, when I  
went to Solomon Brothers  
with Scully.

P33

January 1, 1979

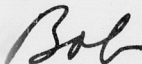
Dr. Thomas Marshall  
Department of French  
113 Sheldon Hall  
State University of New York  
Oswego, New York 13126.

Dear Tom,

I am interested in re-entering the college teaching arena once again. Any possibilities of an opening at Oswego for September 1979? If not, perhaps you can tell me the name of a departmental chairperson who might have an opening in his/her department for September 1979 for someone with my areas of specialization?

All is well with me and I hope that all is well with you.

Sincerely,



Silas Robert Powell  
790 Eleventh Ave., #33H  
New York, NY 10019.

Telephone: 212-757-1415

Some production facts about the first printing of the First Edition of Volume I of SRP:

--the four copies were printed by Gallery Printing and Duplicating Company on a Xerox 9200 in the office of Gallery Printing and Duplicating Company at 68 West Third Street, NY, NY 10012, telephone 475-2074. The typescript was delivered by SRP to the office of Gallery Printing and Duplicating Company at 104 West 45th Street, NY, NY 10036, telephone 575-0344 in five parts:

<u>Number of Pages</u>	<u>Page Numbers</u>	<u>Delivered</u>	<u>Picked Up</u>	<u>Cost</u>
156	000-900	01-08-79	01-09-79	\$ 40.44
242	901-1912	01-09-79	01-10-79	62.72
256	1913-2906	01-10-79	01-12-79	66.35
198	2907-4220	01-11-79	01-12-79	51.27
46	pages to be re-printed due to print- ing errors	01-15-79	01-15-79	5.96
				<hr/> \$226.74

--on Wednesday, January 17, 1979, SRP delivered 4 complete copies of the first printing of the First Edition of Volume I of SRP to De Ray-Braun Bookbinders, Inc. (915 Broadway, New York, NY 10010, 477-0550), and stipulated that they be bound in library bindings, cover color AAB-490.

--On Monday, January 22, 1979, SRP telephoned Leonard Braun (who was out of town at the time when SRP delivered the four copies to De Ray-Braun on 01-17-79) to find out when the bound volumes would be ready. Leonard Braun: "Call me on Friday and I'll be able to tell you when they will be ready."

--On Friday, January 26, 1979, SRP telephoned De Ray-Braun Bookbinders and spoke with Leonard Braun who informed him that the books might be ready on Tuesday, January 30, 1979.

--On Tuesday, January 30, 1979, SRP telephoned Leonard Braun, who stated: "They should be ready late Thursday afternoon."

--On Thursday, February 1, 1979, SRP telephoned Leonard Braun, who stated: "They're ready."

--On Thursday, February 1, 1979, SRP picked up the four bound copies of the first printing of the First Edition of Volume I of SRP; price for binding each volume, \$15.25; total price for binding the four volumes, plus tax, \$66.95.



Preparatory Notes . . . .  
(first edition)

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pp 000-900 (156 pp)	1-8-79	B 1384	delivered printing cost	01-08-79	01-09-79	\$40.44
pp 901-1912 (242 pp)	1-9-79	B 1405		01-09-79	01-10-79	\$62.72
pp 1913-2906 (256 pp)	1-10-79	B 1411		01-10-79	01-12-79	\$66.35
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(46 pp) - Re-do -	1-15-79	B 1460		1-15-79		\$5.96
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The quantity of genealogical information in "PN...T" is most remarkable. "PN...T" is an extremely significant product of my New York years. If I hadn't done all the necessary genealogical work for the volume when I did, it would never have gotten done. I hope that that body of genealogical information survives for a good long time.

SRP

5/18/99



Production costs of 4 bound  
volumes of PN ... T

Printing - \$226.74

Binding - 66.95

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\$293.69

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Bound copy to : HLRP / WSP  
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840  
January 26, 1979

Peter Pasqualino  
Gallery Printing and Duplicating Company  
68 West Third Street  
New York, NY 10012.

Dear Peter Pasqualino:

I am writing you this letter for two reasons:

(1) to thank you for your assistance in overcoming the difficulties I encountered in having fulfilled the photocopy orders that I placed with Gallery Printing and Duplicating Company in the period January 8-15, 1979.

(2) to present to Gallery Printing and Duplicating Company, through you, a brief outline of a business proposal that can, I think, be financially rewarding for Gallery Printing and Duplicating Company and for myself, namely:

PROPOSAL: To add a typing/word processing/editorial/copy editing service to the services presently available from Gallery Printing and Duplicating Company.

PERSONNEL REQUIRED: One highly-skilled typist with broad editorial and production experience. In the beginning that typist would be me. (Whatever other aptitudes I might have, and whatever other capabilities I might possess--see enclosed resume--I am not only a skilled typist but also a skilled typist who likes to type.) As the work load increases, other typists (with whom I have worked or who have worked for me) will be added to staff.

EQUIPMENT REQUIRED: At the outset, one IBM Selectric II, plus 4 or 5 changeable type elements for that machine. Rental cost of that machine--under \$50/month; purchase price of each element--\$20.

SPACE REQUIRED: A small area of the present office space of Gallery Printing at 68 West Third Street--space enough for one table and a chair.

NATURE OF THE WORK LOAD:

A. the while-you-wait jobs--ten pages or less (letters, resumes, short reports); typing while-you-wait would be available only at West Third Street.

# The Romance of Old Photos

Vintage nineteenth-century photographs are the current delight and sensation of the art world. When old prints are put up for sale in auction houses in London, New York or Los Angeles, the room is invariably jammed with rapt and youthful bidders. They ogle the images unveiled on center stage—just as the Countess Castiglione once peered coyly through a tiny photographic frame in a rare 1855 portrait attributed to the court photographer of Napoleon III, her lover. They sigh when the auctioneer unveils faded, chocolate-brown albumen prints from the 1880s, or tiny, flawless daguerreotypes. The modern eye—and pocketbook—is suddenly focusing on prints produced in photography's "primitive" decades, finding beauty and value where five years ago there was considered to be little of either. Recently, two bidders for a prize catch at Sotheby Parke Bernet in New York traded blows before a shocked—but understanding—gallery filled with enthusiasts.

The story of the rise of the old, shopworn photograph from cellar relic to chic objet d'art is partly a matter of soaring prices. The current value of William Fox Talbot's "The Pencil of Nature," a book of nature studies published in 1844-46, is \$50,000. (It was \$6,375 five years ago.) In 1964, the value of the immense Gernsheim collection of early photographs at the University of Texas was about \$360,000; it is now worth an estimated \$4 to \$5 million. More important, the interest in old photographs has created a new generation of collectors and scholars and a series of stunning rediscoveries, not only of overlooked artists but of whole movements. And it has inspired the appearance of groundbreaking exhibitions that are bringing the fresh news about the past to an increasingly interested and sophisticated public. "We're constantly pushing back the frontier," says collector-dealer George Rinhart, 33. "It's like Italian painting before Bernard Berenson defined it."

**Ebullient:** That frontier is currently being explored in several important exhibitions. The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York is the host for the first major American show of portraits by Félix Nadar, an ebullient Parisian photographer of the mid-nineteenth century. The Boston Museum of Fine Arts is exhibiting an extraordinary group of daguerreotypes by Albert Southworth and Josiah Hawes, the American masters of this lost medium. Princeton University's library is unveiling a selection from its cache of vintage prints, da-

guerreotypes and early albums, including a rare copy of Talbot's "Pencil." The San Francisco Museum of Modern Art has amassed more than 225 samples of "California Pictorialism," an early romantic, soft-focus movement that produced significant artists like Arnold Genthe and—later—Edward Weston.

Nadar and Southworth-Hawes are the brightest stars in this galaxy. For too long Nadar has been dismissed as the bird's-

eye photographer of Paris—thanks partly to a Daumier drawing showing him aloft in a balloon with camera—and as a minor figure whose studio was used for exhibitions by his friends, the impressionist painters. At the Met he is revealed as a master of the portrait in a carefully selected group of 50 images drawn from the voluminous holdings of Samuel Wagstaff Jr., the doyen of the new collectors. Nadar excels most of all in his command of light, which he used with dramatic effect, whether to outline the formidable novelist George Sand, whose richly gathered gown is bathed in light, or artist Gustave Doré, presented half in brilliant sunlight, half in deep shadow.

**Keen:** The achievements of Southworth and Hawes in mid-nineteenth-century Boston come as an even greater surprise. As partners they were aggressively commercial, opening their studio to anyone regardless of class or distinction who could pay to be daguerreotyped—the early process that produced sharp-edged likenesses on a tiny silver-coated copper plate. Like Nadar, Southworth and Hawes were keen on capturing the inner life of their subjects, both the known and unknown. Their 1851 portrait of courtesan Lola Montez, lounging wantonly with a forbidden ciga-



Metropolitan Museum of Art

Countess Castiglione poses coyly in 1855: An era of rediscoveries

rette in her hand, is but one of many examples of an esthetic that seems astonishingly modernist in its candor and its lack of posed formality.

In an art system that puts a premium on individuality and the recognition of personal style, the anonymity of many nineteenth-century photographic masters is a problem. "I constantly come across incredible images that are unsigned and undated," says Clifford Ackley, a curator at the Boston Museum. He and others in the field are resurrecting a host of forgotten names who deserve to be ranked with Julia Margaret Cameron and Eadweard Muybridge. They include such brilliant artists as Gustave Le Gray, a French master of land-sky-sea compositions, made by blending images from several negatives; the American Carleton Watkins, who

discovered the wonders of Yosemite in 1861 (before Muybridge) and defined a direct, frontal esthetic for landscape photography; Alexander Gardner, a Scotsman whose album of Civil War images equals those of Mathew Brady, and the astonishing A.C. Vroman, who recorded the faces of the Southwest American Indians in the 1890s and early 1900s with a cutting eye that rivals the work of Diane Arbus.

Behind these rediscoveries is a small cadre of collectors and scholars, many of whom have switched abruptly from careers in traditional art to photography. Once a major curator and collector of '60s art, Sam Wagstaff began selling off his paintings in 1970 and replacing them with thousands of vintage prints. "Nineteenth-century photography has never been *seen* until now," he says. "No wonder we're all so excited." John Coplans, the former editor of *Artforum* magazine and a connoisseur of avant-garde art, converted more recently, but just as abruptly. "I sold everything I had to buy Watkins and the other American landscape people—William Jackson, T.H. O'Sullivan and more," he says. Daniel Wolf, 21, a collector and dealer who owns 6,000 prints, says simply, "As soon as I saw a book of Vroman's pictures five years ago I knew I had to find and buy them."

**Fascination:** The question is whether the dizzying upward spiral of prices and interest can be sustained. Last week's auction of old photographs at Sotheby Parke Bernet resulted in as many low prices as high ones (Gardner's two-volume Civil War album, for example, sold for \$17,000, slightly less than expected). And Harry Lunn, the most active and voracious of American dealers, believes a period of stability is setting in: "We have brought prices up from a time when the vintage print was tremendously undervalued to parity, no more." But interest—indeed, fascination—is another matter. "We are just beginning to understand," says Weston Naef, the influential young curator at the Metropolitan, "what made exceedingly important artists—like Watkins, Vroman, Le Gray and an amazing Brazilian named Marc Ferrez—tick."

The real enigma is the enduring appeal of the primitive image—often disfigured and fading—to the modern mind. Some collectors and critics love old photos because they are the perfect antidote to abstract modern art, in their emphasis on subject over style. Others are lured by the wide-open nature of a field in which major discoveries lie ahead.

But surely the appeal is deeper and more positive than this. To generations formed on film and television, the instant image—burnished in these prints with signs of age—is irresistible, endowed with a power that the "timeless" painting cannot match. At its best, the vintage print transforms us all into *v*yeurs of a moment authenticated by the lens, and preserved forever in time.

—DOUGLAS DAVIS with MARY ROURKE in New York and bureau reports

Newsweek, February 21, 1977

[see herein, p. 284,  
for more on  
"The Countess."]



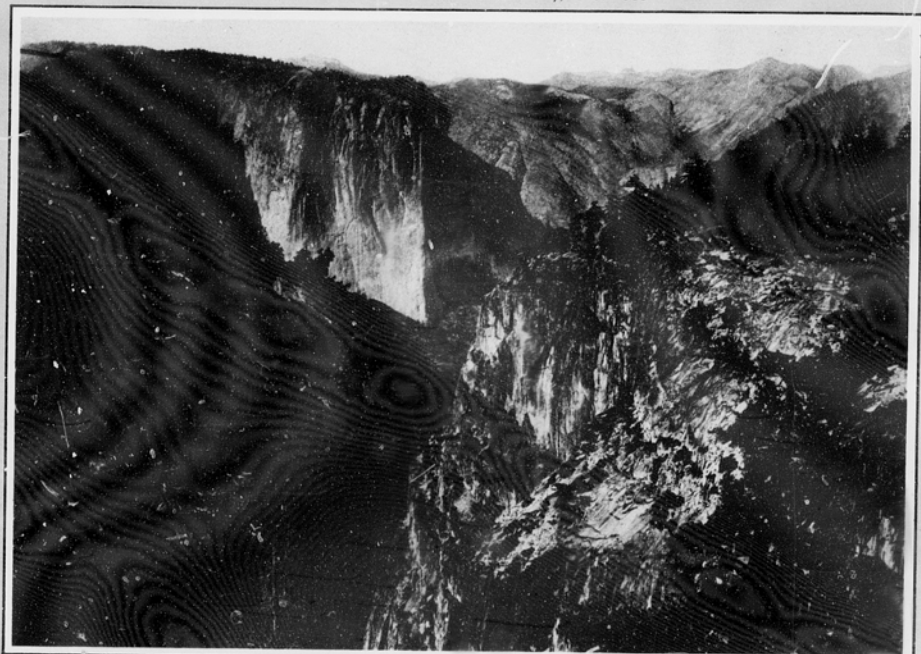
Nadar's 'George Sand,' circa 1864



Nadar's 'Gustave Doré,' circa 1855

Photo courtesy of Samuel Wanstall Jr.

Watkins's 'First View of Yosemite Valley,' circa 1866



Courtesy of John C. ...





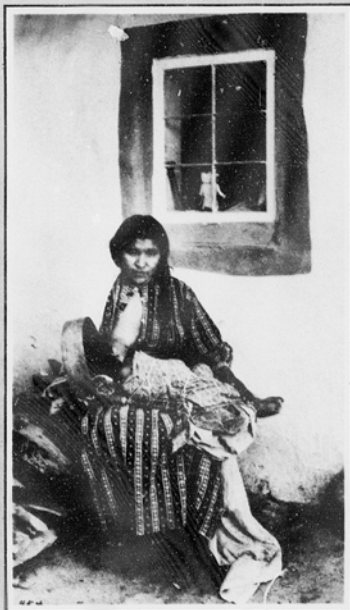
Photo courtesy of Daniel Wolf

From Gardner's Civil War album (1866)



Metropolitan Museum of Art

Southworth and Hawes's 'Lola Montez' (1851)



From Vroman's 'Indian Pueblos' (1902)

715

*Steven Powell*

TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

NEW YORK OFFICE

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March 1977

Cover design by Erik Kovanen, The Psychological Corporation

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3082	Pittari, Bartolomeo	J. M. Riehle	14
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RECEIPT FOR SPECIFIC BEQUEST

*mom's  
mother's  
sister*

The undersigned, being a legatee under the provisions of Article THIRD of the Last Will and Testament of Edna L. Loomis, Deceased, does hereby acknowledge receipt of his legacy of two \$1,000 General Motors Acceptance Corporation debentures, 5%, due 1981, received this 29th day of April, 1977 from William W. Slocum, Jr., Executor of the Estate of Edna L. Loomis, Dec.

*Silas R. Powell*

Silas R. Powell  
Box 29, R.D. 1  
Carbondale, PA 18407

HILL, LEWIS, ADAMS, GOODRICH & TAIT  
By: William W. Slocum, Jr. (P20589)  
101 Southfield Road, Suite 205  
Birmingham, Michigan 48009  
642-9692



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LAW OFFICES OF  
HILL, LEWIS, ADAMS, GOODRICH & TAIT  
101 SOUTHFIELD ROAD  
BIRMINGHAM, MICHIGAN 48009

William W. Slocum, Jr.  
101 Southfield Road, Suite 205  
Birmingham, Michigan 48009

780

**WNCN 104.3**  
**FM**



**GAF**  
**Broadcasting**  
**Company, Inc.**

2 West 45 Street  
New York NY 10036

212 867 6171

May 20, 1977

Mr. S. Robert Powell  
168 West 86th Street, #14D  
New York, N.Y. 10024

Dear Mr. Powell,

Thank you for your kind comments about the new WNCN series "For The Love of Music." Yours was the first response we received for the new program, and the enthusiasm you communicated was much appreciated.

Thank you for writing, and for listening to WNCN.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Matt Biberfeld".

Matt Biberfeld  
Program Director

The move to 790 Eleventh avenue:

Saw Joseph King's ad in the 7/4/77  
issue of WISDOM's CHILD:

## Real Estate

### APARTMENT SHARES D36

Mature Woman wanted to share beautiful 3 rm apt. Own room. Excellent location. West 70's.

Call 877-5689

APT. SHARE Lincoln Center vic. Female. Own rm. Priv. bath. Furn. A/C. Terrace. River View. 24 hr. doorman. All util. \$250. Ref. Box #1. c/o Wisdom's Child.

Woman has W.E. Ave. Apt. Own BR & Bath. 1980's & sunny. 24 hr. dmn. \$200 mo. 856-7724.

Come share with us. Mother & 2 kids (13, 14) spec. 8 rm. apt. friendly W.E. bldg. Aug. occup. Mess. Ann Box 219.

724-7400

Roommate needed. Small room in pleasant PSD Apt. \$135. Call Marc days 262-3420; eve late 222-8812.

Apt. to share. Juilliard student will share his 72nd WEA. doorman, prime spot, W/1 or 2. \$175 for 1 ref. & sec. 724-7342.

CPW on 95 St. Female seeks one or two females to share huge sunny 7 rm apt. 24 hr doorman. \$155 mo. or \$245 mo. 866-6816. Eves.

W. 119 St. Woman. Own sunny room \$135 mo. Conven. loc. 824-8878 9-6. Live name & tel. or call after 12 noon 866-7280 Avail. Immed.

2 consid. neat females seek same to share huge apt. own cozy rm. Well-kpt bldg., RSD & 96 Non-smrk. \$140.

Call 850-1478. Eves.

Upper W. Side Woman to share large beautifully furn. 5 1/2 rms. 2 bdms. piano, art studio. 24 hr. doorman \$170. 866-6337.

X W 54th St share light, airy apt pict window w/ Hudson own br/ rm. King 881-8181 or 222-5212 eves & wkends

121 at Amsterdam Sunny, pleasant 2 br apt. Avail Immed. for a female non-smoker \$147 mo. call Pat 865-8852

East End Ave. 80's Female with female 3 1/2 luxury rooms, river view, 24-hr doorman, air cond., color TV, \$175 mo. RH4-3028.

FEMALE wanted to share lig. sunny apt. w/2 others June-Sept 1 (or later) nr. Col. Own furn rm piano \$140 866-6506 eves.

W. 90's. Your own room. Modern bldg. For summer share \$137. After Sept. 1, \$157. Call Bob. First at 874-0325 or 866-4561.

### APARTMENT SHARES D36

APARTMENT TO SHARE 2 women seek roommate Call: Carly or Rita 724-3548

Morn before 8 AM, Eve after 8:30

W. 98, nr. 8 Way. Huge rm. In spacious 7 rm apt. 1frg. eat-in kitch & homey liv. rm. for female to sh. w/females. Secure dmn bldg. Gd. block. 140mo. Call 866-9089 eves.

Female Teacher & lecturer seeks woman for fab. lux. apt. Best loc. (lower 5th ave) \$240mo. util. inc. trav. Keep try GR3-3264.

Two Females seek 3rd to share large homey W. side apt. Secure elev. bldg. own rm. \$177 mo. Call 222-1584.

Creative Fem. has sunny furn. rm. in lg. gdn. apt. W. 123 St. Month for responsible fem. ONLY. Non-smok. exs. bldg. sec. 865-5310.

← \$140/month;  
gas & electric  
included



Phone on West 86th Street —

724-7090 — disconnected  
on 7-11-77 at 5 P.M.

Phone on 790 Eleventh Avenue —

757-1415 — Connected on  
7-18-77

— SRP to pick up key to 33H  
from Mrs. Catherine Flood  
530 W. 55th, #4A  
581-5883

In the same issue of WISDOM's  
CHILD (7-4-1977), I saw the ad  
 for Oscar's Trucking that is given  
 below, and arranged for them to  
 move me from 86th Street to  
 790 Eleventh Avenue:

## City Service Directory

### TRUCKERS

**HUCKLEBERRY TRUCK** 5th season.  
 Reasonable people at reasonable rates.  
 Call:

724-6543 or service 824-9403

**Carl Beate Inflation W/out Tears**  
 truck & 2 men \$180/hr insured storage,  
 local/long distance 744-1385

#### Student Group

Household or Commercial  
 Reliable and Ethical  
 477-4778 and 477-4611

#### Moreman Trucking

Small or Large Jobs.  
 We Haul Anything 7 Days  
 24 Hrs. Call 682-1010.

#### \$20 FREE BOXES

EACH MOVE WITH THIS AD  
**Star Trek Mover, Inc.**

Long Distance+local  
 PACKING—INSURED—STORAGE  
 982-8331

Rubbish Removal+Attics Cleaned

**Beethoven Piano Movers**  
 fully equipped, professional insured  
 24 hours 744-1385

#### George's Boys

Anything  
 Anywhere  
 Quickly  
 Courteously  
 Carefully  
 242-5722

### TRUCKERS

**T.J.B. Insured Movers**—No Job too  
 small or too large. Across the street or  
 across the country. 7-days, 24 hrs.  
 279-3720. Special Fla. Calif. 685.

**CHANGING APTS?**  
 Big Norm The Toting Actor  
 MAN & TRUCK \$13/hr.  
 245-3973 242-9511

#### EXPERIENCED AND INSURED

**The Trucking Co.**  
 HOME, OFFICE, ANTIQUES, ART  
 Local & Long Distance  
 679-7438

**MOVING**—a very special service.  
 Any commodity moved. Courteous  
 and Professional Men. Every job  
 owner supervised. Free Est.  
 Dick K'nch 242-2802.

**GAY TRUCKER**  
 Local—Long Distance Packing  
 Storage—Resident—Comm.  
 473-5014

**15 YEARS OF EXPERIENCE**  
 Trucking • Deliveries • Moves  
 Reasonable—Flat Rates. 7 Days a Wk.  
 Ask for Bob or Lee. 874-2183

**OSCAR'S TRUCKING**  
 Fast, reliable service  
 Low rates—Anytime  
 786-7718

**Good People Movers.**  
 \$12 per hr.  
 A place or an apartment. Anytime.  
 You can help. Joe 864-2828

**SPIRIT MOVERS**  
 Above and Beyond  
 The Accepted Effort  
 877-1944

**MOVING??**  
 STUDENT WITH VANI  
 Local and Long Distance  
 \$12 per hr. 622-3229

### TRUCKERS

**GRADUATE**  
 CAREFUL WORK 24 HOURS  
 FAIR RATES • EVERYWHERE  
 864-0151

**Bob & Station Wagon**  
 \$600/hr reliable 7 days/night  
 744-1385

**Thirty Movers, Depression Rates.** Serving  
 your neighborhood. Save money on  
 travel time. Flat rate for small loads. 24  
 hrs. 7 days. 255-7902

No cost:  
 \$19/hour;  
 the move  
 was made  
 on Monday  
 at 1:30 P.M.

784

TO:

FROM: S. Robert Powell

NOTICE OF CHANGE OF ADDRESS (effective July 14, 1977)

old address: 168 West 86th Street, #14D  
New York, NY. 10024.

new address: 790 Eleventh Avenue, #33H  
New York, NY. 10019.

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**memorandum**

**to**  
**from**  
**date**

HBJ, INC. (Personnel Dept.)

S. Robert Powell  
Employee #00090

*+ Payroll*

August 1, 1977

NOTICE OF CHANGE OF ADDRESS:

New Address: 790 Eleventh Avenue, #33H  
New York, NY. 10019.

Old Address: 168 West 86th St., #14D  
New York, NY. 10024.



080977

Donald-

Just as the Queen Elizabeth II was sailing for Cherbourg/  
Southampton last night I became aware of what was wrong  
with the arrangement of my New York residence--it had no  
theme and it gave the impression of being only a single  
room.

My New York residence is currently divided, like ancient  
Gaul and all well-made French sentences, into three spacious  
rooms each of which is related to a dominant theme--nature.

To celebrate the tripartite division of my New York residence I  
send you the enclosed copies of three poems that I re-read last  
night: (1) The World Is Too Much with Us; Late and Soon of  
William Wordsworth (2) On the Extinction of the Venetian  
Republic of William Wordsworth and (3) On Seeing the Elgin  
Marbles for the First Time of John Keats.

SI

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH  
WITH US; LATE AND SOON

The world is too much with us; late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;  
Little we see in Nature that is ours;  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!  
The sea that bares her bosom to the moon,  
The winds that will be howling at all hours,  
And are upgathered now like sleeping flowers;  
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;  
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be  
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn, 10  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;  
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

1804

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE  
VENETIAN REPUBLIC

Once did she hold the gorgeous east in fee;  
And was the safeguard of the west; the worth  
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,  
Venice, the eldest child of Liberty.  
She was a maiden city, bright and free;  
No guile seduced, no force could violate;  
And, when she took unto herself a mate,  
She must espouse the everlasting sea.  
And what if she had seen those glories fade,  
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay; 10  
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid  
When her long life hath reached its final day:  
Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade  
Of that which once was great, is passed away.

1802

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

ON SEEING THE ELGIN MARBLES  
FOR THE FIRST TIME

My spirit is too weak; mortality  
Weighs heavily on me like unwilling sleep,  
And each imagined pinnacle and steep  
Of godlike hardship tells me I must die  
Like a sick eagle looking at the sky.  
Yet 'tis a gentle luxury to weep,  
That I have not the cloudy winds to keep  
Fresh for the opening of the morning's eye.  
Such dim-conceived glories of the brain  
Bring round the heart an indescribable feud; 10  
So do these wonders a most dizzy pain,  
That mingles Grecian grandeur with the rude  
Wasting of old Time— with a billowy main,  
A sun, a shadow of a magnitude.

March, 1817

JOHN KEATS

August 17, 1977

Dear Mom and Dad,

Donald and I are planning to spend the Labor Day weekend in Carbondale. Donald has some dissertation research to do at The Metropolitan Museum of Art and will arrive in New York on August 30th in the evening. We will leave for Carbondale (in all probability) on September 3rd in the morning. I will take the afternoon bus for New York from Carbondale on the sixth of September--perhaps the early morning bus on the seventh.

Mom, thanks for relaying the information from Edith Gardner about the Griswold family reunion on August 17, 1977 (it's going on as I type these words). The idea of a covered dish dinner in the Clinton Grange Hall sounds wonderful. Perhaps next year I'll be able to attend.

Thank you also for the clipping about Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Rude--whoever they are. In my next letter to Laura A. Loomis Rude I'll ask her if she knows who they are--they must be related to Walter F. Rude, don't you think?

I recently received a very informative letter from Laura A. Loomis Rude, a copy of which is enclosed (Letter #154) as is a copy of the letter that I initially sent to her (Letter #144) as is a copy of the letter that I wrote to her today (Letter #157). If you can fill in any of the blanks on the Francis Earl Loomis/Mary E. Paynter charts, please do so and show the charts to me when I am in Carbondale.

See you on September third.

Love,

*J. Mober*

789

August 26, 1977

Dear Mom,

I have just written (and mailed) a letter to Edith Gardner.

Instead of waiting until I arrive in Carbondale next Saturday to show a copy of that letter to you, I have decided that it would be best if I mailed a copy of that letter to you this morning.

I do so for the following reason: As you can see from the last two paragraphs of that letter, Donald and I are hoping to be able to arrange a visit with Edith Gardner over the Labor Day weekend. She may just telephone you after she receives my letter and say "yes" or "no" to any or all of the suggestions that I have made in the last two paragraphs of my letter to her. That is why I wanted you to have a copy of my letter to her before next Saturday--so that you would know what she is talking about in the event that she calls you about our projected visit with her sometime over the Labor Day weekend.

I'm wondering if I should pack winter clothes for the Labor Day weekend?

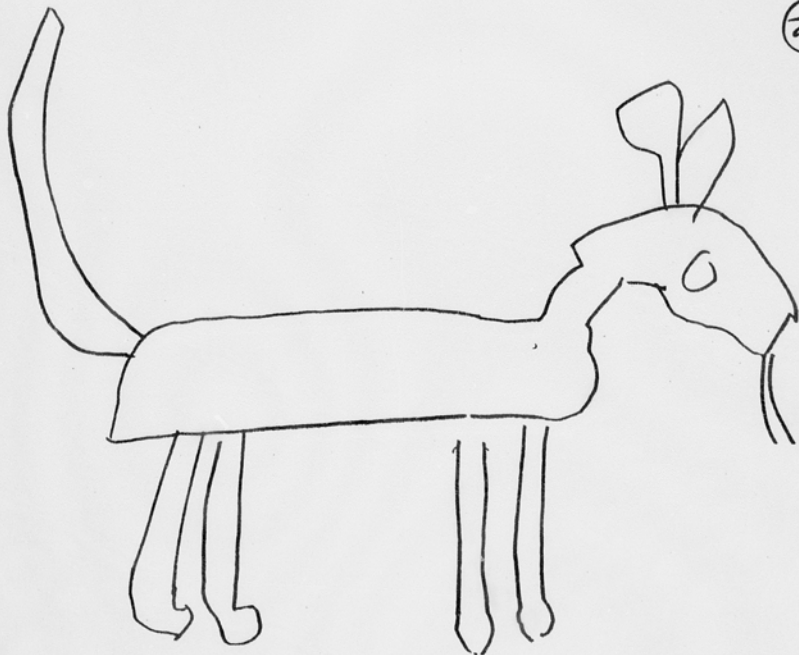
Love,

Robert



190

(22)



A free sketch of Vaclav taken by S. R. Powell as he (that is, Vaclav) pursued grasshoppers (the green variety) in the Porter Kennedy Cemetery in Pleasant Mount, PA. on September 4, 1977.

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HARCOURT  
BRACE  
JOVANOVIH

*NEW YORK OFFICE*

TELEPHONE  
DIRECTORY

*October 1977*

3122	Poole, Claire	Royalty	3
3122	Porfido, Rae	Royalty	3
4489	Portalatin, Carmen	J. M. Riehle	14
3455	Poushter, Ianne	Payroll	3
4456	Powell, James	Mail Room	1
3322	Powell, Robert	Management Resources	25
3624	Power, Elaine	Psych. Corp.	4
4442	Powers, William	Eastern Sales	18
2511	Preston, Jeffrey	HBJ Publications	15
3601	Prestwood, Hugh	Psych. Corp.	6
3650	Primka, Martha	School Production	7
3860	Procton, Lauren	School Editorial	9
3774	Prussin, Phyllis	School Editorial	9
3840	Psychoyos, Janet	Chairman's Office	9
4229	Pullin, William A.	College	11
3891	Puschel, Natalia	School Editorial	9

Q

3397	Quinones, Enio	Customer Service	2
2167	Quirk, William	Management Resources	25

R

3133	Raanan, Susan	Psych. Corp.	4
3341	Raboy, Mitchell	Guidance Assoc.	12
2529	Race, Janice	School Editorial	8
3582	Radner, Martin	School Production	6
2514	Ragonesi, Jack	HBJ Publications	15
2490	Rahim, Zai	Accounts Receivable	3
3821	Ralicki, Wanda	Saddle Brook	NJ
2693	Rameizl, Mary Ann	J. M. Riehle	14
4316	Raskin, Ellen	HBJ Publications	14
4266	Rasmussen, Kay	College Sales	11

## HEALTH INSURANCE CONVERSION POLICY

793

The Insured

Register Date

Initial Premium

Policy Number

Initial Term

A Mutual Company  
Organized  
July 26, 1859



The **EQUITABLE** Life Assurance Society  
of the United States

1285 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10019

**Agrees**, subject to the Exceptions and Reductions provision on page nine and to the further provisions of this policy, to pay the benefits provided by this policy.

### RENEWABLE SUBJECT TO CONSENT OF EQUITABLE

This policy is renewable subject to the consent of the Equitable, as provided in the Renewal provision on page eleven. Any renewal of this policy and the renewal premium, however, will take into account any automatic termination of coverage on an adult Covered Person at the end of the day before that person's Medicare Eligibility Date as provided in the Termination of Coverage provision on page two.

### NOTICE OF TEN-DAY RIGHT TO EXAMINE POLICY

Within ten days after receipt of this policy, the Insured may return it to the Equitable with written request for cancellation. Such return of the policy will void the policy from the beginning and the premium paid will be refunded.

The provisions on the following pages are part of this policy.

President

Vice President  
and Secretary

Assistant Registrar

### HEALTH INSURANCE CONVERSION POLICY

Renewable Subject to Consent of Equitable.  
Schedule of Benefits on page three.

HC 117



194

THE INSURED	S ROBERT PCWELL	OCT 1, 1977	REGISTER DATE
INITIAL PREMIUM	\$76.41	HAC 77 885 831	POLICY NUMBER
INITIAL TERM	3 MONTHS		

# SCHEDULE OF BENEFITS

## HOSPITAL EXPENSE BENEFIT - SEE PAGE FIVE

MAXIMUM DAILY BENEFIT FOR ROOM AND BOARD	\$50.00
MAXIMUM BENEFIT PERIOD	70 DAYS
MAXIMUM BENEFIT FOR ADDITIONAL CHARGES	\$500.00

## SURGICAL EXPENSE BENEFIT - SEE PAGE FIVE

MAXIMUM SURGICAL BENEFIT	\$750.00
--------------------------	----------

## MAJOR MEDICAL EXPENSE BENEFIT - SEE PAGE EIGHT

BASIC DEDUCTIBLE	\$500.00
BASIC BENEFIT PERCENTAGE	80%
HOSPITAL DAILY ROOM AND BOARD MAXIMUM	\$65.00
SURGICAL SCHEDULE MAXIMUM	\$1,000.00
BENEFIT MAXIMUM	\$20,000.00

SEE AGE LIMITS IN COVERED PERSON PROVISION

DATE OF ISSUE NCV 3, 1977



Crivello

*"So you've read my books and you've brought wine. Good."*

• •

THE NEW YORKER , Nov. 21, 1977 , p. 55

# VICKERS

A COMPLETE LINE OF HYDRAULIC EQUIPMENT

## DELIVERY FROM STOCK

- Vane Pumps
- Piston Pumps
- Directional Controls
- Hydraulic Motors
- Flow & Pressure Controls
- Power Packages
- Hydraulic Accessories

546 SO. COLUMBUS AVE. MOUNT VERNON, N.Y. 10550

Powell Edna 1470 AmstrdmAv	234-7630	480 St Nicholas Av	283-7541
Powell Edw 301 W127	866-7174	Powell Norman Rev 65 W127	427-1615
Powell Edw W 165 WstEndAv	787-1210	Powell Norman Emery atty 60E42	687-4972
Powell Elsie 229 W144	281-5511	Powell O 80 1Av	OR 7-2732
Powell Ernest E 2465 8Av	368-7787	Powell Olease Mrs 150 W140	AD 4-0114
Powell Ernest E 425 W160	781-7014	Powell Olga 382 WadsworthAv	795-7493
Powell Eunice 45 Sutr Pls	753-5459	Powell Ollie Mrs 245 W113	749-4959
Powell Evelyn 38 E126	289-0838	Powell P 520 2Av	689-9262
Powell Everard Jr 2110 1Av	369-2784	Powell P 347 W55	C17-8443
Powell F 320 W75	787-1875	Powell P G 331 E29	679-0392
Powell Frank 356 W116	UN 5-9188	Powell P J 305 E86	876-4309
Powell Fred R 65 W90	595-4396	Powell Pat films 78 Hoyt Bklyn	522-0457
Powell G 198 Bowery	966-7404	Powell Pauline 228 E115	427-0169
Powell G 2861 Exterior	562-9193	Powell Pauline S Mrs 2101 MadAv	862-0920
Powell Garland W 1961 MadAv	F18-3689	Powell Paulus P Rear Adm Ret b	
Powell Geneva 1 ConventAv	666-9010	130 Cedar	WO 4-3033
Powell Gerald 370 RivDr	222-2755	Powell Peter 331 E58	832-8427
Powell Geraldine 282 Chery	233-0107	Powell Posie Mrs 313 W114	666-7886
Powell H 261 W116	666-4015	Powell R 103 Charles	AL 5-8117
Powell Harriet 11 W69	TR 7-7945	Powell R 24 5Av	533-1365
Powell Hattie 91 W119	542-3884	Powell R 103 W118	590-3202
Powell Herbert 249 W61	LT 1-7976	Powell R 129 W147	283-6705
Powell Hersey 519 W150	926-0692	Powell R P Rev 2430 7Av	281-3487
Powell Hilda 163 W126	663-5394	Powell Ralph J 577 Isham	567-6031
Powell Homer L 532 W143	AU 1-0424	Powell Raiston b	
Powell Ida 1840 7Av	666-0486	809 NostrandAv Bklyn	778-3590
Powell Ida Mrs 575 Grand	228-9323	Powell Raiston b	
Powell Irwin A 955 LexAv	RE 4-3919	1864 NostrandAv Bklyn	469-9100
Powell J DosorisLn GlnCov	516 676-0232	Powell Raymond F	
Powell J 1619 3Av	860-1934	654 St NicholasAv	663-4876
Powell J 1619 3Av	860-1938	Powell Richard G leyr 48 Wall	952-8111
Powell J 331 E58	832-8427	Powell Robt E CPA 420 LexAv	867-8000
Powell J 324 W84	362-5745	Powell Robert I Mrs b 625 5Av	TE 8-0800
Powell J 78 W131	234-1317	Powell Robert L 310 E70	734-6849
Powell J C 323 W14	691-9488	Powell Rosa 121 W144	862-0074
Powell J C 140 E56	751-8360	Powell Rosetta 2979 8Av	926-9188
Powell J E 788 ColmsAv	850-7599	Powell Roy W 560 W162	WA 7-0988
Powell J L 45 EastEndAv	734-6006	Powell S 252 W20	691-5978
Powell J T 815 Grenwh	675-6006	Powell S Mrs 205 W89	799-7824
Powell Jack 34 HillisAv	LO 7-8466	Powell S A 308 W147	368-0013
Powell Jack 109 Thompson	925-7274	Powell S J 215 E68	YU 8-1372
Powell Jack S 336 Canal	966-1953	Powell S Robert 168 W56	724-7090
Powell & Jacobs lwyrs 11 E44	867-3089	Powell Sallie W 2569 7Av	283-6793
Powell James 427 E69	879-7233	Powell Sam 825 CimbusAv	AC 2-3104
Powell James 56 W126	876-4585	Powell Sami A 50 W97	222-1830
Powell James Jr 509 W212	569-4528	Powell Sandra 152 W49	869-0147
Powell Jas D 301 W153	AD 4-3057	Powell Sarah 109 W119	858-4643
*Powell James H 411 W45	582-5928	Powell Savory Corp 2340 8Av	222-7800
Powell James H 120 E81	744-5983	Powell Scott 105 RivDr	580-7344
Powell Jean Harcourt 950 7Av	757-7450	Powell Sonia B 163 W126	864-4397
Powell Jeanne 63 W67	757-6005	Powell T 31 E21	777-8470
Powell Jerry Evan 435 W119	749-4365	Powell T 427 W26	695-2490
Powell Jesse 615 W150	AU 1-3804	Powell T M 520 E20	OR 3-7987
Powell Jessie Lee 2680 8Av	690-5253	Powell T W 70 W95	864-0583
Powell Joe 225 W12	675-2331	Powell Tedd 10 Chrstphr	989-4077
Powell Joel 58 E56	472-2464	Powell Teddy music pubshr	
Powell John 50 ManhtnAv	850-7163	1650 Bway	CI 5-7281
Powell John 207 E74	734-7137	Powell Teddy Enterprises 114 E55	935-1050
Powell John 39 W129	289-7593	Powell Thos 238 E82	288-7601
Powell John A Dr podiatrist		Powell Thomas 235 W102	866-7085
143 W119	866-9574	Powell Timothy 300 W12	691-2299
Powell John E 1295 AmstrdmAv	666-3656	Powell Tony 152 Mercer	966-7284
Powell John W 330 W47	586-2869	Powell Tyler 1451 LexAv	427-4622
Powell Jos 215 E84	861-4296	Powell V 219 E10	533-2643
Powell Jos D 223 E 5	673-0225	Powell V 501 W113	666-5042

797

FORM 1099 - Retain for your records. Pg 39503

**U. S. INFORMATION RETURN**

TAXPAYER IDENT. NO. 198-34-0586  
ACCOUNT NO. 000-158-8219  
CALENDAR YEAR 1977

SILAS R. POWELL  
RD 1 BOX 29  
CARBONDALE PA 18407

INTEREST PAID  
\$100.00

ISSUE IDENTIFICATION  
58-DUE 3/15/1981

NOT NEGOTIABLE  
GENERAL MOTORS ACCEPTANCE CORPORATION  
New York, N. Y. 10022  
38-0572512

TO WHOM PAID

BY WHOM PAID



1978

1/1978 - 12/1978 -

[790 Eleventh ave, #33H  
NYC, NY 10019

Phone: 757-1415

January - June - collected  
unemployment insurance  
from my job at  
Management Resources, Inc.

January 26, 1978

Dear Mom and Dad,

The vitamin-A-plus-fresh-air treatment seems to be working very well. My nose and I thank you for the free medical advice.

The enclosed pages about the old deeds and such at home have recently been typed and I thought you might like to see them. The next project will be to figure out exactly what land each deed is for.

All is well with me and I hope the same for you.

Love  
Bob

018-111003-03  
**SILAS R. POWELL**  
 790 - 11TH AVE., APT. 33H  
 NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019

03-13 1978  $\frac{11}{2260}$

PAY TO THE  
ORDER OF\_

Carl

Fifteen dollars & no. 10

DOLLARS

# THE BOWERY.

THE BOWERY SAVINGS BANK  
110 EAST 42ND STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

John R. Powell

MEMO

① 1:2260 7014: 018 111003 211 0127

GODWIN, MARYLLETT

06-06-78

VHH (on the telephone to SRP as SRP was arranging for the SRP and DWP visit with VHH on 06-14-78 at 2 PM):

"You know you sound a lot like Uncle Artie [brother of Silas Powell]. Did anybody ever tell you that?"



802

Wednesday, June 7, 1978

DWP and I will be arriving in Carbondale  
either in the evening on June 13th or in  
the morning on June 14th.

Hold all mail.

See you shortly.

*Bob*

John Hancock

Patriot



U.S. Domestic Rate

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Powell

HOMESTEAD GOLF COURSE

R. D. # 1

Carbondale, PA. 18407.

July 9, 1978

803

Donald--

Your phone call of last evening (between eight thirty and nine) came into my life as I was deep in the throes of an "abdication/emigration crisis," that is, my etat d'ame last evening (and for much of yesterday afternoon for that matter) was not unlike that of Victoria Regina et Imperatrix during moments when the royal personage was feeling highly disoriented/non-focused/out of sorts. During such crisis moments, VRI invariably threatened to abdicate and/or emigrate to Australia--much to the dismay of her ministers. My etat d'ame yesterday afternoon and evening was, in other words, not unlike that of Emma Bovary when she was forced to come to terms with some rather pressing matters in her life. Not unlike VRI or EB I entertained the possibility of physical flight--instead of confronting the issue pack your bags and run run run. In the end, I did not--even though my bags were figuratively packed for much of the afternoon. The Copland concert that was taking place as you telephoned caused me to unpack the figurative bags that I had packed earlier in the day.

My highly agitated state of yesterday afternoon and evening was caused by the fact that I am about to complete the book on art upon which I have been working for over three years. One would think that at this point I would feel sublimely oriented/focused. In many ways, I do. The light at the end of the tunnel so to speak is crystal clear--on July 14th I will complete said book. Yesterday afternoon I became aware of that fact--which doubtless caused the highly agitated etat d'ame referred to in paragraph one above. I am not at all surprised that I reacted as I did when I became aware of that fact--the target so to speak upon which I have been focusing for these three years and some is about to be taken away (is about to be written away) and I am about to be left in the lurch. Knowing what I do about myself and about my working habits/work-schedule, I am somewhat surprised that said crisis did not take place earlier. All that being as it may, I have once again plunged headlong into the writing of the final pages. Friday should be a thrilling day.

I spent a large portion of today with Kate and Kostya in Northern New Jersey--if you please. Kate located two "must" flea markets in the newspaper ads. Both were advertised as being "10 minutes from the George Washington Bridge"--Kate and I discovered that we have the same strong aversion to giving distances not in terms of quantity of space to be crossed rather in terms of quantity of time to elapse as an indefinite quantity of space is crossed. The persons who come up with such indications of distance presumptuously assume that all motorists will travel at exactly the same speed that they (being the norm) do. Highly irritating. It took us about an hour, after having crossed the GW Bridge, to find the first of the two flea markets.

The problem was not that the "10 minute" indication was wrong--the problem was that Kostya had decided to draw his own map of Northern New Jersey--to simplify the problem of reading the printed maps of said state--and had left all official maps at home. After about fifty minutes of missed exits, hair-raising lane switches, sudden stops to read "the map" (all of which took place in over 90 degree heat and 90 percent humidity), we finally located the first market. It was dreadful. It made the sidewalk vendors greet seem elegant. The second flea market was no better. If anything, it was more vulgar than the first. [Like most people who live near large cities--but who in fact have very little if anything to do with those cities--the esteemed citizens of New Jersey have such pretensions about themselves--living as they do so near to "the city." At the moment I can not decide who are more disgusting--those people who live just outside of New York or those people who live just outside of Philadelphia.] After we arrived at the second flea market I came very near to declaring that I was getting out of the car and getting the next bus back to New York. I did not. K & K were very busy siezing bargains--Kate bought three dressing gowns (one leopard, one ocelot, one tiger), a pillow, some satin ribbons. Kostya bought a leather wallet, a pillow, some sunflower seeds. I bought a book called "The Shapes of Our Theatres" by J. Mielziner--cost \$1. After the second flea market, I was the driver, so I was much more relaxed. We found a diner and "ate ourselves silly" for over an hour--repeated trips to a salad bar where mountains of potato salad, pickles, relishes, macaroni salad, beets and so on were to be had at no extra charge. I was back at 790 by about six PM. After yesterday and today, I am bracing myself for the week ahead.

You and your pet dog, Rex, can use 790 as your base of operations whenever and for as long as you like.

What will be our covered dish at the Griswold reunion? How about several loaves of bread and some butter; perhaps some cheese. I think we should avoid the baked beans--potato salad--macaroni salad--layer cake--jello mould route, don't you? When in Carbondale at the end of next week we shall have to phone and/or visit EG and offer her a ride over to Clinton and ask her advice about our covered dish. A weighty bundle of photographs should be prepared to take to the Griswold reunion. I shall work up my Griswold questions list for that occasion as well.

The observatory report: rather grim. Venus and Mars declared themselves last night. Tonight the moon was barely visible--the sky was hazy/murky/cloud-filled and Venus was not visible. Perhaps tomorrow night or Tuesday will be clear.

Tomorrow morning I sign up for my penultimate unemployment check, after doing which I will post this letter.

My regards to you and to your yearling beast/pet, Rex.

*S. Robert*



ROBIN

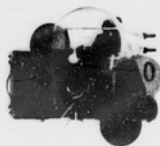


PURPLE CONEFLOWER



S. R. Powell  
790 Eleventh Ave., #33H  
New York, NY. 10019.

Donald W. Powell  
51 Bateman Avenue  
Cranesville, PA. 16410



Photography USA Inc

806

August 3, 1978

Donald--

When you receive this letter you will have been in Carbon-dale for a week--over a week. Very hard to believe. I imagine your typewriter has been going at the proverbial mile-a-minute--not only your day-to-day work but also the new material stimulated by HLRP and WSP and The Homestead. Given your position at the parental hearth, would it not be a good idea to establish a sheet/notebook/series of pages/whatever for the explicit purpose of setting down genealogical tid-bits--preferably direct quotes--that you hear daily. You probably have been integrating such genealogical material in other work that you are at present doing. What I am suggesting is that you somehow separate all recently learned genealogical material from your other work so that you can easily deliver said material into my hands for inclusion in WSP AND HLRP: THEIR ANCESTORS, THEIR DESCENDANTS.

The last three weeks have been difficult. Very high highs, very low lows. I will declare the work (tentative title: COMPARATIVE AESTHETICS: A WORKBOOK) that I finished writing on July 14th to be a completed work on August 31, 1978. September first is, of course, looming ahead. At the moment I have not yet decided what will be next and am feeling VERY anxious about that day--more anxious about September first, if the truth be known, than I am about the work that I have just completed. What will be the structure that I will use to document the activity of my mind beginning on Sept. first?

One of the young women at Management Resources occasionally wears a very attractive blouse decorated with tulips. I took the trio of tulips from the seventeenth century to the office the other day to show her and suddenly the whole office was gasping over the Rose Nam trio that you posted on July 25th. I also took the Wall Art Gallery Queen Elizabeth I to MRI to show my friend Ann Goodwin. I was unable to convince her that QE I looks very "natural" in that painting. I am overjoyed to have a full-color reproduction of the QE I in question. I wonder if the "unknown" artist was, in fact, Nicholas Hilliard. There must be a good source-book on Elizabethan portraiture? Perhaps you are writing one?

Is your maple-colored berger allemand presently sitting under his maple tree? I'm sure he occasionally--and longingly--thinks about his former back porch.

S. Robert

le 9 septembre 1978, 21 heures  
790 Eleventh Avenue, #33H  
New York, New York. 10019.

Le chef: S. Robert Powell  
Les invités: Sheryl W. Gross, Vincent F. Davi

L E M E N U

Ouverture

Champignons farcis

Tomates au basilic à l'huile  
(garniture chinoise)

Entrée

Suprêmes de volaille à brun,  
sauce brune au Porto

Légume

Purée de courge d'hiver

Dessert

Choux à la crème patissière

Thé au gingembre

Vin

*Soave Bella*

Cointreau

SEND INQUIRIES TO:

# STATEMENT OF ACCOUNT

INDIANA UNIVERSITY EMP FEDERAL CREDIT UNION  
P O BOX 397  
BLOOMINGTON IN 47401

1821000-03611

809

Each loan marked \* is an open-end loan. FINANCE CHARGE for open-end loans are computed by a periodic rate (stated below) applied to the unpaid balance for the exact number of days since your most recent loan or payment. The ANNUAL PERCENTAGE RATE is shown in the column below. Dates shown are the dates the credit union posted the amount to your account.

STATEMENT PERIOD	
FROM	TO
10-01-78	12-31-78
MEMBER NUMBER	
90 530	
SAC. SEC. NUMBER	
198-34-0586	1
PAGE	

S ROBERT POWELL  
R D 1  
CARBONDALE PA 18407

DATE	DESCRIPTION	ANNUAL PERCENTAGE RATE	FINANCE CHARGE	SEE & LATE CHARGES	PAYMENTS & CREDITS	BALANCE
MO	DAY	Y				
10	01	8	SHARE ACCOUNT 01		PREVIOUS BALANCE	843
10	31	8	DIVIDEND		003	846
11	30	8	DIVIDEND		003	849
12	31	8	DIVIDEND		003	852
12	31	8			NEW SHARE BALANCE	852

SPECIAL NOTICE DIVIDENDS ARE PAID MONTHLY  
FUNDS DEPOSITED BY THE 5TH OF A MONTH WHICH  
REMAIN IN YOUR ACCT UNTIL MONTH END EARN DIVIDENDS

DIVIDENDS OR INTEREST EARNED TO BE REPORTED TO THE INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE.	FOR YOUR INCOME TAX RECORDS	FINANCE CHARGE OR INTEREST PAID BY YOU ON THIS ACCOUNT
.33	1978	.00 1978
IN THE AMOUNT OF	IN	ARE IN

NOTICE: SEE REVERSE SIDE FOR IMPORTANT INFORMATION REGARDING YOUR RIGHT TO DISPUTE BILLING (STATEMENT) ERRORS.



Concerning the announcement of an opening for an  
ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT that you have placed in  
THE NEW YORK POST of Wednesday, November 1, 1978  
(p. 104, col. 2), to wit:

ADMIN ASS'T.....\$275-300  
Excellent skills, organizational  
ability & able to supervise clerical  
staff. Will handle work-load for  
Chairman of the Board of Mdn Intl  
firm. All benefits including profit  
sharing. FEE PAID  
Call: MR. JASON 687-7570  
MAHONY Agency 16 E 42 St

I hereby name myself as a candidate for that position.  
Attached is a copy of my resume.

NEW YORK POST, Wednesday, November 1, 1978, p. 104 (col. 2)

ADMIN ASS'T.....\$275-300  
Excellent skills, organizational  
ability & able to supervise clerical  
staff. Will handle work-load for  
Chairman of the Board of Mdn Intl  
firm. All benefits including profit  
sharing. FEE PAID  
Call: MR. JASON 687-7570  
MAHONY Agency 16 E 42 St

811

DATE: November 6, 1978

TO: THE LYNNE PALMER AGENCY

FROM: Silas Robert Powell  
790 Eleventh Ave., #33H  
New York, New York 10019.

Telephone: JU-6-8100, ext. 563

PL-7-1415

RE: Registration with THE LYNNE PALMER AGENCY

As per our telephone conversation of  
November 1, 1978, I am enclosing three  
copies of my resume.

I am interested in a position in any of  
the following areas:

Research

Editorial

Production

Permissions

812

DATE: November 6, 1978

TO: BERT DAVIS AGENCY

FROM: Silas Robert Powell  
790 Eleventh Ave., #33H  
New York, New York 10019.

Telephone: JU-6-8100, ext. 563

PL-7-1415

RE: Registration with the BERT DAVIS AGENCY

As per our telephone conversation of  
November 1, 1978, I am enclosing one  
copy of my resume.

I am interested in a position in any of  
the following areas:

Research

Editorial

Production

Permissions

Concerning the announcement of an opening  
for an ASSISTANT EDITOR that you have placed  
in THE NEW YORK TIMES of November 9, 1978:

EDITOR

ASSISTANT EDITOR

entry level position, open on editorial  
staff of national business magazine in  
food field. Writing, editing, lay-out  
skills essential. Excel oppty for person  
seeking career in business press. Send  
resume and sal requirements X8529  
TIMES

I hereby name myself as a candidate for that  
position. Attached ia a copy of my resume.



814

Concerning the announcement of an opening  
for an ASSISTANT TO SUBSIDIARY RIGHTS DIRECTOR  
that you have placed in THE NEW YORK TIMES of  
November 9, 1978:

PUBLISHING

Asst to Sub Rights Dir

Excellent opportunity in prestigious  
trade publishing house. Dictating ma-  
chine typing a must. Handle contract  
research, own correspondence, diversi-  
fied responsibilities. Excellent offices  
& benefits. Salary depending upon ex-  
perience & ability. Submit resume, in-  
cluding salary history in confidence to:  
X8714 TIMES

An Equal Opportunity Employer

I hereby name myself as a candidate for that  
position. Attached is a copy of my resume.

815

Date: November 17, 1978

To: J. C. Penney Executive Search  
Dept. 265  
1301 Avenue of the Americas  
New York, NY 10019.

From: Silas Robert Powell  
790 Eleventh Ave., #33H  
New York, NY 10019.

212-586-8100, ext. 563

I wish to be considered for the position of  
ASSISTANT EDITOR at J. C. Penney, as announced  
in THE NEW YORK TIMES, F 31, November 12, 1978.  
Attached is a copy of my resume.

816

Concerning the announcement of an opening  
for an EDITOR NONFICTION that you have placed  
in PUBLISHERS WEEKLY (November 20, 1978, p. 63,  
col. 1):

EDITOR NONFICTION experienced  
and with a high productivity rate for  
medium-sized midtown NY trade  
house. Terrific opportunity to be in on  
all phases of your books. Salary open.  
Send resume to Box OW.

Attached is a copy of my résumé.

EDITOR NONFICTION experienced  
and with a high productivity rate for  
medium-sized midtown NY trade  
house. Terrific opportunity to be in on  
all phases of your books. Salary open.  
Send résumé to Box OW.

Concerning the opening in PERMISSIONS as  
advertised in Publishers Weekly (Vol. 214,  
No. 16, p. 124, column 3)

APPLICANT: Silas Robert Powell  
790 Eleventh Avenue, #33H  
New York, New York 10019.  
Telephone: 212-JU6-8100, Ext. 563

APPLICANT'S  
EDUCATION: 1961-1965 Pennsylvania State University  
B. A., French, 1965  
1965-1967 George Washington University  
M. A., French Literature, 1967  
1967-1974 Indiana University  
Ph.D., French Literature, 1974



## PERMISSIONS EXPERIENCE

1972      Rights, Permissions and Reviews Editor  
            AMACOM  
            American Management Associations  
            135 West 50th Street  
            New York, New York 10020.

- in charge of all translations of AMA material into all languages; correspondence with authors and translators, completion of contracts, royalty and advance payments
- in charge of all requests to reprint material from AMA's business journals, monographs, research reports and research studies
- liaison work with public relations department and the media

## OTHER PUBLISHING EXPERIENCE

1973-1975      Editor, Multimedia  
                  AMACOM  
                  American Management Associations  
                  135 West 50th Street  
                  New York, New York 10020.

1976-1977      Editor, Multimedia  
                  Management Resources, Inc.  
                  Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc.  
                  757 Third Avenue  
                  New York, New York 10017.

## TEACHING EXPERIENCE

- 1973-1974      Adjunct Lecturer in Modern Languages  
Brooklyn College of CUNY
- 1972-1973      French teacher  
Yeshiva High School  
Far Rockaway, NY
- 1970-1971      Assistant Professor of French  
State University of New York  
Oswego, NY
- 1967-1970      Teaching Associate in French  
Indiana University  
Bloomington, IN
- 1965-1967      Graduate Teaching Assistant in French  
George Washington University  
Washington, DC

820

TO: Box JM

Publishers Weekly

1180 Avenue of the Americas

New York, New York 10036.

821

**PERMISSIONS.** Major book publisher has opening for experienced individual to assume primary responsibility for granting permissions and general responsibility within contracts department. Excellent growth potential and company benefits. Salary commensurate with qualifications and experience. Please send résumé to Box JM. An equal opportunity employer.



822

**THE BOWERY**

The Bowery Savings Bank  
110 East 42nd Street  
New York, New York 10017

DEAR DEPOSITOR:

WE ARE PLEASED TO INFORM YOU OF THE INTEREST CREDITED TO YOUR ACCOUNT(S) IN 1978. NOTE THAT ONLY ACCOUNTS EARNING \$10 OR MORE ARE SHOWN.

KEEP THIS STATEMENT FOR YOUR OWN TAX RECORDS

**YOUR ROWERY INTEREST FOR 1978****MR ROBERT S POWELL**

IDENTIFYING NUMBER	BANK ACCOUNT NUMBER	BANK CODES	BANK ACCOUNT NUMBER(S)	INTEREST AMOUNT	PENALTY AMOUNT
198-34-0586	01-5514806	05-12222	01-9514806	11.59	
<input type="checkbox"/> MR ROBERT S POWELL 790 11 AVE APT 33 H NY NY 10019					
<input type="checkbox"/> INDICATES OWNER OF IDENTIFYING NUMBER			PLEASE SEE REVERSE SIDE		



**BARCLAYS BANK  
OF NEW YORK**

491 MAIN STREET  
NEW ROCHELLE, N.Y. 10802  
914-636-3300

13-2674681

198-34-0586	60.95	51-61372-7
SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER	INTEREST AMOUNT	ACCOUNT NUMBER

**Statement of  
Savings Account  
Interest Paid**

SILAS R POWELL  
790 11TH AVE  
APT 33-H  
N.Y., NY

10019

Shown above is the interest paid on your savings account during the calendar year

1978

The bank is required by law to report to the Internal Revenue Service on accounts paid interest of \$10.00 or more. Accordingly, a copy of this Form (1099) has been forwarded to the Internal Revenue Service. Please keep this statement for your tax records.

WE TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO THANK YOU FOR YOUR CONTINUED SAVINGS



824

S I L A S   R O B E R T   P O W E L L

790 ELEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, NY 10019.    212-757-1415

EDUCATION:

1961-1965    PENNSYLVANIA STATE UNIVERSITY  
B.A., FRENCH, 1965

1965-1967    GEORGE WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY  
M.A., FRENCH LITERATURE, 1967

1967-1974    INDIANA UNIVERSITY  
PH.D., FRENCH LITERATURE, 1974

MAJOR FIELDS:    NINETEENTH-CENTURY NOVEL  
MEDIEVAL LITERATURE

MINOR FIELDS:    PHONOLOGY  
FINE ARTS

LANGUAGE SKILLS:

--BILINGUAL (ENGLISH/FRENCH)  
--READING KNOWLEDGE OF GERMAN, LATIN  
AND ITALIAN

PUBLISHING EXPERIENCE:

1976-1978    EDITOR, MULTIMEDIA  
MANAGEMENT RESOURCES, INC.  
HARCOURT BRACE JOVANOVIH, INC.  
757 THIRD AVENUE  
NEW YORK, NY 10017.

1973-1975    EDITOR, MULTIMEDIA  
AMACOM  
AMERICAN MANAGEMENT ASSOCIATIONS  
135 WEST 50TH STREET  
NEW YORK, NY 10020.

1972    RIGHTS, PERMISSIONS AND REVIEWS EDITOR  
AMACOM  
AMERICAN MANAGEMENT ASSOCIATIONS  
135 WEST 50TH STREET  
NEW YORK, NY 10020.

## PUBLISHING EXPERIENCE

1976-1978

EDITOR, MULTIMEDIA  
MANAGEMENT RESOURCES, INC.  
HARCOURT BRACE JOVANOVIICH, INC.  
757 THIRD AVENUE  
NEW YORK, NY 10017.

- REVIEWED, EDITED AND WROTE COPY FOR MULTIMEDIA TRAINING PROGRAMS AND SEMINARS, RESEARCH REPORTS AND MONTHLY NEWSLETTERS
- COLLABORATED IN THE CREATION AND DEVELOPMENT OF NEW PRODUCT IDEAS AND IN THE EVALUATION OF THEIR POTENTIAL AND PRACTICALITY
- CONDUCTED ANALYTICAL RESEARCH TO IDENTIFY DATA FOR USE IN MRI TRAINING PROGRAMS, SEMINARS, RESEARCH REPORTS AND RESEARCH STUDIES AND TOOK THE NECESSARY STEPS TO SECURE THOSE DATA
- COLLABORATED IN THE SELECTION OF PHOTOGRAPHERS AND ILLUSTRATORS AND IN THE EVALUATION AND APPROVAL OF THEIR WORK
- SUPERVISED THE EDITING AND PRODUCTION OF SCRIPTS FOR AUDIO CASSETTES UTILIZED IN MULTIMEDIA TRAINING PROGRAMS AND SEMINARS
- ASSISTED IN THE PLANNING, DEVELOPMENT AND SCHEDULING OF ADVERTISING CAMPAIGNS AND SALES PROMOTION ACTIVITIES
- REVIEWED, EDITED AND WROTE COPY FOR ADVERTISEMENTS, BROCHURES, CATALOGUES AND DIRECT MAIL PIECES
- DIRECTED THE CLASSIFICATION, INDEXING, CATALOGUING, SHELVING AND CIRCULATION OF BOOKS, PERIODICALS AND TRAINING PROGRAMS IN MRI LIBRARY
- SERVED AS LIAISON BETWEEN MRI AND CONTRACTED AUTHORS, PHOTOGRAPHERS AND ILLUSTRATORS (COMPLETION OF CONTRACTS, ROYALTY AND ADVANCE PAYMENTS)
- WORKED WITH PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT IN THE PREPARATION OF BUDGETS, ANNUAL REPORTS, BUSINESS PROPOSALS AND PLANS
- SELECTED AND PROCURED BUSINESS MACHINES AND SERVICES



1973-1975

EDITOR, MULTIMEDIA  
AMACOM  
AMERICAN MANAGEMENT ASSOCIATIONS  
135 WEST 50TH STREET  
NEW YORK, NY 10020.

- WROTE ABSTRACTS AND DIGESTS OF CURRENT PERIODICAL LITERATURE FOR PUBLICATION IN AMACOM PERIODICALS AND RESEARCH REPORTS
- SUPERVISED THE EDITING OF MANUSCRIPTS AND PRODUCTION OF CAMERA-READY COPY AND MECHANICALS FOR
  - MONOGRAPHS AND BROCHURES UTILIZED IN MULTIMEDIA TRAINING PROGRAMS AND SEMINARS
  - REPRINTS AND REVISIONS OF RESEARCH STUDIES AND RESEARCH REPORTS
- COORDINATED FINAL ASSEMBLY AND PACKAGING OF MULTICOMPONENT AUDIOVISUAL TRAINING PROGRAM FOR U. S. GOVERNMENT; SCHEDULED AND SUPERVISED WORK PERFORMED BY TWO 6-PERSON PRODUCTION TEAMS
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NEW YORK, NY 10020.

- WROTE ABSTRACTS AND DIGESTS OF CURRENT PERIODICAL LITERATURE FOR PUBLICATION IN AMACOM PERIODICALS AND RESEARCH REPORTS
- SUPERVISED THE EDITING OF MANUSCRIPTS AND PRODUCTION OF CAMERA-READY COPY AND MECHANICALS FOR
  - MONOGRAPHS AND BROCHURES UTILIZED IN MULTIMEDIA TRAINING PROGRAMS AND SEMINARS
  - REPRINTS AND REVISIONS OF RESEARCH STUDIES AND RESEARCH REPORTS
- COORDINATED FINAL ASSEMBLY AND PACKAGING OF MULTICOMPONENT AUDIOVISUAL TRAINING PROGRAM FOR U. S. GOVERNMENT; SCHEDULED AND SUPERVISED WORK PERFORMED BY TWO 6-PERSON PRODUCTION TEAMS
- SERVED AS LIAISON BETWEEN AMACOM AND U. S. COPYRIGHT OFFICE; OBTAINED COPYRIGHTS FOR ALL AMACOM MULTIMEDIA TRAINING PROGRAMS AND SEMINARS

1972            RIGHTS, PERMISSIONS AND REVIEWS EDITOR  
                 AMACOM  
                 AMERICAN MANAGEMENT ASSOCIATIONS  
                 135 WEST 50TH STREET  
                 NEW YORK, NY 10020.

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  - INFORMED APPROPRIATE DOMESTIC AND/OR FOREIGN PUBLISHERS, BOOK CLUBS AND PAPERBACK HOUSES OF ALL AVAILABLE CURRENT, FORTHCOMING AND BACKLIST TITLES THROUGH CORRESPONDENCE BY MAIL, PHONE OR IN PERSON, AND PROVIDED THOSE PARTIES WITH THE MATERIALS (READING COPIES, PAGE PROOFS, BROCHURES) REQUIRED BY THEM IN ORDER TO SELECT AMACOM PUBLICATIONS
  - COMPLETED CONTRACTS, ADMINISTERED ROYALTY AND ADVANCE PAYMENTS
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- OBTAINED AND PROCESSED PREASSIGNED LIBRARY OF CONGRESS CATALOG NUMBERS AND CATALOGING IN PUBLICATION DATA FOR THE USE OF EDITORIAL, PRODUCTION AND PROMOTION DEPARTMENTS
- WORKED CONTINUOUSLY TOWARD THE EXPANSION OF MARKETS FOR THE SALE OF SUBSIDIARY RIGHTS TO ALL AMACOM BOOKS AND PERIODICAL LITERATURE

1979

832

1/1979 - 12/1979 -

[790 Eleventh ave, #33H  
NYC, NY 10019

January 1979 - started as a  
"temporary office worker"  
at "New Dimensions"  
(phone 687-0350); then  
all led to Blyth Eastman  
Paine Webber and then  
Salomon Brothers.

6/10/79 - first day as "temp" for Scully

7/9/1979 - on payroll at BECO,  
working for Bob Scully;  
until 3-24-80, when I  
went to Salomon Brothers  
with Scully.

P33

January 1, 1979

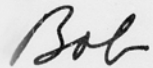
Dr. Thomas Marshall  
Department of French  
113 Sheldon Hall  
State University of New York  
Oswego, New York 13126.

Dear Tom,

I am interested in re-entering the college teaching arena once again. Any possibilities of an opening at Oswego for September 1979? If not, perhaps you can tell me the name of a departmental chairperson who might have an opening in his/her department for September 1979 for someone with my areas of specialization?

All is well with me and I hope that all is well with you.

Sincerely,



Silas Robert Powell  
790 Eleventh Ave., #33H  
New York, NY 10019.

Telephone: 212-757-1415



Some production facts about the first printing of the First Edition of Volume I of SRP:

--the four copies were printed by Gallery Printing and Duplicating Company on a Xerox 9200 in the office of Gallery Printing and Duplicating Company at 68 West Third Street, NY, NY 10012, telephone 475-2074. The typescript was delivered by SRP to the office of Gallery Printing and Duplicating Company at 104 West 45th Street, NY, NY 10036, telephone 575-0344 in five parts:

<u>Number of Pages</u>	<u>Page Numbers</u>	<u>Delivered</u>	<u>Picked Up</u>	<u>Cost</u>
156	000-900	01-08-79	01-09-79	\$ 40.44
242	901-1912	01-09-79	01-10-79	62.72
256	1913-2906	01-10-79	01-12-79	66.35
198	2907-4220	01-11-79	01-12-79	51.27
46	pages to be re-printed due to print- ing errors	01-15-79	01-15-79	5.96
				<hr/> \$226.74

--on Wednesday, January 17, 1979, SRP delivered 4 complete copies of the first printing of the First Edition of Volume I of SRP to De Ray-Braun Bookbinders, Inc. (915 Broadway, New York, NY 10010, 477-0550), and stipulated that they be bound in library bindings, cover color AAB-490.

--On Monday, January 22, 1979, SRP telephoned Leonard Braun (who was out of town at the time when SRP delivered the four copies to De Ray-Braun on 01-17-79) to find out when the bound volumes would be ready. Leonard Braun: "Call me on Friday and I'll be able to tell you when they will be ready."

--On Friday, January 26, 1979, SRP telephoned De Ray-Braun Bookbinders and spoke with Leonard Braun who informed him that the books might be ready on Tuesday, January 30, 1979.

--On Tuesday, January 30, 1979, SRP telephoned Leonard Braun, who stated: "They should be ready late Thursday afternoon."

--On Thursday, February 1, 1979, SRP telephoned Leonard Braun, who stated: "They're ready."

--On Thursday, February 1, 1979, SRP picked up the four bound copies of the first printing of the First Edition of Volume I of SRP; price for binding each volume, \$15.25; total price for binding the four volumes, plus tax, \$66.95.

Preparatory Notes . . . .  
(first edition)

104 West 45th St.  
N.Y. - 100 36  
212-575-0344

Printing

	delivered printing cost
pp 000-900 (156 pp) 1-8-79 B 1384	01-08-79 / 01-09-79 \$40.44
pp 901-1912 (242 pp) 1-9-79 B 1405	01-09-79 / 01-10-79 \$62.72
pp 1913-2906 (256 pp) 1-10-79 B 1411	01-10-79 / 01-12-79 \$66.35
pp 2907-4220 (198 pp) 1-11-79 B 1430	01-11-79 / 01-12-79 \$51.27
(46 pp) - Re-do - 1-15-79 / 1-15-79 - 1-15-79 B 1460 \$5.96	\$220.78 5.96 <hr/> 226.74

**-Gallery-**

Printing and  
Duplicating Company

69 West Third Street  
New York, New York 10012  
212-475-2074

Owned and operated by Gallery Photocopy Inc.

3¢/page -

Xerox 9200  
machine

Printing costs: \$226.74

# DE RAY-DRAUN BOOKBINDERS, Inc.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10010  
Tel. (212) 240-1100

477-0550

S. R. Power

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TO

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INVOICE  
DATE

SHIPPED  
TO

02-01-79  
years of  
experience...  
"they're  
ready"



OUR ORDER NO	YOUR ORDER NO	SALESMAN	TERMS	F.O.B. PLANT TO DAYS	JET LAGOON	SHIPPED VIA	PRD OR COLL	
						OUR TRUCK	X	
QUANTITY	DESCRIPTION						PRICE	AMOUNT
H	VOL.						15	60
	8x low						24	2
							62	62
							45.4	45.4
							66.95	66.95
							SALES TAX	
							TRANSPORT	
BOOKS BOUND AS PER YOUR LIST AND/OR INSTRUCTIONS								

Printed by Peerless Press, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11219

836

Bookbinding costs - 66.95 for P.K...T

1979 837

# DE RAY-DRAUN BOOKBINDERS, Inc.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10010

Tel. (212) 246-6110

INVOICE  
NO.

INVOICE  
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SHIPPED  
TO

years of  
experience...



SOLD  
TO

S. R. Power

PN...  
First Edition

F.O.B. PLANT 10 DAYS NET LABOR

OUR TRUCK

X

H

VOL.

8x lines

15  
.21

60  
2

TOT

62 -  
4.95

66.95

SALES TAX  
TRANSPORT

BOOKS BOUND AS PER YOUR LIST AND/OR INSTRUCTIONS



The quantity of genealogical information in "PN...I" is most remarkable. "PN...I" is an extremely significant product of my New York years. If I hadn't done all the necessary genealogical work for the volume when I did, it would never have gotten done. I hope that that body of genealogical information survives for a good long time.

SRP

5/18/99

Production costs of 4 bound  
volumes of PN ... T

Printing - \$226.74

Binding - 66.95

---

\$293.69

---

Bound copy to : HLRP / WSP  
DWP  
RTP and family  
SRP

840  
January 26, 1979

Peter Pasqualino  
Gallery Printing and Duplicating Company  
68 West Third Street  
New York, NY 10012.

Dear Peter Pasqualino:

I am writing you this letter for two reasons:

(1) to thank you for your assistance in overcoming the difficulties I encountered in having fulfilled the photocopy orders that I placed with Gallery Printing and Duplicating Company in the period January 8-15, 1979.

(2) to present to Gallery Printing and Duplicating Company, through you, a brief outline of a business proposal that can, I think, be financially rewarding for Gallery Printing and Duplicating Company and for myself, namely:

PROPOSAL: To add a typing/word processing/editorial/copy editing service to the services presently available from Gallery Printing and Duplicating Company.

PERSONNEL REQUIRED: One highly-skilled typist with broad editorial and production experience. In the beginning that typist would be me. (Whatever other aptitudes I might have, and whatever other capabilities I might possess--see enclosed resume--I am not only a skilled typist but also a skilled typist who likes to type.) As the work load increases, other typists (with whom I have worked or who have worked for me) will be added to staff.

EQUIPMENT REQUIRED: At the outset, one IBM Selectric II, plus 4 or 5 changeable type elements for that machine. Rental cost of that machine--under \$50/month; purchase price of each element--\$20.

SPACE REQUIRED: A small area of the present office space of Gallery Printing at 68 West Third Street--space enough for one table and a chair.

NATURE OF THE WORK LOAD:

A. the while-you-wait jobs--ten pages or less (letters, resumes, short reports); typing while-you-wait would be available only at West Third Street.